AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1980 $2.00*

U.S. PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Canberra's secret plan to keep Australia white

INTERVIEW Harry Butler a curious animal

Humor from Bette Midler Phillip Adams Salami sisters Dave the Rave

The seedy saga of Errol Flynn

Now, all things are remotely possible.

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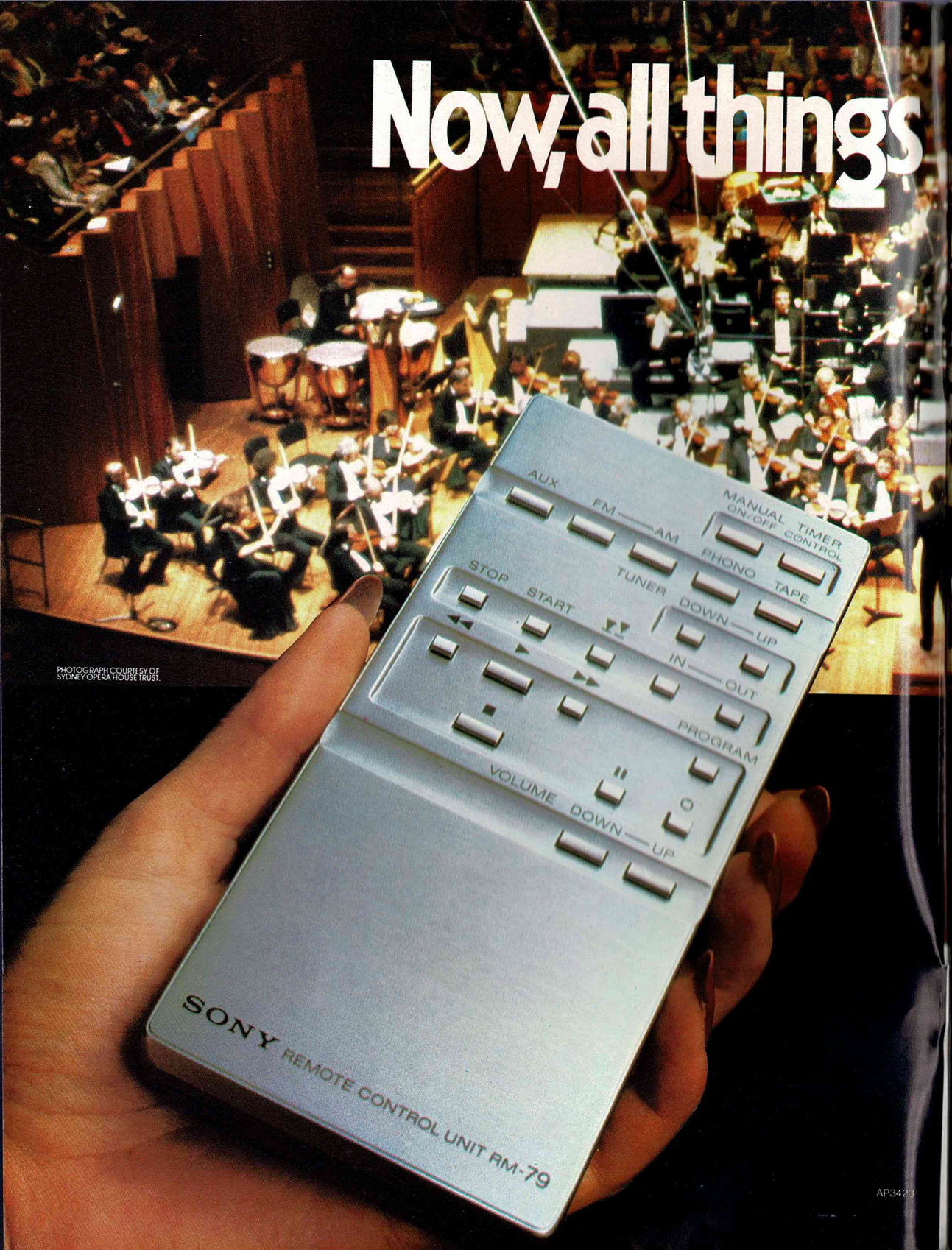

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PLAYBILL

Humor. A rare commodity in these gloomy days. So we mounted a special effort this month to make Australian PLAYBOY, which prides itself in the humor department, even funnier than usual. We have the amazing **Phillip Adams** (illustrated by **Victoria Roberts**) discussing an outrageous proposal, the value of war as a cure for depression. It's mordant and hilarious. Then there's a delightfully zany short story, Cinders, by **Herbert Straw**, a sort of a fairy tale about a time when women wear the pants and men, well, they just tag along. **Robert Pearce** produced the graphic. The incredible **Salami Sisters**, those 20-year-old Sydney ladies blessed with advanced and precocious wisdom, detail the romantic contortions of older men (and young girls), while the legendary **Bette Midler** provides us with a comic scoop of cosmic dimensions; namely, her own iconoclastic account of her tour of Australia.

Last month we revealed our *Playmate of the Year*, the lovely **Rosemary Paul**. This month it is our great pleasure to display the magnetic charms of **Dorothy Stratten**, US PLAYBOY'S *Playmate of the Year*. Dorothy Stratten is being hailed by aficionados in the United States as one of the most beautiful American women of her time. What do you think? One thing we are certain about is the appealing quality of our own *Playmate* for June, the delicious **Zy Laurent**, a girl whose exquisite charms — captured by **Rico Mettbach** — are second to none.

And while we're dealing with pictorials we shouldn't overlook two others — Perchance to Dream, an erotic exercise with ladies and lingerie by the talented **Colin Stead**, and an eerie fantasy sequence, Diesel Dreams, by top Sydney photographer **Brett Hilder**.

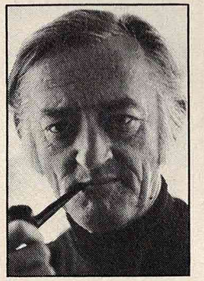
Apart from being funny and sexy we're also into people such as **Harry Butler**, Australia's best-known environmentalist, TV star and loner, who agreed to give us what he has denied so many, a long and exhaustive interview. Yes, this month Harry Butler, usually In the Wild, is In Australian PLAYBOY It's a vintage interview. Who could be more charismatic than **Errol Flynn?** Was he a Nazi spy? Was he bisexual? Was he an immoral and dishonest charlatan? We all know Errol Flynn was one of Australia's most famous, charming and adventurous exports. In this story, top Australian journalist **Robert Milliken**, operating out of Los Angeles, supplies a lot of the answers. And at home, **Neil Jameson** has taken a succinct look at another man who generates electricity, the great film, theatre and pop talent, **Jon English**.

And we're into adventure, too, and advice. Adventure? Read the gripping report — by **John Shaw** — and view the spellbinding pictures — by **Ian McKay** — of the world's most macho business, the professional hunt for the mighty water buffalo of Northern Australia. And if you want advice — apart from *Adviser* — then staffer **Russell Deiley** does you a real favor this month by reviewing the techniques of negotiating, evaluating those artists of the wheel and deal.

If you want to know what's in store for Australia in terms of people, then **Andrew Clark** tells how our Immigration Department is gearing up for programs which include massive arrivals of whites from Southern Africa and an equally large influx of South-east Asians. Look to Coffee Australia, but remember the department wants those whites to preserve our Caucasian culture. The illustration is by **Greg Somers**. And while we're thinking of illustration, we'd like to mention **Otto and Chris**, who have done a stunning illustration for **Michael Robinson's** pithy piece of fiction, Flytrap.

SALAMI SISTERS

ROBERTS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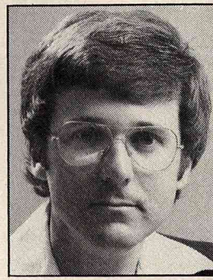
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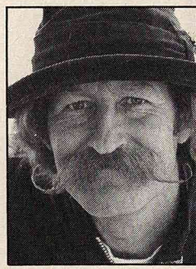
HILDER

MILLIKEN

OTTO (RIGHT) AND CHRIS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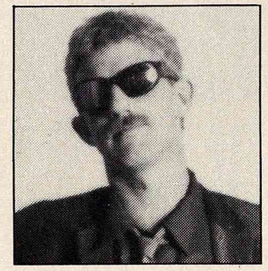
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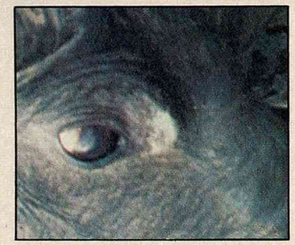

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

CHARLIE'S ANGEL

To my mind, your March Playmate, Jane Priest, is the most beautiful model I have ever seen photographed. Prince Charles doesn't know how lucky he is to have been kissed by somebody as attractive as her.

Bryon Apter
Dysart, Queensland

WHITE HOT

After reading your March issue, I can safely say that PLAYBOY is still the country's number one magazine. I must agree that Bo Derek is truly extraordinary. But if she really does score 11 on a scale of 10, then surely *Playmate of the Month* Jane Priest rates at least 13. I never have seen or could hope to see a sexier or more beautiful woman for as long as I live.

I was so overcome by Denis Scott's pictorial that I didn't dare to re-open the magazine until at least an hour later. It wasn't lack of sun that made Prince Charles look white, that's for sure.

Michael R. Quinn
RAAF Base,
Richmond, NSW

HEART ATTACK

My heart skipped a few beats when I turned a page in your April edition and there, before my eyes, was Miss Julie Price. Sincerely, she is one of the most incredible, stunning and beautiful women I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. And the article on her gave me a bit of an insight into the wonderful woman.

All I want to say, Miss Price, is thank you from the bottom of my melting heart.

Arthur
Melbourne

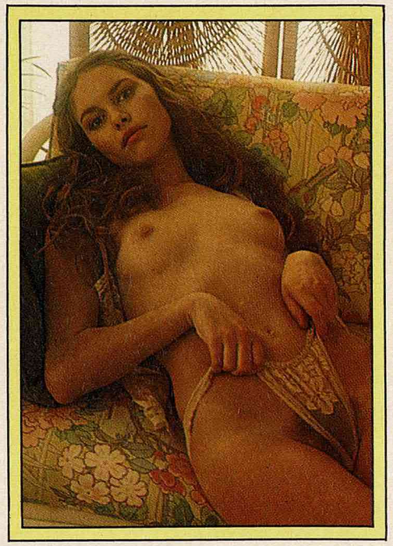
STAR CROSSED

I've been reading Australian PLAYBOY since its inception and I have to say that your April Playmate, Julie Price, is the best. I guess there is a little bias in this since we share the same birthdate, but still, she is oh so cute. In my books Julie is unbeatable.

Simon MacLaine
Alice Springs

ANOTHER SERVING . . .

I am intrigued to know the identity of the girl with the brollies in Take A Rain Check (PLAYBOY, April). Is



she the same girl who appears in *Playboy Potpourri* in the same issue? If so, she's certainly a lovely little dish who should be served up on a larger plate! Can you oblige me with a photo spread of her?

Peter Fogarty
Northbridge, NSW

We're ahead of you on that one, Mr Fogarty. If you can find yourself an issue of last August you'll find Miss Julie Lambert, the girl you admire, was the Centrefold. You can't get a bigger serving than that. But if you haven't got that issue at hand here's a snack for you to carry on with . . .

DRIVING MUSIC

In your *Playboy Adviser* pages for April you stated that the music on Channel 7 which accompanied Peter Williamson's driving at the Hardie Ferodo 1000 was *La Nuit Blanche* by Richard Strauss. I believe this is incorrect and that the music is the theme from the movie *Midnight Express* and is called *The Chase.*

J.M.
New South Wales

You're wrong, J.M. Both Channel Seven and Festival Records confirmed that the music you heard was La Nuit Blanche *by Strauss.*

MALE CRISIS

Writing has become so slick that it was a refreshing change to read The (Married) Man Trap by the Salami Sisters (PLAYBOY, March). They captured the present crisis facing all young eligible ladies — the paucity of straight Australian males. It seems almost impossible to meet a guy who does not speak with an effeminate lisp, use exaggerated wrist and body movements and have a score of earrings embedded in both ear lobes. We can only hope that it's only a phase the male population is going through.

Kim Scofield
Western Australia

OUTBACK OFFER

You can tell your Salami Sisters, who wrote the article titled The (Married) Man Trap (PLAYBOY, March) that if they and all their women acquaintances who complain about the man shortage would like to trot their hot little bodies up this way, we could line them up with as many decent single men as they are prepared to handle.

By the way, I believe their names are Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Carey, the authors of a little yarn called *Puberty Blues.*

Bruce Maxwell
Nocundra Hotel
via Thargomindah
Queensland

DISCRIMINATION

I get both US and Australian PLAYBOY and I find that the Aussie magazine is great reading — and has the more beautiful women of the two.

Rene Kuilboer
Hamilton, Victoria

HORSE SENSE

Heather Brown's article, Horses That Fly (PLAYBOY, February) was very well written and no doubt expressed sentiments held by all sprint race enthusiasts. We sincerely hope to see more articles in your magazine on sprint racing.

P. T. Hawthorn
Vice President and Race Convenor
Victoria Sprint Horse Racing Association

NO COMPARISON

I am an avid PLAYBOY reader and find your magazine most enjoyable and interesting. Recently I decided to buy an edition of Australian *Penthouse* and compare the two. What I found were articles that seemed to be based on past PLAYBOY editions and "Pets" about as good as the Hulk's sister. Their layouts are nowhere near as good as yours.

Ian Vistarini
Oak Park, Victoria

REALLY GREAT

Congratulations on "capturing" Lesley Ellen Clark (February *Playmate*). Here's a bit of trivia for you . . . Her great-great-great grandfather, Mr George Bernard Shaw, was my great-great-great grandpa's cousin. Isn't that great?

D. J. Holmes
Devonport, Tasmania

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

METAMORPHOSIS

Perhaps only a Freudian could explain the impulse that makes an average family man out on a Sunday drive wheel his car around and follow the signs to a destination which he believes will be little more than a great big pile of . . . CRAP.

About eight Sundays a year the Melbourne Metropolitan Board of Works throws open its South-Eastern Purification Plant at Carrum to public scrutiny. It's advertised in the papers, but most people are impulse visitors, usually families who see the Open Day signs at Thompson Road, Wells Road and the Frankston-Dandenong Road.

"When we ask them what they think they are going to see they don't really know," said Geoff Archer, officer-in-charge of the purification plant. "But they imagine they are going to see great big piles of shit, if you like."

But the visitors come in their thousands: 24,000 last year and between 1400 and 2000 every Open Day. And instead of their imagined picture of a huge, stinking lake of human excrement, administered by gumbooted workers with squeegees, they are treated to the spectacle of a highly sophisticated, digital computer-operated plant that doesn't stink. That there is no smell is the greatest surprise.

More treats are in store for the day-trippers as they gaze in wonder at the above ground and subterranean workings. Who could have imagined this is where it all ended up after you pulled the chain? Officers at key points explain each stage the sewage goes through. The visitors learn that raw sewage goes through an oxidisation process, and how primary sludge is treated in a digester which is exactly the same as a giant stomach. And when the temperature drops, it gets sick like any other stomach. The sludge gives off methane — but rather than being "blown away", the pungent gas is retained to power the plant.

The whole story is wrapped up in a continuously running explanatory film in the conference room — and the social club opens its little shop where the visitors can buy ice-cream. Geoff Archer chuckles at the irony of it. Who could have imagined enjoying ice-cream at a sewage plant?

So where does all the effluent go after being treated? Well, some of it is taken by the swank Peninsula Country Golf Club close by. The Rosebud Country Club takes some more of it, and so does the Frankston Municipal Centenary Park. Rich in nitrates and phosphates, effluent is valuable stuff. The Peninsula alone paid $45,000 to get connected up and many more organisations would like a drop or two, but the cost of installing pipes is a big drawback. So 1000 million litres or so of it is poured into the ocean near Cape Shanck daily.

"You would need a chemist to tell the difference between fresh water and treated effluent," says Geoff Archer. "Most of the viruses are oxidised and what isn't comes out in the sludge."

Mr Archer has such faith in his plant — which won two industrial awards last year — that he even drank a glass of the effluent "out of bravado". He reckons the chances of getting infected are minimal. The Health Department, however, insists that before it could be acceptable for human consumption effluent would have to go through another purification process.

This could be the final mind-blower for visitors. Instead of standing round the social club's kiosk licking ice-creams, they could be sipping on glasses of pure, sparkling effluent.

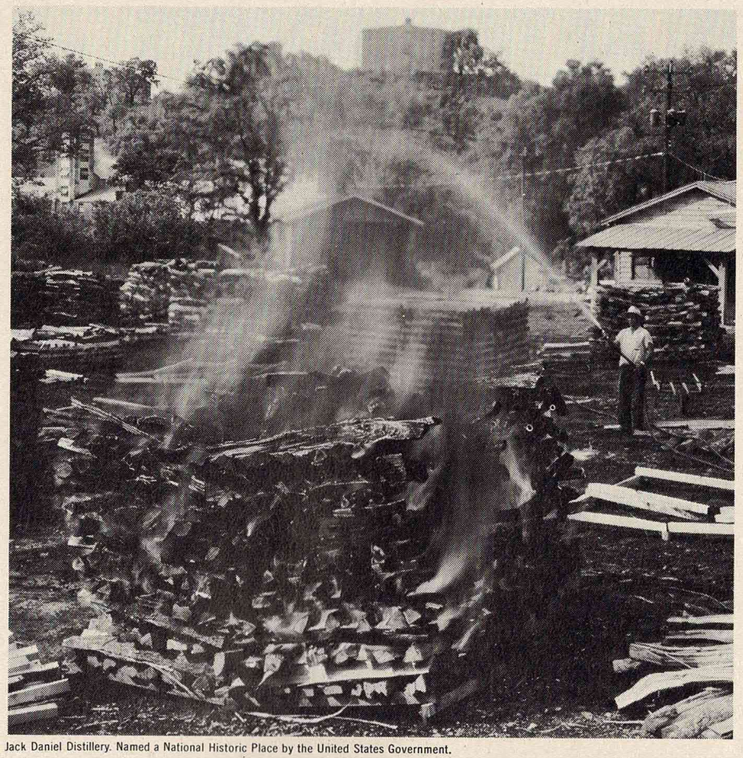
UNDERGROUND PROTEST

The outcry of women's liberationists has all but disappeared from Australian streets — but the battle continues underground. One of our (female) investigators came across a hotbed of protest at the upper class Sydney suburb of Double Bay. There, written on the toilet walls, was a mass of anti-male propaganda. Two samples:

"Most men prefer pretty women to clever ones, because most men see better than they think"; and "Women enjoy the simple things of life. That's right — nothing could be more simple than men."

VIABLE PROPOSITION

New Zealanders have an exciting way of stimulating ailing companies, if an article



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London 1914 · St. Louis World's Fair 1904 · Liège 1905 · Ghent 1913 · Star of Excellence Brussels 1954

in the *Southland Times,* Invercargill, is to be believed. In a three column headline on the finance page it was announced: Troubled Firm To Be 'Given Head'.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

It takes an ancient hag from somewhere up the Amazon to point out the obvious . . .

Sherry Lansing, 35, the beautiful, newly appointed president of 20th Century Fox, related how, during a month-long sojourn in the jungle, she asked this old tribal woman what happiness was. "Happiness," the old woman croaked, "is something between life and death."

TREE OF LIFE

The next time you're gasping for air, head for the nearest tree. According to the National Parks and Wildlife Foundation it requires two hectares of forest to produce oxygen for one person. And 30 hectares of forest are destroyed every minute. Australia is only five percent forest, compared with Canada's 35 percent and Japan's 40 percent. If the oceans, the other big source of oxygen, dry up we'll be in real trouble.

GOOD ENOUGH

Our Best Answer to the Silliest Question Award goes to Mr Henry J. Healey, 84, of Rozelle, Sydney. Mr Healey's long-time patronage of the George Adams bar at the Hilton Hotel earned him a special commemorative plaque in the corner he has frequented nearly every day for 39 years. When asked by a reporter why he'd been drinking at that bar for so long, Mr Healey replied succinctly: "Because I like it."

EASY CREDIT

Credit cards can get you practically anything — even escort girls. But the use of cards for this service didn't wash with one Sydney magistrate, dealing with a man who used a falsely obtained American Express card to get the services of a $1000-a-day girl from an escort agency. Mr K. Waller, SM, in Sydney's Central Court, jailed the man for three months. He also refused a compensation claim by American Express International for $1480, the cost of 36 hours with the escort girl. "If it wants to get the money, it can sue him for it," Mr Waller said.

HANDICAPPED

Sticker seen on the window of a car in Sydney: "Old Golfers Never Die. They Just Lose Their Balls."

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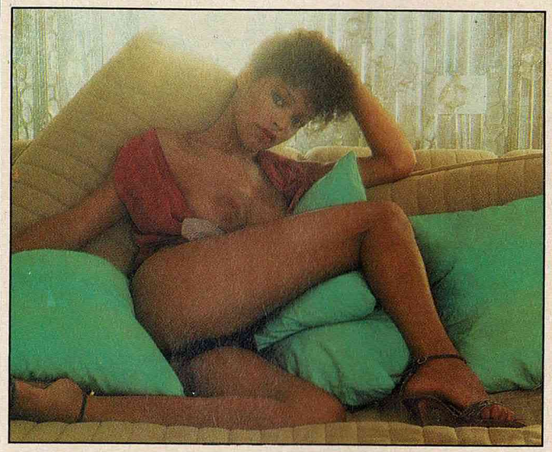


Ola Ray came to US PLAYBOY *by way of the Ginza in Tokyo where, performing with her brothers in a rock group, she got her first taste of the limelight. "I want to get back on stage. I love those vibes."*

RABO

Rio's Copacabana beach always was the most famous coastal strip in Brazil . . . that is, until Rabo Lemos disrobed for the camera at the water's edge. A ballet teacher and recording artist, her new LP is called The Tail of the Cat *— autobiographical, no doubt.*

BRIGITTE

What better place to bask than in the romantic Seychelles Islands? Brigitte Lohmeyer feels part of nature here, but she's lonely for her boyfriend back in Germany. She'll bring him along next time, but meanwhile she is not blooming on the sand unseen . . .

GENNY

The city of Naples has seen a few beauties since it was founded in 600 BC — and Genny de Nicola has to be up with the best of them. Like many of her sisters, she believes a woman should not compete with men but enjoy her own femininity. She has no problem expressing herself in this way . . . as a photographic model. Genny hopes to show herself to more of the world soon — her hobby is travelling.

A bad exposure leaves you with next to nothing.

The dark picture is a bad exposure. The camera forced the photographer to rely on guesswork. To miss such a shot is almost indecent.

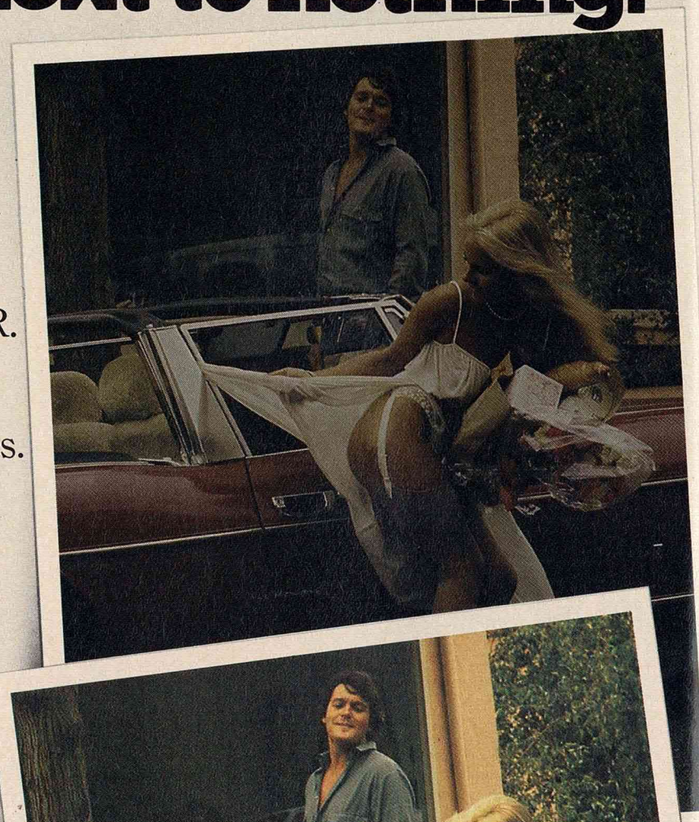
The other picture was taken with a Minolta 35mm SLR. A beautiful exposure.

With Minolta you needn't concern yourself with exposures.

Take the Minolta XD7. Simply switch to an automatic setting and it will select the exposure for you. Correctly.

There's no risk of over, or underexposure. Your pictures reveal all, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Well, in this case, maybe just a little.



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Catches the one that normally gets away.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I am convinced The Devil Went Down to Georgia was one of the best songs of 1979. It was the first thing I ever heard from Charlie Daniels. Can you give me a bit more information about this fantastic fiddler? — E.R., Queensland.

Singer, guitarist and fiddler Charlie Daniels is 43, and a great burly mountain of a man in the true hillbilly tradition. He lives in a two-storey log cabin built on a Tennessee hilltop. He's been storming around the southern country rock circuit for years — making the Charlie Daniels Band a household name in that neck of the woods. But it wasn't 'til the Devil fired up the charts last year that he really made a big impression on many of the northern and west coast markets. His 10th album, Million Mile Reflections, *went double platinum and he cleaned up at the US Country Music Awards ceremony last October by collecting the best single prize for Devil, best instrumental group for the Charlie Daniels Band and best solo instrumentalist. He likes wearing a stetson, is into Western folklore, helping the handicapped, gospel and raising hell in Nashville at the annual volunteer jam all-star Southern rock concert. He also played lead guitar on Dylan's* Nashville Skyline *and campaigned for Jimmy Carter. Oh, and yeah . . . he also plays a mean fiddle.*

Is it true? I recently read a magazine article that claims multiple orgasms are something within the reach of we mere males. I thought men were single-shot machines. — A.C., NSW.

We don't want to get your hopes up by telling you that multiple orgasm is available to all men. Anyway, one-shot wonders can still have an enjoyable sex life without striving for the Gatling gun ranks. If you are prepared to work on a breakneck re-loading technique, we volunteer the following advice: begin strengthening the urinary muscles which allow you to hold on to or interrupt the flow of urine, as frequent

practise of this exercise during the plateau stage of intercourse will help you hold back ejaculation and prolong the fun for you and your partner. Another training trick is to tone up your sphincter muscle by interrupting the flow when you defecate. Of course, the length of time allocated to sex is another key to more rapid recuperation in men. We don't have any records on the highest number of male orgasms but it is said that during the past century, a Tibetan shepherd . . .

As a healthy young male who enjoys sex as a pleasurable form of exercise and *the* way to relax, I'm rather bemused by claims from sex therapists who say we must all engage in the great gambit called afterplay. I've never been tutored on sex and have always done what comes naturally. And, to me, the most natural thing after a heaving orgasm is the exact opposite to what the pro-afterplayers tell us — I want to roll off and have a beautiful snooze. Who wants to keep fiddling about after the show has ended? What's wrong with sleep? — A.R., ACT.

Nothing, if you want to join the ranks of men most women would like to shoot. But if it makes you feel any better, that's a lot of men. You're not alone when you complain about an overwhelming tiredness after sex. How long after? In most cases, the man drifts into dreamland when his head hits the pillow, while his partner is still cooing or writhing around. Turning for one last cuddle, she finds his hunched back in her face. The problems of rejection, say some psychologists, could all be avoided if sex was not the last act of physical exertion of the day. Research also shows marked distress in situations where one partner leaps out of bed and heads for the bathroom. Intimacy — touching, talking and snuggling — does much more than orgasm can for creating a strong bond between a couple. Of course, it's not a major priority on a one-night stand. For the less scrupulous, who want to leave by the door rather

than by way of the balcony, stay away from curtain calls like "Better than Tom and Harry" or "Did you come?"

This winter I am going to learn to ski. We have our accommodation booked but my man keeps muttering about skis, boots and winter apparel. He says I can hire them, but what should I hire? I don't know one end of a ski pole from another and he seems to be compiling massive lists of mandatory equipment. What are the minimum basics for a downhill, fall-over and back-on-the-T-bar first-time skier? — S.B., South Australia.

For $220, any ski bunny can plummet down the slopes at any ski resort. This includes skis, boots, bindings, ski-suit, stocks and gloves. But it's wise to hire equipment on your first few visits to the slopes. It will cost you about $40 a weekend. As most ski-suits are lined, you will need a minimum of under-garments. On a warm day, a wool polo-neck jumper and knickers will suffice, but on a particularly cold day, a pair of long johns will be necessary. Cover your feet with two pairs of socks for warmth, extra padding and support.

Although I have been having sex regularly with the same guy for the past several years, I've only achieved orgasm one time during the entire period. I've never discussed my problem with him, usually pretending to climax so he doesn't feel inadequate. If we attempted to have sex in different positions, do you think this would help me to climax? — R.K., Queensland.

Different strokes for different folks won't be of much use to you unless you first learn to understand the mechanics of orgasm. Female orgasm is similar to male, in that it has four stages: excitement, plateau, climax and resolution. It is during this third stage that orgasm occurs, therefore special attention to foreplay during the first two stages is all-important. Encourage your boyfriend to caress, fondle and tease your body

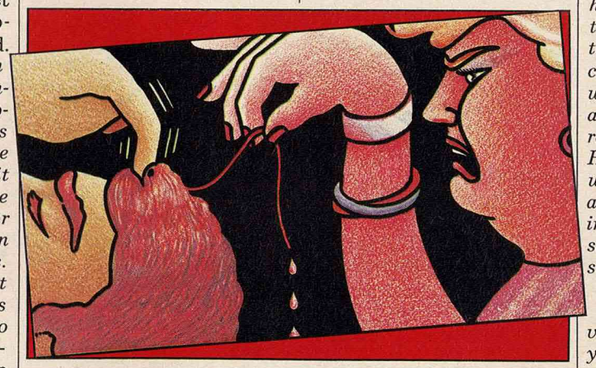
(and your mind) before he penetrates you, in order that you will physically arrive at the plateau stage. Although your entire body responds while having sex, orgasm in women is centred in the clitoris, so perhaps direct stimulation of this part of your body might be the key to regular sexual success. Several excellent books have been written on the subject of sexual contentment, and many illustrate graphically numerous coital positions. If you and your boyfriend look through one of these, you may find a position that interests both of you — the pictures will for sure!

I have heard that some countries are coming to grips with the energy problem by using by-products of sugar cane as a fuel alternative. As a resident of one of Australia's cane-growing regions, I'd like to know just how successful such projects are. — I.F., Queensland.

It's obviously a question of economic pressures induced by cost levels and supply shortage. Australia has not as yet experienced the squeeze that would force it to follow the lead of a place like Brazil, one of the major pioneers in mass production of fossil fuel alternatives. Brazil's determination not to be left begging the Arabs for oil left it no choice but to undertake expensive research. What they came up with was fuel alcohol. A plan to develop more than 300 alcohol distilling plants to use sugar cane as raw material is well under way. Fermented sugar is processed to remove excess water, and the by-product is a 95 percent highly combustible ethanol. Converting a standard car engine to ethanol costs about $500, and already many domestic and service vehicles have made the switch. This clean burning fuel is practically pollution free. Hawaii satisfies 40 percent of all its electricity requirements by burning sugar cane waste.

I am in my late 20s and find it very difficult to shed excess weight. I've heard of health farms which are under medical supervision and wonder if you could tell me their whereabouts and the costs involved. I am sure this information could be beneficial for other readers. — P.M., Victoria.

Before you undertake any weight loss program at a health farm, see your doctor — particularly if there are going to be any changes in your normal eating or exercise habits. Most health farms have physicians on their staffs, or medical supervision for part of the day. One centre we checked is the Warburton Health Centre in Victoria which employs five doctors. The prices start at about $40 a day which includes room, meals, massages, lectures, use of tennis courts and creative activities. Your weight loss program is planned and monitored by a



trained dietitian. There are also courses for people who want to give up smoking and for those who have stress problems — if you want to give up all your vices at once.

I recall reading an Adviser question in your October issue which investigated tricoanalysts. I'm having problems with my hair and would like to know if there are any tricoanalysts in Melbourne who will examine my scalp and prescribe something to get rid of my maddening itch and the greasies. — D.S., Victoria.

Tricoanalysis is to hairdressing what sanitation engineering is to garbage collection. Over the aeons, before a group of Canadians invented the tricoanalysis machine, hair was clean or dirty, thick or thin, and scrutinising scalps was an Apache speciality. Today, splitting hairs is a major issue. Men's heads seem to be reaching a "crisis point" earlier and earlier in their lives. Baldness now often threatens the under-20s, and more women are reporting abnormal loss of hair due to stress, poor diet, drugs or blood disease. Tricoanalysts are generally listed in telephone directories under hair treatment and are nearly always hairdressers who've just bought a tricoanalysis machine. This equipment magnifies strands of hair and captures them on infrared film. The color the hair turns on film is color charted to identify your problem — you know, the one you already had known everything about before you went. And surprise! The salon will have just the expensive cure you need for your maddening itch and greasies. So will your local chemist, for about a quarter of the bill.

I have just had my first child, and I'm wondering when I can safely resume intercourse. If I breast feed, is contraception necessary, and if I bottle feed, how soon will I be likely to conceive again? — P.L., Victoria.

It's really up to you. Resume sexual activity whenever you feel it's comfortable any time after a month postpartum. Your vaginal lubrication will be a bit slower, and there'll be less of it for the next two months. Your body helps repel conception for approximately the first six to eight weeks if you're breast feeding. But if you're bottle feeding, you can fall pregnant within a month. Don't be afraid to discuss the matter with your husband, as many men feel ignored, resentful and shy after their first child is born. Let him know you are looking forward to resuming all the fun you shared making babies in the first place.

Since the introduction of decimal currency, I have been collecting round 50-cent pieces and now have about 70 of them. A friend told me they have a high silver content and are very valuable. Would Adviser tell me what they are worth, as I am considering selling my collection. — S.H., NSW.

Circular 50-cent pieces were introduced in 1966 and had an 80 percent silver content. As silver prices rose, the value of the coins also increased. In 1967, they were withdrawn from circulation, and all available coins were recalled and melted down. However, a large percentage were hoarded by speculators and, in 1969, they were reintroduced in a twelve-sided shape which contained no silver. With precious metal prices fluctuating as wildly as they are at present, it's virtually impossible to tell you what your collection is worth, but this year the value of the round coin peaked at $8. If you call a dealer on the day you wish to sell the coins, he can give you the current day's price. Or you could try checking the New York "spot" price in the financial pages. However, in pure currency terms (according to the Royal Australian Mint), the 50-cent coin is merely worth its face value — which, in pure inflationary terms, isn't much.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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There are so many fun-fresh things in life you've never tried.
Like the very different experience of Stimorol chewing gum.
Flavour-fresh, and that very different flavour lasts and lasts and lasts.
The unique long-lasting flavour of Stimorol. You'll never know it until you've tried it.

STIMOROL Chewing gum.

OPTIMUM.

Philips Sound Series 80 High Fidelity System.

From Philips, the very latest in advanced, fully-integrated, high-performance High Fidelity gear. Sound Series 80.

A superb combination of rack-mounted, slimline components in a perfect balance of sophisticated style and technology. All matched to create a High Fidelity System that brings you yet another step closer to sound perfection.

AF 977 Turntable
Featuring Philips revolutionary Direct Control system, with quartz digital readout for precision speed adjustment and regulation, stylus force readout LED display, and touch controls.

AH 180 Tuner
A remarkable AM/FM digital tuner with a built-in quartz-controlled central processing unit, push-button. Digital display for clear, exact tuning on both FM and MW bands.

AH 280 Pre-Amplifier
Precision-calibrated rotary controls for bass, treble, volume balance and source selection. Plus controls for tone-defeat, muting and loudness. And switchable filters to counteract hiss, scratch, and rumble. All amplifier stages are direct-coupled for exceptionally flat frequency response.

AH 380 Power Amplifier
Rated at 100 watts RMS per channel, this high performance power amplifier has a frequency response of 20 to 20,000 Hz, at less than 0.01% distortion. Equipped to handle 2 speaker systems, it incorporates 4 safety circuits for overload protection. And twin meters for independent channel adjustment.

N 2537 Cassette Deck
Front-loading damped cassette with Dolby and MPX filters, and separate bias and equalisation switches. Large VU meters and chrome/ferro-chrome and ferro tape level selection switch.

Rack
Studio-style racked unit with locking wheels–finished in silver satin and matt black.

Philips Sound Series 80 is without doubt one of the most sophisticated Hi-Fi Sound Systems of the decade–a masterpiece of innovative technology that promises optimum performance for the most discerning Hi-Fi "buff". Take a good long look and listen at your Hi-Fi specialist.

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PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

TUMMY TUCK

I am writing in reference to a letter from M. B. of Queensland (*The Playboy Adviser,* March) in which she stated that, after having a breast reduction and tummy tuck performed, her scars are so bad that she looks worse than before she had the surgery.

Having had the same surgery by a leading plastic surgeon — who turned out to be nothing more than a butcher — I was badly scarred, and would not even undress in front of my husband. After explaining to the surgeon on numerous visits how I felt and being told there was nothing he could do, and that I would get used to it in time, I showed the results of the operation to my GP. He said he had never seen such a mess, and referred me to another plastic surgeon. I then had the old scars removed and the surgeon explained there would be some scarring, but in time it would fade.

After three months, I returned for a checkup. I was very pleased with the results, but the surgeon is not too happy with a few sections and is going to remove them again under local anaesthetic.

So, something can be done — and at no cost if you belong to a health fund.

Name withheld by request
Brisbane

HOW NOT TO CONFORM

How many times have you walked into a club and been confronted by a sign reading: "Patrons must wear a collar and tie. No thongs, jeans or open-necked shirts are allowed."

People are expected to wear a particular type of clobber: suits and frocks to the office (unless, of course, you have a geriatric, trendy boss); thongs and T-shirts to the beach, tattered and shredded attire in the garden and a mixture of all three in which to go shopping.

Who are we trying to impress in any case? Australia's main primary export is wool, but does that mean all Australians have to act like sheep?

I would like to suggest that, next time you go to that office function, forget about your moth-infested pinstripe suit and throw on your jungle greens. Or, next time you're playing dodgem around the supermarket aisles, do it in your cocktail party gear.

If you think I'm telling you what to do, you're wrong. I'm telling myself. From now on, it'll be a dinner suit out to the dogs . . . bermuda shorts in the board room . . . Gucci gear in the garden and, ah, my dirty old duds to go dining in.

After all, I want to dress to please myself (how can I please anybody else?) and so what I feel like wearing won't be influenced in the slightest by what the occasion is. I hope you all join me, otherwise I'm going to look ridiculous!

J. M. Burgess
Adelaide

MAN TRAPS

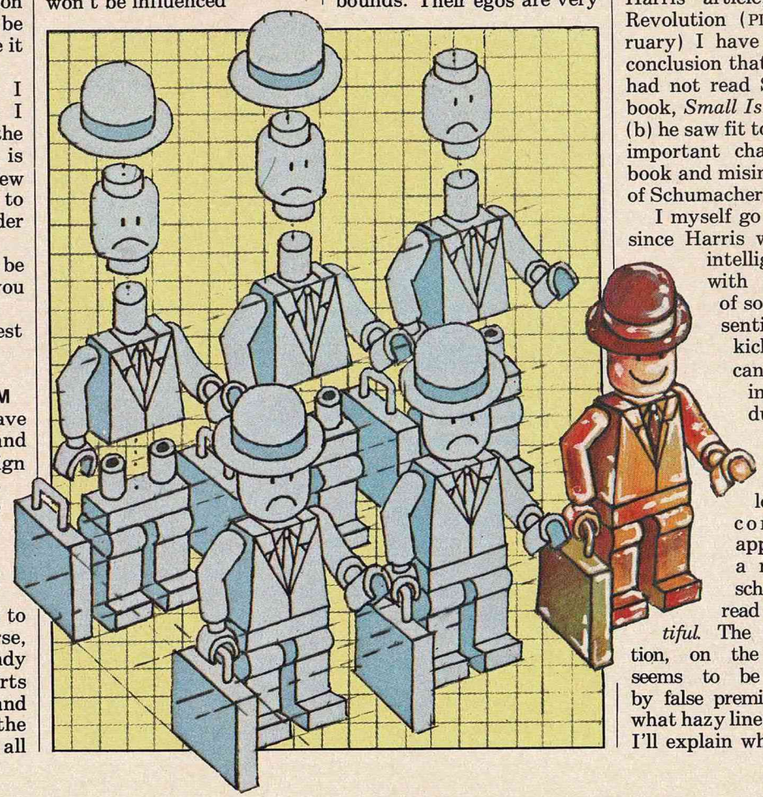
Women enjoy the simple things of life. Yes, there is nothing more simple than the male of the species.

If by simple is meant stupid, I'd agree — but simple as opposed to complicated, definitely not. I have never yet met a simple man — or maybe I'm a complicated woman! Just as you think you've worked out what makes them tick, they behave in a completely unrelated way and your concepts of them are shattered. Basically, most men have one similarity: don't demand anything of them — just give them what they want and everything will be lovely! But don't step out of bounds. Their egos are very delicate and need constant attention, or they start to lose confidence in themselves. But flattery makes them purr like a kitten. Never disagree with them or criticise them, especially in front of other people — an unforgivable sin — regardless of whether they are right or wrong.

They are stupid in the way they think they can fool a woman. They don't really understand the wiles of a female, the cunning and scheming that goes on when she wants something, the games she plays, and mostly wins, and the traps men so obviously fall into.

Nevertheless, women enjoy men regardless, and that's a necessity for the continuation of the race.

Isobel Crutchley
Mosman, NSW



NEW CONSERVATISM

After reading the Max Harris article, The Quiet Revolution (PLAYBOY, February) I have come to the conclusion that either (a) he had not read Schumacher's book, *Small Is Beautiful,* or (b) he saw fit to ignore many important chapters in the book and misinterpret much of Schumacher's philosophy.

I myself go for the latter since Harris writes far too intelligently and, with the addition of some anti-union sentiments, plus kick-the-commie-can fear-mongering, he has produced a clever bit of propaganda. But if you are looking for a commonsense approach toward a new economic school of thought, read *Small is Beautiful.* The Quiet Revolution, on the other hand, seems to be characterised by false premises and somewhat hazy lines of reasoning. I'll explain what I mean by

this: "*His* (Schumacher's) *primary concern wasn't with the politics of parliamentary democracies at all, but with the creation of a proper evolutionary harmony between the Third World and modern technology.*" Wrong. Schumacher's primary concern was with the creation of a new set of economic ideals ("economics as if the people mattered") and the developed world was dealt with just as comprehensively as the Third World countries.

"*The ideal of Labor . . . is to achieve the acceptable face of collectivism.*" Not correct. The ideal of Labor is to institute socialism — the extension of democracy from the political to the non-political areas of society — and seen from this vantage point the rest of Harris' article is meaningless and irrelevant piffle. For the most effective way of bringing democracy to the worker is to break down the industrial and corporate monoliths into small worker-managed units. (Incidentally, how such things as "homosexual liberation" and "decriminalisation of petty social offences" can be construed as "State intervention" or "paternalism" is beyond me. Exactly the opposite I would have thought.) But such an action is feared by the capitalist even more than the spectre of nationalisation, because the argument of dehumanising influences (what about the dehumanising influences of the "profits are everything" corporation?) can't be brought against it.

E. T.
Minbun, Queensland

ALCOHOLIC HOMICIDES

Russell Deiley's story Heroin Homicides (PLAYBOY, April) could have been headed Alcohol Assassination and the first paragraph could have read:

Alcohol, opiate of the damned, is a drug whose lethal (legal) tentacles snuff out human lives without discrimination. Figures from the 1976 Senate Standing Committee show 30,000 people died over a 10-year period from causes directly attributed to alcohol and another quarter of a million people can be classified as alcoholics! Hotel and liquor shop owners, too, will die — some from the effects of the drug they peddle to feed their own habits.

Then you have tobacco.

K. J. Wellington
Duncraig, WA

CRY FROM THE WEST

The Salami Sisters in their article The (Married) Man Trap (PLAYBOY, March) say all that's left for single girls is unfaithful hubbies and Cleo centrefolds. That is pure, unedited crap. I live in Sydney's Western Suburbs and, to tell the truth, sometimes days go by before I see the female form (excluding mum), and when I do get lucky there's always several headless chicken impersonators around her.

Perhaps it's because we don't have harbor views and Porsches out here, but still we're not all basketball-bellied yobboes incapable of anything but sucking beer.

Throw away all your fishnets, put on a pair of jeans and try us out.

Larry Tate
Westmead, NSW

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SWIFT JUSTICE

HONG KONG — Justice is swift in Communist China. In a recent case, the twin sons of a leading party official were sentenced to death for organising a gang which raped 106 women. One twin was given a two-year reprieve but his brother — the gang leader — didn't get off so lightly. The sentence was announced and he was marched out into a field and shot. Chinese TV was there to ensure that millions saw his demise.

BIG BITERS

NEW YORK — Some statisticians busy in this violent city have come up with a few interesting facts: (1) a male baby who is born and continues to live in the city has one chance in 65 of being murdered (one in 20 for a black man) — more than twice the chance a US serviceman had of being killed in World War Two. (2) More people in the city are bitten by their fellow humans than by rats (at last count 892 annually as against 229 for rats). Humans are third in the biting stakes behind dogs (22,076) and cats (1152).

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

PERTH — Five men jailed for rape in Western Australia last year have also been charged with a second rape offence. They are the top performers among 77 charged with rape in the past year, compared with 57 in 1978, 48 in 1977 and only 38 in 1976. Sentences ranged from indefinite detention to a 12-month good behavior bond.

SEX OLYMPICS

LONDON — "Sex in Cambridge is a disgrace," trumpeted the journal *Reform* in reporting on a "sex Olympics" at one of Britain's most respected seats of learning. The magazine revealed how two Cambridge University students had a bet who could screw the most men in five days. The final score: 98 to 62. In another case revealed by the magazine, a tutor was reprimanded by the authorities for attempting to rape one of his students. "They should close the place down pending reform," was the conclusion of the report.

THE ACHE WENT . . .

LEEDS — Walter Wallas was so afraid of going to the dentist he asked a workmate to cure his toothache, with a punch to the jaw. But Walter, 26, got more than he had bargained for. The punch knocked him to the ground and he died of a fractured skull, the coroner's court was told.

NOT KEEN ENOUGH

SINGAPORE — A Malaysian Chinese seeking political asylum punched his way through the "unbreakable and armor-plated" plate glass window at the Australian High Commission here late one night. But officials who arrived to remove him were unsympathetic about his application. "If the man's intentions were serious, all he would have to do would be to wait until 8am and walk through the front door," one said.

PINBALL HANGUP

NEWCASTLE — A new form of addict has appeared on the gambling scene . . . the compulsive pinball player. Gamblers' Anonymous has now opened a special office for teenager addicts.

THE TR-7 AS HER MOTHER SEES IT.

Sports cars have always gone over rather well with attractive young ladies.

They have not, however, gone over particularly well with their mums

The TR-7 is no exception.

The styling hardly suggests you're the sort to settle down. And the fact that you almost have to lie down to sit in it only confirms a mother's worst fears.

The TR-7 also looks like it costs an indecent amount of money.

But at around $12,000, it obviously doesn't. Despite the superb radio/cassette sound system, sports steering wheel, 5-speed gearbox, and the James Bond touch of pop-up headlights.

It also looks like it would chew through petrol. But figures of 9.4 litres per 100km (30mpg)* from its lively 2 litre OHC engine prove otherwise.

But don't try to explain any of this to your girlfriend's mum.

Mothers of girlfriends are not noted for their understanding.

*The fuel consumption you obtain will vary with where and how you drive and your car's condition and equipment. LAS271APE/PPH

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But today there is a third choice: The Omega Gold Bond Collection.

Gold Bonding.

It's a revolutionary process perfected by Omega craftsmen which puts a thick layer of 10 carat gold over the case of a watch. A layer of gold many times thicker than that on an ordinary gold-plated watch, so not only will your Omega Gold Bond look better, but it will keep its superb good looks for many years to come.

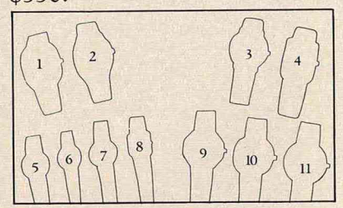
The Omega Gold Bond Collection — it really is the closest thing to solid gold.

All Gold Bond models are Quartz, featuring scratch-resistant mineral glass.

Bracelet models feature easy adjustment action, and gents models can be changed instantly to suit different time zones without stopping the watch.

Ω
OMEGA

1. Gents Omega Constellation. Waterproof tested to 3 Ats. (30 metres). GD1960100. Yellow Gold Bond $450.
2. Gents Omega Seamaster. Waterproof tested to 3 Ats. (30 metres). Also in white dial. GD1960098. Yellow Gold Bond $395.
3. Gents Omega De Ville. GD1910033. Yellow Gold Bond $395.
4. Gents Omega De Ville. GD1910039. Yellow Gold Bond $475.
5. Ladies Omega De Ville. Battery life up to 3 years. GD7910803. Yellow or White Gold Bond $395.
6. Ladies Omega De Ville. Battery life up to 3 years. Also in gilt and white dials. GD7910806. Yellow or White Gold Bond $350.
7. Ladies Omega De Ville. Battery life up to 3 years. GD7910805. Yellow or White Gold Bond $425.
8. Ladies Omega De Ville. Battery life up to 3 years. GD7910804. Yellow or White Gold Bond $450.
9. Gents Omega Constellation. GD3910019. Yellow Gold Bond $595.
10. Gents Omega De Ville. GD3910017. Yellow Gold Bond $595.
11. Gents Omega De Ville. GD3910015. Yellow Gold Bond $550.



Recommended retail selling prices.

THE OMEGA GOLD BOND COLLECTION.

PWC 107

Discover the subtle yet distinctive taste of Glenfiddich Pure Malt.

Glenfiddich* is pure, unblended malt whisky.

Distilled in the ancient way – in hand-beaten copper pot-stills – it has a smooth, mellow, yet subtly distinctive taste.

Enjoyed straight or with a little water, Glenfiddich is perhaps, the greatest single malt of the Highlands.

*"Glenfiddich", *in Gaelic, means "Valley of the Deer".*

OVER 8 YEARS
DISTILLED IN HAND-BEATEN POT STILLS AT
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD.
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY, DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
26⅔ Fl ozs 86°U.S. Proof 43° Gay Lussac
This Pure Malt Whisky is produced by the Fourth Generation of an Independent Family Company

WINE

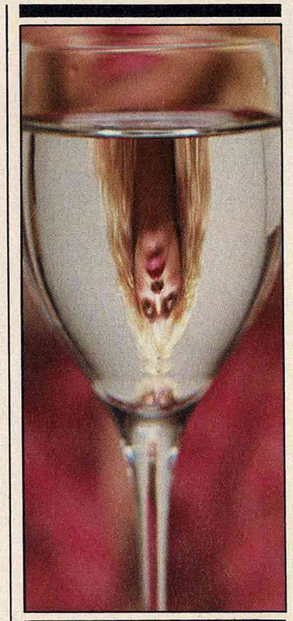
when it comes to wine and drinking generally, there are some rum people around

I ONCE suaved around town with a guy called Andrew Hill-Eckersall (a hyphenated name made him no better than he ought to be), and he bored me rigid with fancy wine repartee. Andrew used to talk about the "nuances of bouquet" and "the wit of the wine". Once he stunned my friends and withered my enemies at a Sunday morning smash-up by announcing, after tasting a wine: "Perhaps there is a little too much tannin desiccating the mucosa, or perhaps there is not enough to grip the tongue?" And later, after sampling a claret: "Has it the tinge of purple which comes from a young wine, or the deep red of raw liver which means the wine will explode in your mouth?"

A naive young female, staring at him in awe, exploded from the mouth instantly — right on to a hydrangea. Puce with embarrassment, she bleated: "I'm not drunk. I've had only a couple of glasses. It was the mention of raw liver that did it. I've never been able to stand liver . . . and raw liver . . . oh, God . . . ." Whereupon her boyfriend lowered her head into the hydrangea a second time and I vowed on the spot to dispense with Andrew and never tolerate wine talk in high falutin' terms again.

At my residence, The Cloisters (close to schools, shops and transport), one-upmanship with wine is out, and offenders know they will be cheerfully beaten to a pulp which, sadly, hasn't provided a good Sunday's entertainment yet.

However, while I have a strong feeling that in this day and age there should be few rules governing wine, I believe that one rule should be inviolate: that we drink from a glass. My mouth is about the same as anyone else's. Sometimes my foot is in it more often than it



should be. That's my fault. But where wine is concerned and people ask me to put it in something other than a glass that's their fault.

A stylish dinner party was ruined recently on that score. The evening was shaping up as a hit until we moved into dinner and I saw the "wine glasses" positioned around the floral centre-piece like stationary concrete mixers — big, brown, heavy pottery jobs.

The woman seated first gasped and praised them instantly. "What a clever idea . . . Really super!" I made a note to ask her to appraise the goblets six drinks later.

"Where'd you get 'em?" a bloke boomed.

"Harvey picked them up in Spain," said the hostess.

I made another note that Harvey was an oaf, and if his brains were dynamite they wouldn't blow the wax out of his ears.

"A dining error," my escort murmured blandly, referring not to the '73 Cabernet Sauvignon but to the pottery itself. With a sandpaper edge, it was like gulping around a concrete mower strip.

I endured the agony for some time, a major non-contributor to the dinner, until my offsider whispered: "The pretension's petering out. The mood is mellowing. Stop wearing that 'I have just been crucified' look and nick into the kitchen and get a Vegemite glass." I did.

Although wine in glass is my favorite drink, the most memorable drinking session in my life didn't include either. I'd hammered Outback, shot through Chinchilla, ended up in Mungallala — or was it Muckadilla? — and met Paddy Kelly. He said he was a relation of Ned's, and to that end had a sign *Glenrowan* tacked up on his gate.

Pat was hooking into black rum when we drummed up a conversation. "Ya come from down south, eh? 'Spose ya got one of them fancy color TV sets?"

"No, Pat," I said, "an old black and white that will do me for a while yet."

"Ya don't say." And to the barmaid: "Give us a coupla black rums — I'm gunna get m'self one of them fancy color jobs."

"Are you, Pat?" I said, mentioning to the barmaid that I would prefer white wine and soda.

"Who the bloody hell does she think she is?" the barmaid asked the rest of the assembly.

We got two black rums served in old enamel mugs dragged from a dusty shelf. There were outbreaks of rust around the handles and elsewhere. "That's the way Paddy likes his guests to drink with him," the barmaid bristled.

Settling into a black OP rum and rust, I asked: "Tell me, Pat. How are you going to get a color TV set at your navvy's camp? You've got no electricity."

"I'm gunna git a kerosene job," replied Pat.

"Line them up again," I said to the barmaid, who nodded agreeably as I stared at the only two eyes that weren't watching me. They belonged to a man who was sound asleep on the lino.

"Who's that?" I asked Pat casually.

"That's George," he said. "He's seen more floors than Johnson's wax, but he's got a coupla good kangaroo dogs . . . yeah, well I'm gunna git m'self a color TV and then I'm gunna give it to the nurses down at the local hospital."

"Why give it to the nurses at the hospital?"

"Well . . . give us another round, Shirl . . . I'm quittin' navvyin' and I'm goin' back drovin'. I'm takin' a big team of bullocks all the way from Queensland down to Tasmania . . ."

"But how are you going to get across Bass Strait?"

"I'm not goin' that way."

Just then, the entire pub seemed to crash in on our drinking session. By the time we'd finished yarning, another four were laid out on the floor with George and all those still standing were one shandy away from the DTs.

But just in case Paddy Kelly does come south, spelling his bullocks on my suburban couch and kikuyu pastures, I am prepared. There is a brace of rust-encrusted enamel mugs that I picked up at a local fête, and there's a bottle — or three — of black OP rum parked in the pantry. On permanent standby I have a list of ex-football forwards, bouncers, referees, off-duty police, nursing sisters — and one retired vet. — **J. B.**

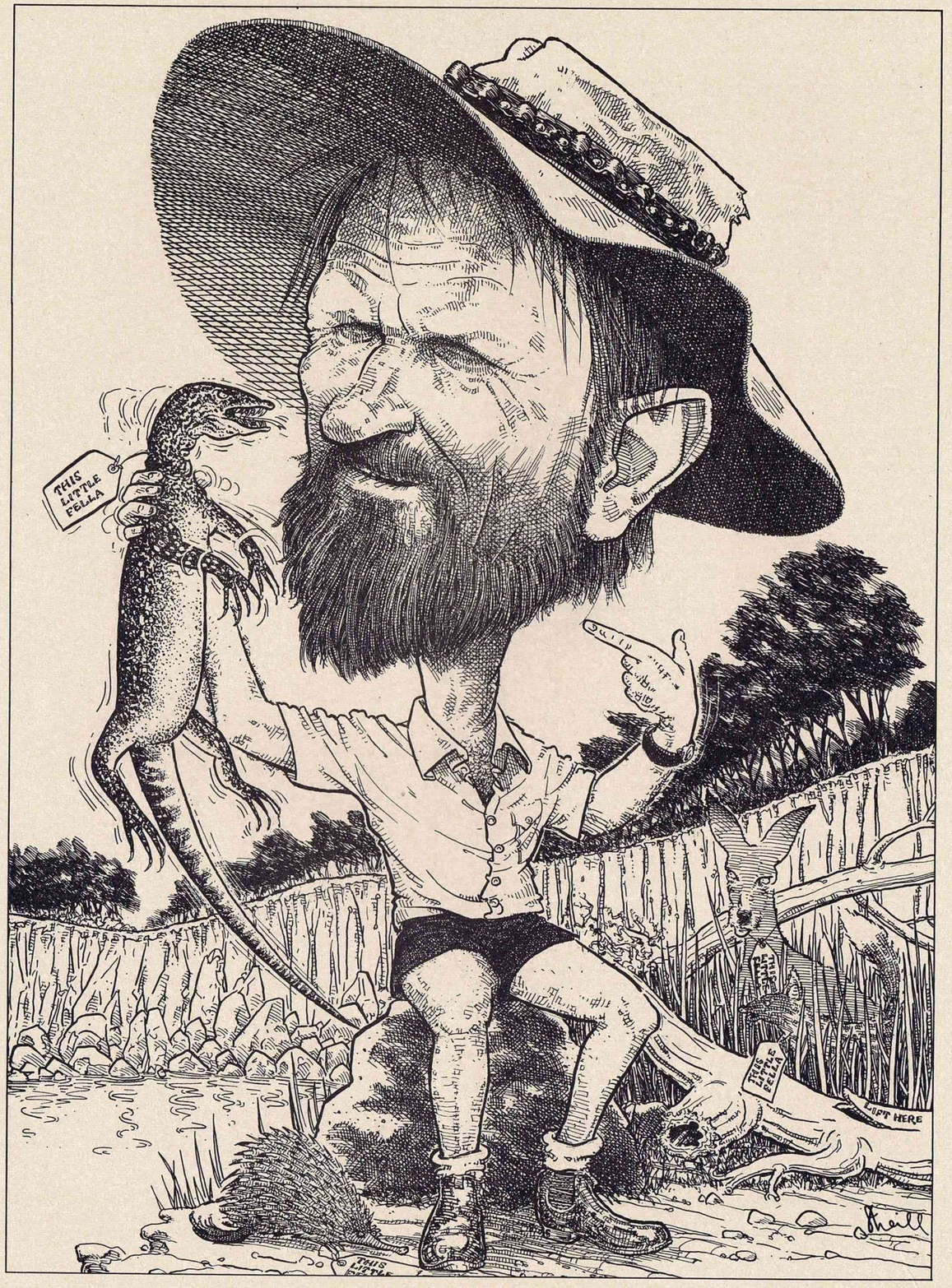


Illustration by Ward O'Neill

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

HARRY BUTLER

the unconventional conservationist states the case for life in and out of the wild

IN A COUNTRY where talent is something to be dragged down to the great egalitarian mediocre, Harry Butler, environmental consultant, author, TV personality and Australian of the Year for 1980, is something of a rarity. Well on his way to becoming a legend, he is one of that handful of people who can walk into a ritzy hotel, or an outback school, and be immediately recognised.

That's not bad going for a young man raised with humanity's left-overs during the Depression, when his father was a ganger on the railway and the rule of fist was you-hit-me-once-and-I'll-hit-you-back-twice.

The coming of Harry In the Wild *Butler took a long time. He was apprenticed to a fitter and turner, went on to study and work as a marine engineer, took a teaching degree in one year instead of three, and taught his own brand of non-specific education, based on natural history, in Western Australia for about 10 years. A naturalist by inclination, he became the organiser of the John Gould League Wildlife Show, a successful venture which led to his doing* Nature Parade, *a TV show which gave him a vehicle for his then-unfashionable environmental beliefs.*

The television series, In the Wild, *came about when he was invited by Vincent Serventy to collect animals for a show Serventy was doing with Rolf Harris. Butler outshone Serventy. The ABC took note, and the battered Butler hat, salt and pepper beard, gravelly voice and lilac socks in curled-up boots moved into our living-rooms.*

As any of the crews who have worked with Butler will testify, the man is a natural. Mistakes made on the shoots are more likely to be by the camera or sound-man. Harry waits quietly, self-contained, his pockets bursting with animals in cloth bags — ready, when the okay is given, to launch, without notes, into a completely different version of the same scene. He is formidably in control.

His strength lies in his role as nature's GP. An excellent manager of two frequently conflicting interests — on one hand, the necessity for both industrial and economic development and, on the other, the need to protect the environment — he has worked out a flexible master-plan to balance the two. No emotional save-the-cuddly-wombat crusader, Butler is a self-styled guardian of what he sees as the Australian way of life, recognising that people have to have jobs, a place to live, food to eat, and an aptitude for the land to satisfy their physical needs, as well as solitude, peace and an awareness of other living things for their spiritual well-being.

In 1977, he picked up most of the TV awards going, including the Gold Sammy for Best Male Personality, the Sammy Best Program and the Logie Documentary award. This round of show-business back-patting led him to growl that it was all media madness and that he wanted no part in becoming a sex symbol. A year later, he summed up his attitude quite succinctly with the comment that it was hardly the public's concern whether he screwed eight times a night or picked his nose with his left hand. He has also had arguments with the ABC. As far as he was concerned, the animals should be the stars of In the Wild, *and he didn't like the surfeit of footage of himself, thrashing through the bush, conjuring up the image of a wizard.*

An intensely private man, he is observant of people, and reacts to them instinctively. The face is smoother off-screen, the eyes not as deep-set as when fending off the unrelenting outback sun, the infamous earthy fingernails scrupulously clean, the tucked-in safari shirt fastidiously pressed. Butler is ebullient company over a good meal, the king-size ego — so apparent when he defines his worth to the community — totally suppressed. Meet him halfway in conversation, or prove ignorant of a subject rather than stupid, and he is a charming and attentive companion.

This is the first in-depth interview Butler has granted, so when ***Peta Lyn Farwagi*** *went along to talk to him, she was surprised at his no-holds-barred attitude. "It was as if, once having agreed to talk, he was using me as a mirror to view his extraordinary life and controversial opinions."*

PLAYBOY: Is your work as a conservationist and an environmentalist enmeshed with a total concept of what Australia should be?

BUTLER: I am not exclusively concerned with birds and animals and eco-systems. People and their way of life are equally important because, without the one, you can't have the other. The two are irrevocably linked. And we stand in enormous danger of being submerged in Americanism or Europeanism. I applaud the introduction of some aspects of ethnic cultures such as exotic foods, but I do deplore the erosion of everything inherently Australian in the process.

PLAYBOY: What exactly do you mean by inherently Australian?

BUTLER: It's a different way of life. With the European Common Market, American television and technology, you tend to get uniformity around the world. You can go from a hotel in Sydney to a hotel in Tokyo, to a hotel in Berlin, to a hotel in London, to a hotel in New York, and you might as well be stepping from one room to the one next door. They're all bloody identical. You get the same food, the same fittings, the same fixtures, the same everything — total homogenisation. We are just building faster transport routes to get us from one place to another identical place.

PLAYBOY: What are the peculiarly Australian things you don't want to see lost? Are you talking specifically about the bush?

BUTLER: No. It's more than that. It's the Australian way of life — the independence, the do-it-yourself thing. In Melbourne recently, I was talking to a bloke whom I won't name because he might be embarrassed by what I

say. He is a very, very big wheel. Money he is not worried about and, in a particular bloc, he has absolute power in Victoria. He's the top man, yet this bloke took great delight in describing how he was building his own barbecue out of scraps he'd salvaged from rubbish dumps — an old stove top, bricks, wheels and so on. To me, that's Australian. Where the Yank goes out and buys things ready-made, the Australian improvises. That's what we are losing. We are looking for ready-made things. I deplore this trend away from inventiveness, and our dwindling ability to overcome the climate and vagaries of nature.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard the preservation of certain animals as a goal in your concept of Australiana?

BUTLER: I don't see the preservation of animals as a necessary goal, except in the concept of public relations. It's easy to attain acceptance of wildlife preservation if you use a symbol like the koala or wombat, or an equally appealing, cuddly animal with which people can identify. It's much harder to gain acceptance for snakes or funnel-web spiders or even mountain crickets. Rather than the preservation of animals as individuals, or even collectively, my goal is the preservation of eco-systems. You have to keep your snakes, your lizards, your mountain grasshoppers, your white ants, your trees and everything else. If you remove any part of them, you remove the lot, so my drive is to preserve the eco-systems.

PLAYBOY: How does one start to go about spreading the message?

BUTLER: Everybody in my field works on two levels. You work on the public level where you say to people: "Look, I believe this is an idea and I'd like to tell you what I believe, and I hope you'll believe it, too." That is the public approach and that is what I did with the *In The Wild* TV series. Then you work on the decision-making level. I go to the people who control the purse strings or the legislation — the leaders in business and the politicians — and I say: "People believe in this, and here's a way to implement it." It's no good working only at the grassroots level, or only at the decision-making level. You have to balance both. I have reached a large number of people through *In The Wild*. I didn't plot this callously. I didn't say: "Right, I'm going to sit down for three years and reach people through television." But, in retrospect, it is obvious that I have reached people and made them aware that there are certain rules of conservation and protection.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of decisions, you've said man will decide his fate and will vanish from the planet as a victim of his own stupidity. Are you a fatalist?

BUTLER: Sure. I'm just one individual among four billion, or whatever the latest figure is, on the face of the Earth. Whatever I do might make a very small ripple in this very small pond, but it is not going to shake the forces that are moving the Earth.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think we are going to wipe ourselves from the face of the Earth?

BUTLER: Continuing the route we've currently chosen, yes. We are heading for self-destruction by starvation for most of the world's population, because the population is exceeding the productive capacity of the Earth. Mankind *per se* is not a disaster, but unchannelled, unlimited and uncontrolled mankind is a disaster for the Earth. No animal can survive our kind of population explosion. If you set Australia somehow separate from the rest of the world, and fixed by law the population so it remained constant, you would then have a self-sustaining situation where the food and yield of the land would match the consumption rate. And so you could go on forever growing trees and fruit and animals and the whole set-up.

"I had no real family; my mother died in childbirth and my father didn't mind what I was catching in matchboxes."

PLAYBOY: Is there an ideal number of people for Australia?

BUTLER: I think the ideal number is about 28 million.

PLAYBOY: Is Australia that small?

BUTLER: No, it isn't. But when I started taking a reasonably intelligent interest in these things, the population of Australia was five million. We have now gone to nearly 15 million, which means we have trebled the population in my lifetime. But the rate of increase has been at an exponential rate. It hasn't been steady, so we don't have a long way to go. We have a country with a certain number of self-sustaining resources, and a population small enough to be maintained on those resources. But the only way we can keep them is by the use of a technology which gives a striking arm more powerful than the collective but half-starved arms of the Indians or Africans and others who don't have the same technological strength. Unless we maintain this strength, someone is going to take it away from us!

PLAYBOY: In portraying the Australia you love and want to see preserved on *In The Wild*, you come across as a man satisfied with the simple things in life such as the battered Land Rover and the tin rowing boat. Do you indulge yourself with any other more glamorous toys?

BUTLER: A wife. A very glamorous toy — expensive, too. In fact, the Land Rover and the boat are not television props. They're really the things I live with, things I really use.

PLAYBOY: As a child, were you forever putting bugs and animals into boxes and your pockets?

BUTLER: I must confess I did — in matchboxes. A matchbox was the perfect device for catching a small animal and transferring it to a glass jar without losing the animal.

PLAYBOY: How did your family react to your menagerie?

BUTLER: I had no real family. My mother died in childbirth, and my father didn't really mind what I was catching in matchboxes. He was a Welshman. On the surface, he was rough — not uncouth, but rough. He was a fighter, a boxer, a cook. He settled arguments with his fists. He was a railway ganger and he had to go round beating up people.

PLAYBOY: What does a ganger do?

BUTLER: He is the guy who keeps the fettlers working on the line, and in the days I'm talking about — almost half a century ago — the railway gangers were in the lowest stratum of the employed in Australia. They were the lowest in the caste system — the dropouts, the no-hopers, the people who couldn't get a job anywhere else in the tail-end of the Depression. Even in that time, it was hard to get railway gangers and fettlers. It was murderous work. Out in the sun all day, lifting sleepers, lifting and packing rails.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a tough environment for a child?

BUTLER: It was a tough environment for a man. But a man's environment. Because of the problems in getting gangers, most of the characters who took on the work were pretty tough. And, because few were tougher than my dad, he used to work in one place for four or five months and then he'd be transferred to a place where there were problems. And he'd iron out the problems — usually beating up the trouble-makers. When the trouble had been settled, he'd be moved on. As a boy, I saw a lot of Australia.

PLAYBOY: How did you cope with the movement from one camp to the next?

BUTLER: I learned how to fight—both

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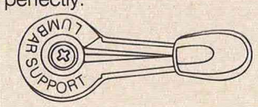

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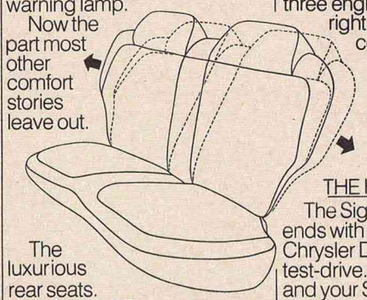

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physically and mentally. I was forever the new kid, and I was the son of the ganger who had beaten up the other kid's old man the night before.

PLAYBOY: So the other kids were after you the next morning?

BUTLER: Yeah, and I very quickly learned that the equaliser was brains. And the brains taught you that, in the art of defence, you could handle half a dozen jokers very quickly with a weapon, whereas if you tried to do it with your fists to save your honor, you lost your arse. I would fight a kid on a one-to-one basis if there were enough people there to ensure fair play. But kids have no concept of fair play. If the gang could get me after school and beat me up, six to one, they would. So a picket off the fence or a chunk of wood was an equaliser.

PLAYBOY: Did you get much schooling during this time?

BUTLER: I got a very good schooling. Formal schooling was very limited, but there was always real education.

PLAYBOY: How did that operate?

BUTLER: Well, while most of us think that people at the low end of the scale are illiterates, they're not. Quite a lot of them are very literate people who chose to drop out of the world. In the days I'm talking about, there were no alternative lifestyles. People who'd come down in the world through alcohol, drugs or whatever still retained enough pride to find and take jobs. I remember one man in particular from my early childhood. He was an Oxford-educated classical Greek scholar. I was about eight when he exposed me to the Greek classics.

PLAYBOY: You were taught, then, on a one-to-one basis?

BUTLER: Yes, as far as schooling went. But my real education was in living. And here I had an enormous advantage in that the only people in most of the camps were Aborigines. There were white men there to do a particular job, but the only children in a family sense were Aboriginal or half-caste. They were my mates — as a matter of course. I learned their games which were games of survival. Not games of tops and kites and marbles, but games of trapped animals, kill-the-beast and what-have-you. I heard their stories — both from children and adults — because I used to spend nights in their camps. Aboriginal kids are never told "don't do that". They were allowed to be stung and bitten. They were comforted when they were, but their parents never tried to protect them from the bush, because being bitten was the only way to find out for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Experience isn't passed on?

BUTLER: Knowledge is passed on, but it is not reinforced. We stifle our kids' natural instincts. Children like to get out and play in the mud and grovel around in rubbish. They like to pick up animals and look at them and feel them, because the tactile sense is terribly important. But the moment we see a child doing that — no matter if it is not our own child — we say: "Oh, don't do that — it's dirty, it's nasty, it'll bite." Or we say: "Listen to your mother, listen to your father, pay attention when the bell rings." We're always conditioning. We are really bashing our kids into not touching, not experiencing, not doing and not hearing. We're knocking out all their senses.

PLAYBOY: Did your father condition your responses?

BUTLER: My father was not what we'd call a Christian. He was a man. He didn't go along with this soppy ethic of turning the other cheek. If someone punched him, he'd punch them back twice. That, to him, was turning the other cheek.

PLAYBOY: To the point of pulverising your adversary?

BUTLER: Well, you give what you get and you give it back with interest. If you get a kindness, you return it, but if you get a hate, then you give that back as well. He taught me to act as a mirror to the rest of the world. The Aborigines taught me that everything in the living world has some basic purpose. That is something we white so-called Christians don't believe.

PLAYBOY: That relates also to everything you do?

BUTLER: There is a place and purpose for every living thing. Now the Christian believes that every living thing has a place and purpose if man can find a use for it. I've read of scientists who say: "Let's dump atomic waste in the useless deserts of Australia." The key word here is useless — useless by whose definition? People say: "If we destroy those worthless mangrove swamps, we could have a marina." Everything has a place and a purpose. When you walk through this land, you realise that every living thing belongs. You may not take life unnecessarily. You may take life to support your own life. That's fine, that's cool. But you don't kill things for the sake of killing, nor do you just destroy things.

PLAYBOY: People have referred to you as the wild man. Do you think there's a wild side to you?

BUTLER: It depends on your interpretation of the word wild. Wild can mean untamed and, in that sense, I am certainly wild. I don't conform to what I regard as mediocre standards of our society in which personal liberty is reduced. But I am not wild in the sense of being feral or destructive. Unless I am confronted by some social

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shibboleth of which I don't approve, I conform to society.

PLAYBOY: But you are saying you would go out of your way to mock some shibboleth?

BUTLER: My oath, I would. I've tried all my life to knock down the nonsensical belief that things only have a purpose and place if they are of value to man. Life has its own right; it doesn't need our permission.

PLAYBOY: You are a member of an Aboriginal tribe. Did you pursue that membership, how did it come about, and what do you have to do to become part of it?

BUTLER: Let me respond first to the last question. I can't answer that for the same reason that a person who is a member of the Masons cannot reveal his initiation, or a person who is a member of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church cannot reveal church secrets. You can't reveal the secret part of a living belief of people. How it came about was rather complex, like most Aboriginal things. After my childhood contact with the Aborigines in their camp, I later returned to the desert as a teenager. I lived with them, not as a white man watching, but as a person looking at them as people. I wasn't an anthropologist. I was a lost person looking for a place to live. That was one of my alternative lifestyles that didn't work out.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't accept the life?

BUTLER: I could for a while, but then I found I couldn't go on. I've got too much need to do things. And, within their culture, I couldn't move fast enough to fulfil that need. So I got out and they had no objection to my getting out. They let me be me.

PLAYBOY: How long did you . . .

BUTLER: Now hang on. I'm not going into details. Even after 35 years, it is still painful.

PLAYBOY: The experience was painful?

BUTLER: The reasons for me leaving and so on. I'm not going into them.

PLAYBOY: But did you single out a particular tribe?

BUTLER: No, I went to a place where I thought there was desert, and the people were there. They watched me for a couple of days and they decided I was completely and utterly mad in a nice way. They saw I had a rapport with animals. And, obviously, I was possessed with the spirit of one of their people who had died. They came and told me about this.

PLAYBOY: So, it wasn't all premeditated on your part?

BUTLER: Oh, no. Later on, I was working as a collector of animals on a remote mission in northern Australia. There was a German anthropologist working there. Although he'd been there for a year or so, he couldn't get through to the people. When I got past their barriers within a week, he asked me to work with him. The main reason I got through was because I comprehended, I understood their reason for being. He was a scientist, coldly recording. I was a human living with them. Anyway, his breakthrough and studies led him to an area of initiation. But there was only one boy, as the young men in the tribe had dwindled in number because of the mission influence and other factors. And their law said there had to be two people in an initiation — a brother relationship. They asked me if I would undergo garderingah as the brother of this one boy who was eligible. I was eligible because I'd been with the people previously, even though I was much older than the boy. So, because of my awareness and my acceptance, I went through garderingah.

PLAYBOY: What are you able to tell us about that experience?

BUTLER: Not much that I'm prepared to. Essentially, it is three days and three nights of dancing and singing, of examining sacred boards, of relating to them. A person comes up and sings the first line of a stanza, and you sing the rest of it. It means remembering something like 600 couplets. If you're wrong, you've failed.

"I see the Aborigines as an ethnic group in our community, and in the same position as any other ethnic group."

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't you have had to remember the lines from years before when you lived with them?

BUTLER: Yeah, but he sings the first line, so you know. It's there. It's a totally mnemonic thing. And then you undergo certain ritual testing; pain, blood-letting. The blood is shared. The blood flows from you, and the other men cause blood to flow, too, and the bloods are mixed. And yours and your brother's blood are totally mixed with all the other blood. So it's a ritual by ordeal. You are awake for three days. There is no sleep. It is a ritual by physical mutilation and a ritual of memory and ability.

PLAYBOY: It's quite a sophisticated ritual really?

BUTLER: It's terribly sophisticated. People talk of the Aborigines as primitives. They're not primitive in the least. They're incredibly sophisticated socially. Technologically, they may be primitive, but sociologically they are way ahead of us.

PLAYBOY: In an earlier conversation about Queensland and Premier Bjelke-Petersen, you said that we treat the Aborigines more than equally.

BUTLER: I did, and I say it again.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BUTLER: Well, in Western Australia, for example, the Aborigines living on reserves own about eight and a half percent of the total land mass. And, if you take the cattle stations which they own — own, not lease — then their ownership of all the land in the State stands at about 11½ percent. On a *pro rata* basis, they don't make up 11½ percent of the population.

PLAYBOY: That raises two points. Didn't the Aborigines originally own most of the land and, secondly, surely land ownership is not allocated on a *pro rata* population basis?

BUTLER: You have raised a wholly emotive argument. If you were an American, would you walk out and give the country back to the Indians? The key is past conquest. It doesn't apply to the present. The Aboriginal people lost a war. Whether it was a deliberate, formally declared, modern rules-of-combat war, or whether it was a war of conquest and assimilation and takeover, as carried out in this country, is immaterial. I see the Aborigines as an ethnic group in our community, and in the same position as any other ethnic group.

PLAYBOY: But the other ethnic groups are imported and have no association with the land.

BUTLER: The Aborigines have been here only 10,000 years, and I see no attempt on their part to give any credence to the Tasmanian Aborigines whom they supplanted and destroyed.

PLAYBOY: It is the survival of the fittest, though, isn't it?

BUTLER: I'm a biologist. I'm not some bloody humanitarian.

PLAYBOY: Then what about the things we have done socially to them?

BUTLER: That's a different story. We're racked with guilt. We believe we ought to be concerned about them, but we're not. Let me be quite clear about this. If it is to come down to a choice between me getting a feed and an Abo getting a feed, I know who is going to get the feed. *You* might give up your share to feed an Abo, but are you going to give up your kid's share? It comes down to a matter of survival. We pass off. We want to be seen to be doing things, but only things that don't matter to us.

PLAYBOY: But land rights is an issue of power and money. You would say then that they shouldn't have the land?

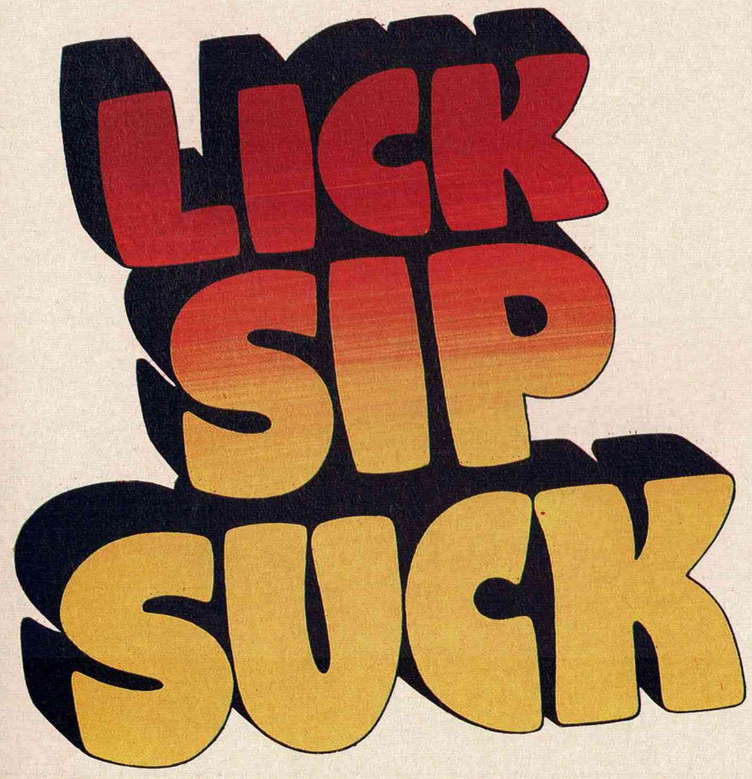
BUTLER: Don't you put words into my mouth. The Aborigines' right to land should be no more or less than any other Australian. I can go out and buy a block of land or have it granted to me because I am a good guy or whatever. There are many ways of getting land. But when I've got that land, I have certain obligations about that land. And the fact that I've chosen to live an alternative lifestyle doesn't affect nor does it alter my obligation. In addition to those obligations, you have only limited rights on the land, because the Crown reserves the rights for those things which are pertinent and important to the people of Australia as a whole. It is not the individual who happens to hold the rights to the land. Now there is no part of Australia closed to the Aborigines. But there are a number of parts which are closed to Australians who are not Aboriginal. At the end of last year, at the close of the Year of the Child, Australian children selected David Gulpilil as one of the important Australians. I was another one. We went to Government House, and the people who were chosen did their thing. Some were actors, some were entertainers. I told stories. But mostly, we were there just to meet the kids. Gulpilil danced. He is a brilliant Aboriginal dancer. But, before he danced, he challenged the kids by inquiring: "Where do you come from?" He listed all the States, and then told them they had forgotten the most important State — Arnhem Land, the Aboriginal State. Now that is wrong. There is no State of Arnhem Land in this country. There is a country called Australia, and the moment we start setting up that sort of apartheid thinking, from either side, we are in big trouble.

PLAYBOY: Setting it up as though they're from the wrong side?

BUTLER: Right. The Aborigines bar the whites from going into Arnhem Land. But there is no place from which the Aborigines are barred. You can bar people from entering your house or your farm, but only to a point.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the Aborigines surviving in Australia's future?

BUTLER: While they are on their current tack, I don't see them having a role in Australia's future. They are deliberately isolating themselves from the Australian role. However, within the Aboriginal community, there are a considerable number of Aborigines who are already aware of this problem. Recently, one of their most respected leaders in Western Australia, Ken Colbung, said he had set up a bricklaying and brick-making school with government funds at Wanneroo. He then complained that Aborigines didn't want to join the project because the pay was the same as the dole. He argued that, if the opportunity to learn an art and to work was there, the men who turned down the opportunity should not be paid the dole. A fortnight later, one of the most respected leaders of the northern community of Aborigines in Western Australia complained quite bitterly that it was too easy for Aboriginal people to get the dole. All they had to do, he said, was turn up, be black and put their hands out. He wanted it stopped, because it meant his people were not attempting to get work because it was so easy not to work. I'm not making these things up. They're documented and are not just being used to illustrate a case. I know these people, I talk to them. There are a considerable number of responsible Australians who happen to be Aborigines living in the Australian community as Australians. They are proud of their ancestry, but they live within the Australian community. But there are an equal number of Aborigines who don't want to be Australians. They want to be Aborigines and, while they live in a community which claims to be an Aboriginal community, they still want the benefits of the Australian community. They want the medicine, they want the land rights, the motor cars,



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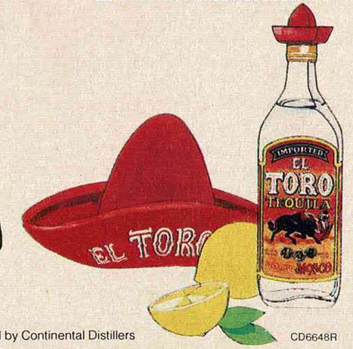

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the petrol, the dole, and they complain bitterly if these things aren't forthcoming. As I see it, that is the dichotomy which is upsetting most Australians on issues which have anything to do with the Aborigines.

PLAYBOY: What are your politics?

BUTLER: I don't have any.

PLAYBOY: You are not interested?

BUTLER: It's not that I'm not interested. You can't live in today's world without being interested in politics. I should have said I'm not interested in politicians. Politics, of course, are vital parts of living.

PLAYBOY: Do you support one party?

BUTLER: I don't belong to a party. In my youth, I was very much into the Labor movement and I founded the WA Apprentices' Union. I fought very strongly for union power, which, in those days, was concerned with simple causes such as equal rights and justice. I think the unions are too powerful today, too inclined toward terrorism. But I see no solution in saying the unions are too powerful. In Australia, we have this division between unions and industry, between unions and business. But in politics, the Liberal and Labor Governments and the politicians are separated only be a degree of socialism. I don't vote for a party, but for a policy which is laid down at the time of the election.

PLAYBOY: What are the weaknesses in Federal and State politics on conservation and environmental issues?

BUTLER: The obvious weaknesses are in the lobby groups. Conservation and preservation groups are formed with the very best motives, but people very quickly get embroiled in a political identification. We have got Labor politicians marching on the streets in anti-uranium protests, and there are trade unionists on the executive of the Australian Conservation Foundation. On the face of it, this is fine. Because a man is a trade unionist, or a Labor or Liberal politician, shouldn't bar him from being involved in a separate movement. Unfortunately, these tend to be very powerful people, and they tend to put their concepts across, and so the movement then ceases to be apolitical or unbiased. The movement becomes a political machine or a part of a political machine. The second problem is that politicians tend to think only in legislative terms. They hold to that lovely, naive Victorian concept: "We have decreed, therefore it is so." Legislation works only if people believe in it. There is all sorts of legislation designed to govern conservation, but if people don't believe in it, you can forget it. The third problem is created by politicians who seek advice from the professionals. By professionals, I mean the people who are qualified by degree, and therefore their views have to be acceptable to their professional peers. That, in turn, means that modern thinking does not exist in the advice given by the professionals on conservation. The same misconceptions are handed down. The radical professionals who battle their guts out to try to do something are given posts with high-sounding names but no finance. The Australian Biological Resources Survey (renamed the Bureau of Flora and Fauna), for example, has existed on paper since 1964. It is still not doing anything. It doesn't catch votes. Kangaroos don't vote. Kangaroos don't pay rates or taxes, so why bother about caring for bloody kangaroos?

PLAYBOY: Do you think a percentage of national expenditure should be put aside for conservation?

BUTLER: I don't see things that simplistically. I don't believe that, if you throw money at a problem, it disappears. The answer is awareness. If you are sincere in believing that Australiana should be conserved, then you've got two areas to preserve — the modern and the ancient Australia. Ancient Australia is basically the relic side — the flora and fauna, Aboriginal art and the landforms represented by geological structures such as Ayers Rock and The Three Sisters. Modern Australia is our farmlands, historic pioneer monuments and such things. The Australian ethic and way of life is built of both these things. It is no good saving Ayers Rock if you don't also save the way of life that cherishes the rock. What we need in conservation is the reserves that represent in miniature what Australia was — bearing in mind that each reserve is an island and it is created because it is surrounded by other land uses and other developments. You have to manage it like an island and, to do that, you need a hell of a lot of knowledge, awareness and understanding.

PLAYBOY: You are involved in a number of large development projects as an environmental consultant. How do you become involved?

BUTLER: Clients come to me because they need me. I then decide whether what they want me for is valid. If people want me to advertise dog food or insect sprays, I don't regard that as a valid need. If someone comes to me and wants me to talk to a group, class or club, I'll go only if I am convinced it is something no one else can do. I might charge them for it, too.

PLAYBOY: You seem very sure of your own awareness?

BUTLER: The edge is that they need me. They don't need a biologist, a naturalist, or a conservationist. They need me. Yes, I have an extremely acute awareness of what I have, who I am and what I am able to do.

PLAYBOY: Have you always had that?

BUTLER: Right from the beginning. My father also taught me to know my capacities. It goes back to fighting as a kid. If the kid is bigger, you don't take him on unless you know you can take him, and that means you have to watch him for a while. You find out where he's slow and about his blind spots, and if you think you can handle him, then do it. So the first thing is that the client has to come to me. If I accept the job as valid, then the money side is not important. But, obviously, I charge. I make a living.

PLAYBOY: I hear you charge a good deal for your efforts.

BUTLER: Yes, I suppose so. I set my prices on consulting engineer fees.

PLAYBOY: Never more? Not ever on a percentage basis?

BUTLER: I'd like to charge on a percentage basis. I wouldn't have to work again. By charging on a consulting engineer's scale, I give prospective clients a criterion and a chance to assess if they can afford me. They also have to give me certain guarantees that they will carry out the work for which I'm contracted. I won't, for example, be involved in PR exercises unless the cause is a worthy one. I accepted a job for the Keep Australia Clean campaign for no fee because I was pleased to be associated with a campaign designed to help keep the country beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Why do you insist that prospective employers post a bond?

BUTLER: I estimate what I think it will cost to carry out whatever work I propose, and the bond is put up against a failure to perform the work. If the firm concerned does not undertake the work, the money is there for somebody else to do it.

PLAYBOY: How do you balance the needs of conservation and the spread of industry?

BUTLER: I'm not a traditional conservationist in that I look only at birds and bees. I look at conservation as a way of life, which includes standards of living. People have to have jobs, homes and food to eat. They have to have an awareness of land. That meets their physical needs. They also have to have solitude, peace and an awareness of other living things for their spiritual needs. My own conservation effort endeavors to combine the two. Barrow Island is still my best endeavor because, after 15 years, I've still got the same fauna and flora on the island that was there when I went there. In the meantime, we have taken 30 percent of Australia's oil and gas out of there. Both the needs of the flora and fauna and of development are being met by proper management. That's what my conservation is about.

PLAYBOY: Have you walked off a job because they wouldn't do what you wanted them to do?

BUTLER: I've had jobs walk off me. The jobs have collapsed because the developers have accepted my recommendation not to proceed. I have often talked myself out of work.

PLAYBOY: What are the main projects in which you are currently involved?

BUTLER: The Sydney to Newcastle natural gas pipeline construction, which has just begun. The Ord hydroelectric scheme — on which I have recommended raising the dam walls by six metres, which is going to stuff the diamond mines rather badly. And the North-West Shelf project.

PLAYBOY: What particular problems have you had on the shelf project?

BUTLER: Enormous problems. In pure hard cash, we are talking about $4 billion in initial costings. The obvious problem to me has been the unknown country. Whatever I or the people working with me discover up there is new. We don't know the effect of cyclones. We don't know the effect of tidal scour on sea bottoms. We don't

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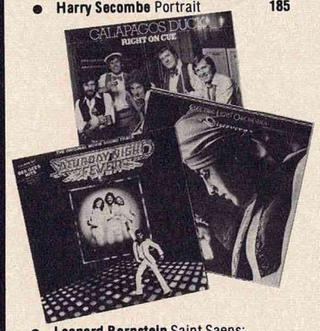

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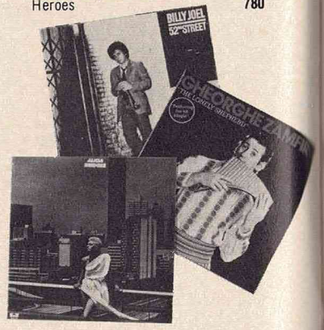

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understand the effect of temperature changes on marine growths, marine organisms and crayfish and things like that. It's a totally new field. And, because we haven't any previous knowledge, we are starting with a blank sheet. Because of this lack of information, we are moving very, very slowly, and we are probably getting a lot of over-design. For instance, we are using cooling water on the project. The environment in which we are discharging cooling water is very precarious. It has been mooted that the water must be discharged at a temperature of 10C. If it is higher, the water is likely to kill life over a five-kilometre radius, which I believe to be an unacceptable environmental cost. I have come up with several alternatives that are now being examined by engineers.

PLAYBOY: Are there other conservation consultants on the shelf?

BUTLER: There are something like 40 specialists. We've got marine biologists, hydrographers, oceanographers, meteorologists, soil engineers, botanists, biologists — the whole range of specialist consultants. I am the project co-ordinator.

PLAYBOY: What books or people have been an influence in the making of Harry Butler?

BUTLER: Influences in your life are so insidious that, most of the time, you don't realise what the influences are. My father, with his honesty and his approach to life, certainly influenced me greatly. A man called C. B. Palmer influenced me to the extent of bringing out my awareness that science is an ordered concept. And Vincent Serventy, who was my teacher when I eventually settled into the formal education system in high school, made me aware that there was no shame in being a naturalist. Rolf Harris has had an influence on me in the sense that he showed me that every man has a choice. No matter what your talents are, you alone can choose which one to use. Rolf has more talents than anybody else I've met. He's an artist, and he can play any musical instrument the moment he picks it up. I once put a didgeridoo in his hand and he played the bloody thing. I've never seen an Abo do that. He was a champion swimmer, he is a teacher. The pressures were on him to be many things — especially a teacher — but he chose to be an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Has the most important relationship in your life been with another person, animals or the land?

BUTLER: With myself. I respond on an instinctive level to any situation, and then I analyse it and ask myself why. The most important thing is understanding why I respond as I do. Some individuals are very important to me, but I have only a very few friends — certainly nobody I would regard as an important friend. Nobody relates to me in my decisions. I often make decisions to suit my wife and things like that, but they are courtesies. I'm the most important person in my life. I'm totally selfish.

PLAYBOY: You have said there is no such thing as equality. Would you explain that?

BUTLER: Again we come back to this nasty thing of being a biologist or being a human. As a biologist, one holds a passionate belief in biological functions. Some are bigger, some are smaller; some are smarter, some are dumber; some are prettier, some are uglier. There is no equality. We all have our gifts and we all have our crosses. If you really believed in the artificial concept that all men are equal, then you would have three fingers broken on each hand and one eye put out to make you equal with those who couldn't write. A ballet dancer would have to dance with 15 kilograms of lead around her ankles to bring her back to the field. Let's take the basic nonsense that males and females are equals. They are biologically different, they are physiologically different, and they are also functionally different. If you inspect individual characteristics such as intelligence, and plot the intelligence curve between male and female on any sort of test you want to use, the males will have the widest extremes — more geniuses and more idiots. Females tend to be more standard, or normal. If you perform any sort of test on the human race and plot the results on a graph, you can pick the males and females. I'm not saying there isn't an overlap. An extreme male and an extreme female will overlap, but the general trend is different.

"If you perform any sort of test on the human race and plot the results on a graph, you can pick the males and females."

PLAYBOY: You obviously feel quite strongly about this.

BUTLER: It's crazy to claim equality. Who the hell wants to be equal anyway? Equal pay for equal work, yes; equal opportunity, yes. But are you going to deny individual talents? Are you going to smash someone like Picasso's thumbs because he can paint and others can't? That's what it comes down to.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Australians are more conscious of equality than other nationalities?

BUTLER: We pay more lip service to it. In this country, we regard women as second-rate citizens. There are two types of Australian — the urban-ocker Australian and the country-ethnic Australian. I don't know how many parties you've been to in Sydney, but even among the most trendy groups, the guys get in one corner to talk and the girls in another. Men talk about things that don't infringe on the women's world, and women talk about things that don't intrude on the men's world. Hell, I don't want to talk to you about menopause or your period.

PLAYBOY: I'm glad about that.

BUTLER: That's what I'm getting at. I'm not putting down equality in a conceptual way. I'm merely saying that, biologically, there are differences. People equate difference with inequality. Just because you are different doesn't mean you are unequal.

PLAYBOY: You have said you feel ill at ease around women. Why?

BUTLER: Because they are different animals. Because they don't think like men. Because of their unaccustomed ways of thinking and their alternate thought tracks and their floundering. I can relate to men in thinking, but not to women. Women think laterally. I think laterally, too, but not in the same way as women do.

PLAYBOY: You spend a lot of your time in the bush. Does that give you any particular religious beliefs?

BUTLER: Yeah. Everything in all the world has its place.

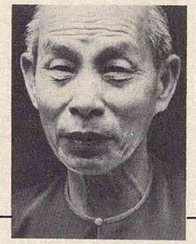
PLAYBOY: That seems to sound more like a philosophy.

BUTLER: That's Aboriginal religion. Don't knock our religion because it isn't Christian. It's just as real.

PLAYBOY: Sharing your life and work with millions on national television must have given you a new perspective on the bush. Will you miss doing the *In The Wild* series?

BUTLER: No. I didn't like the control the program exerted over my life. Other people had to be informed what I was doing, and where, when and how. I don't like that. And there were all the hassles with the people who were professionals and knew they were professional. They'd say: "Look, we've made these things before and this is how you do it." Well, I made it clear that was not the way they were going to do this one. They are filming me doing my thing, and I don't give a stuff what they want — they are going to do what I want. It is pure

egotism. I suppose, but it does work.
PLAYBOY: What effect do you think the television program has had?
BUTLER: I think it has done two things. A lot of people, particularly young people, but old as well, are now aware of the concept of looking at things in the bush, enjoying them and then putting them back. That's a hell of an achievement for anybody. There is also a general awareness of conservation being a desirable social trait.
PLAYBOY: Are you going to have to do more programs to keep it going?
BUTLER: One thing is for sure: I won't be doing any more *In The Wilds*. Not because there aren't more *In The Wilds* to do, but because I think I would have to pad to go on doing the program. And the essential thing about the program is that it has never been padded. It has always been very real. I am looking at a number of new things. I am involved in making a teaching film with the Education Department of Western Australia. I take a number of kids into the bush and I show them some of the ways you can look at it. Then, earlier this year, I went to Tasmania to do a film for that State's tourist bureau. But there is just no money in it. I am making the film on the same basis as the educational film in the west. The Tasmanian Tourist Bureau has faced up to the reality that the biggest single thing Tasmania has to sell is Australian history and the Australian way of life. These are both unique among all the Australian States. Tasmania has never been invaded by the mass of the feral animals as has the rest of Australia and, because of its penal settlements, the State is important in the early development of Australian history. The film won't reach people in the same way as *In The Wild* does, but it will reach visitors to Australia.
PLAYBOY: Do you think *In The Wild* succeeded because it was entertainment and because people watched in spite of themselves?
BUTLER: That may have happened willy-nilly because I'm really not an entertainer. In a sense, I am a regular television feature. I don't like being an entertainer; I especially don't like the things that go with being one.
PLAYBOY: Didn't you become angry with the ABC when they tried to set you up as some sort of sex symbol?
BUTLER: Yeah, I was.
PLAYBOY: You don't think the end justifies the means?
BUTLER: No, never. I don't think that anyone's personal liberty should be eroded for a thing like that. If it's that important, then it is too important to be carried by just one person. And if it's not that important, then why jeopardise one person's liberty. I was described on Australia Day as the host of the *In The Wild* series. I wish to God that had been true because, if I was the host, they could get someone else to fill in.
PLAYBOY: Why do you think you have succeeded when others more qualified as specialists in the entertainment field haven't?
BUTLER: Because they are qualified. The moment they are qualified, they are constantly aware of their peer group approval. My peer group is made up of unqualified people, and I am concerned only with talking to people. If a professor or a doctor or someone like that comes on television, he is continually aware that, when he makes any sort of statement, even a generalisation, he has to be able to justify that to his colleagues. I don't have to do that.
PLAYBOY: Do you think some people look for mistakes in your programs?
BUTLER: Oh, yeah. A lot of naturalists, for example, will watch a natural history program with the intention of picking errors in it. I do myself.
PLAYBOY: Do these kind of people write directly to you or to the ABC?
BUTLER: It is very interesting. The ones with specific bones of contention write directly to me. That's fine. I write back and say, "Dear Cobber". But the ones with a generalised bitch write to the ABC. After I had talked in one program about shooting cats in the Victoria River, a large number of letters arrived at the ABC from cat lovers. The general tone was that cats have a right to live and shouldn't be destroyed. But those people didn't have the courage of their convictions to write directly to me or to put down their names and addresses so that I could reply.
PLAYBOY: How do you explain the record-breaking audiences?
BUTLER: In two ways. Australians, collectively, are looking for their identity, and I have been seized upon as part of that identity. I am seen as some sort of Australian ass weirdly involved with birds and bees. They can also forgive, because I am also seen to be a pretty rugged bloke as well. Although I don't get a lot of support from people who say they know, I believe the second reason is true. The ordinary Norman Ocker sitting back in his chair with his stubby in one hand watching telly says: "Oh, Jeez, I could be there." And the identity is a real thing. There is no thought that the set up is phony. Those people think to themselves: "If I was there, I could turn over that rock and find that snake."
PLAYBOY: What has been your value to your audiences?
BUTLER: They get an honest look at the country — through a biased eye, I'll admit, but it is an honestly biased eye. They get a good look at this country and an understandable explanation and interpretation of what that look is, and it is wrapped in an acceptable package. I jump for a wallaby and miss it, or fail to catch a wombat. That's acceptable. I'm not a hero and I'm not a bloody anti-hero either. I'm just an ordinary Aussie bloke.
PLAYBOY: There is a hint of intolerance for pretension there. What kind of people can't you tolerate?
BUTLER: People who stupidly won't accept obvious evidences, who will close their eyes rather than accept unpleasant truths and who will deliberately misinterpret facts to suit their own ends. The ignorant people I can understand. Stupidity I can't. We have evidence of salt spreading across the wheatland of Western Australia, yet we are still developing the same kind of land which caused the salt in the first place.
PLAYBOY: I understand that you also abhor cruelty.
BUTLER: Deliberate cruelty is something that doesn't occur in nature. I'm also intolerant of social cruelty. I'm one of the Old Testament guys who'd like to see a rapist having a couple of inches of his tassel cut off and a thief having his hand cut off. I know it sounds harsh, but all we seem to be getting today is repeat crimes, and people being told it's not their fault but the fault of society. They get out of jail and do it again. Ordinary folk are entitled to freedom, too. The freedom to leave their keys in the car, to walk home with their wives through Kings Cross. But, because of all the irresponsibles, these ordinary people don't have those freedoms. All we do is slap their wrists and say it is not their fault. There's a great uproar if you lock up a bloke in a cell, even though he has abrogated his right to be treated as a human by his inhuman behavior to the rest of society.
PLAYBOY: Do you think we should have the death penalty?
BUTLER: My oath we should.
PLAYBOY: Do you feel it is the only deterrent strong enough?
BUTLER: It's not only a deterrent, but it removes an undesirable section from society. If your fingernails are too long, you trim them. If you've got a boil, you remove the core.



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Was Errol Flynn a NAZI SPY?

he may have been bisexual, a drug addict and a gun-runner, but who would have suspected heroic errol of being a traitor?

Article by Robert Milliken

WHEN HE finished his biography of Errol Flynn more than a year ago, former Sydney writer Charles Higham thought he had the story wrapped up. Here was a book that would shatter a legend. Errol Flynn, the swashbuckling, macho native son of Australia was, the book would claim, a smuggler, a gun-runner, a drug addict and bisexual. According to Higham, Flynn's lovers included some of the most famous men and women of his day: Eva Peron, Tyrone Power, Truman Capote and Howard Hughes. (Capote has already written of his brief affair with Errol Flynn in a recent issue of Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine.)

By any standards, it fulfilled Higham's aim of writing a "revisionist" history of Errol Flynn's life. The manuscript went to his New York publishers, Doubleday; Higham received his cheque; he started planning his next project.

Then something happened that would make his revelations seem like buckshot next to a bombshell. Through a chance telephone call, Higham says he learned that soon after Flynn left Australia as a young man of 24 in 1933, he became friends with a man strongly suspected of being a leading Nazi spy. After making more

Illustration by Frants Kantor

inquiries Higham recalled the book and plunged into a further 15 months' research. The result is *Errol Flynn: The Untold Story*, a 250,000-word book in which Higham makes a series of remarkable claims. He says Flynn later became a Nazi agent himself, helped to spy for the Gestapo during the Spanish civil war and smuggled his Nazi spy friend out of the US when the Americans tried to put the man on trial. Their friendship and collaboration lasted right through World War Two, says Higham — when Flynn was best known by his fans as the star of a series of anti-Nazi war pictures.

Higham's claims have rocked Hollywood and brought denials from some of Flynn's former colleagues, including David Niven. "The dead have no chance of hitting back," Niven wrote tersely to a London Sunday newspaper recently. Flynn died 21 years ago in Canada at the age of 50. He became a US citizen in 1942.

Higham says his account of Errol Flynn's secret life is based on nearly 12,000 pages of government documents which were released to him under the United States Freedom of Information Act. Another author, Andrew Boyle, recently used files obtained under the same Act to help him unmask British spy Anthony Blunt — the subject of Boyle's book, *The Fourth Man.*

Since news of the Higham book's contents leaked out, Higham says several people have come forward to confirm his findings, including a former head of the British Navy and a woman who was Flynn's secretary in Rome in the early 1950s.

What first attracted Higham to Flynn was the fact that Flynn had seemed to live brazenly ahead of his time. Most men in Flynn's day — and many today — tried to bury the devil in themselves when their adolescent days ended; Flynn gave it its head.

•

Born in England, Higham emigrated to Australia when he was 23 and lived there for almost 20 years until 1969, when he left to teach Commonwealth literature at the University of California, Santa Cruz. In Sydney, he was a poet and freelance journalist, writing for *The Bulletin* and *The Sydney Morning Herald.*

Although he is now best known as a successful biographer of Hollywood notables — his subjects include Marlene Dietrich, Orson Welles, Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton — he says he considers himself "primarily an adopted Australian poet in exile". He still publishes verse in Australian journals.

"I don't think guilt or shame were words in Errol's vocabulary," Higham told me at his Los Angeles home. "He was a person who lived completely outside the moral order. Of course, this is more commonplace today. But Flynn grew up in a world that was still controlled by Christianity — it was still essentially a moral world — and if you strayed from the beaten path you knew what you were doing."

Higham felt he already knew enough undisclosed things about his subject to agree when Doubleday asked him to write a new biography of Flynn. He was unimpressed by most of the previous Flynn books, and in his preface he dismisses Flynn's best-selling autobiography, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, as "a book written to disguise his dark life by providing a largely fictitious alternative".

Higham says he had learned some time ago from people who had known Flynn both in Australia and the US that Flynn had affairs with men as well as women, and that he had smuggled gold, guns and drugs between California and Mexico. Some of this information, he says, came from people who remembered Flynn as far back as his boarding school days in Sydney (Flynn spent two terms at the snooty Church of England Grammar School, Shore, in 1926). Higham built on these leads (the sources of his information are named in an exhaustive appendix to the book), and he finished his investigation with vivid descriptions of Flynn's rumbustious path from Hobart to Hollywood and his sex life along the way; his bedding down of numerous co-stars, including Ann Sheridan and Linda Christian (who later married Tyrone Power); his furtive trips to Mexico for homosexual encounters.

Then, while Higham was digging up pictures of Flynn as a baby in Hobart, a fellow writer mentioned casually over the telephone that one of Flynn's closest friends had been a man named Dr Hermann Erban, who had once lived in the US and been suspected of being a top Nazi agent. The remark triggered in Higham's memory something said back in 1970 by the late Robert Lord, a contract producer at Warner Bros. Lord, says Higham, had told him he suspected that Flynn was "somehow mixed up with the Nazis". At the time, Higham treated it lightly.

Now it troubled him. He contacted a number of experts on World War Two espionage, including Ladislas Farago, a New York-based author. Farago, says Higham, could not remember Dr Erban — but he did mention another of Flynn's close friends: Freddy McEvoy, a Melbourne-born adventurer, later one of Europe's leading pre-war playboys and gigolos.

According to Higham, McEvoy — educated at a top British Jesuit college — became Flynn's partner in gun-running. McEvoy and his third wife drowned in 1951 when their yacht was shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, allegedly during a smuggling mission on Flynn's behalf.

"By now I felt I was on to something big," says Higham. He went to the National Archives in Washington and spent days in its gloomy basement sifting through the index cards on fifth columnist suspects. He says he found cards marked PSA (meaning "possibly or probably subversive activities") on Erban, McEvoy — and Flynn.

Next, he contacted Army and Navy intelligence who, he says, released to him almost immediately files on Erban and Flynn. He also received files from the FBI (who initially refused to release anything, citing "national security" as the excuse), from the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), forerunner of the CIA, and the State Department — 5000 separate files in all. In a 10-page appendix to the book, Higham lists some of the documents he says he consulted, including FBI reports on Flynn's connection with Erban. Many of the FBI files had names blacked out — "so I never discovered the informers," says Higham.

After many weeks of painstaking work Higham learned that Dr Erban was still living. He tracked him down to an address in Austria, the country of Erban's birth. At the end of the war, Erban had spent time in an Allied prison camp, but later resumed his peripatetic life, turning up in the Middle East and Asia. He was interviewed for Higham in the Philippines by a Filipino journalist, and later by Higham himself in Austria.

Higham says: "I used the cover that I was no more than a show-business historian researching the career of Errol Flynn. Intelligence matters were never mentioned by me in my interview with Erban. However Dr Erban unwittingly confirmed everything I'd already learned."

In the book, Higham describes in considerable detail four main incidents which he cites as evidence for Flynn's alleged Nazi connections. In 1937, according to Higham, Flynn used his influence as a major Hollywood figure to help Erban accompany him on a trip to Spain, the purpose of which was to spy on those Germans who were fighting against Hitler's friend, Franco, and to turn their names over to the Gestapo in Berlin.

Erban had become a US citizen in 1930, but his passport had been impounded because of increasing FBI suspicion over his activities. Flynn, says Higham, pleaded Erban's case to the State Department and charmed them into giving him a new passport.

But the exact extent of Flynn's actions in Spain is unclear. Higham writes that Flynn was cold-shouldered in Spain by, among others, Ernest Hemingway. "He knew at once that Errol was a fascist. He warned Errol not to spy for the fascists or to cross to the fascist lines, or his career as a star would be finished."

In 1940, when J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI was given a charter to step up the hunt for Nazi agents in America, Erban was in trouble again. He faced a deportation order in San Francisco. Higham says that Flynn again stepped in to help him, this time by appealing to Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Flynn was friends with one of Roosevelt's sons, and when Mrs Roosevelt was on a campaign tour for her husband that year, Flynn met her in Miami. "The exact details of their conversation will probably never be known," Higham writes. "But the thrust of the plea must have been to Mrs Roosevelt's legendary concern for the underdog.

"Whatever approach Errol took, it worked. Mrs Roosevelt promised to do what she could. Records show that she contacted J. Edgar Hoover, the Attorney-General, the Secretary of Labor and the Secretary of the Navy and in March, 1940, the gruelling investigation of Erban and Errol was suddenly suspended."

Later that year, however, Erban's deportation trial was reactivated in San Francisco. Higham says Flynn immediately "sprang into action": he hid Erban aboard his luxury yacht, the *Sirocco,* obtained false transit papers and drove Erban across the border to Mexico, "where they embraced in a friendly farewell" Higham continues: "Errol committed an act of treason by giving aid and comfort to an enemy at a time when he (Flynn) was still a British subject. If caught by British intelligence agents, he could have been extradited and tried in England as a traitor."

Another assertion in Higham's book is that one of Flynn's greatest espionage coups was to persuade Warner Bros to film the 1940 picture, *Dive Bomber,* at the San Diego naval base. He quotes evidence by the late Robert Lord, the producer, that at Flynn's suggestion, Flynn's own personal shots of Pearl Harbor were included in the movie. The film was later shipped to Japan and examined by experts. Lord is quoted as saying he thought the film was invaluable to the Japanese in planning their attack on Pearl Harbor a year later.

The Navy was apparently reluctant to allow Warner Bros — and Flynn — access to the San Diego base or the aircraft carrier *Enterprise.* So Jack Warner, the studio boss, sent his personal troubleshooter, Colonel William Guthrie, to Washington. "So great was the power of the Hollywood studios at the time," says Higham, "that the Secretary of the Navy overruled all the others and ordered the base put at Warner's disposal."

How prominent a figure was Dr Erban? Higham claims he was one of the Gestapo's top agents and at one time was at the head of the British intelligence wanted list. Before and during the war, he wandered extensively through South America, the South Pacific and Asia. He claims to have visited Australia briefly in the early 1930s, supposedly on an anthropological expedition.

According to Higham, Flynn met Erban around this time in New Britain, when Flynn struggled ashore there after being shipwrecked in a lugger off Rabaul.

When their friendship resumed years later in Hollywood, says Higham, Erban used Flynn as a sub-agent to assist his cover.

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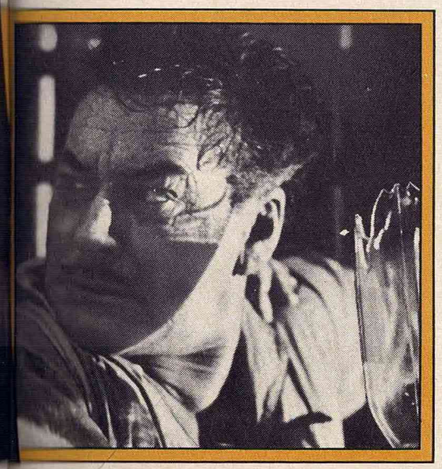
Errol Flynn's early life gave no hint of the adventure to come. He was born in Hobart in 1909. Flynn's father was Irish, his mother pro-British. Flynn, it seems, grew up indifferent to both countries.

Hobart at the time was a grimly provincial society. As a boy, Flynn looked forward to leaving it. Higham suggests that Flynn's later political sympathies may have taken root in this early environment, where anti-semitism was strong and memories still fresh of Tasmania's infamous campaigns against the Aborigines.

By the time Flynn was a young man, Higham says, "He made no secret of his anti-semitism. The Roosevelts knew he hated Jews and used to drive him up the wall by calling him 'Flynberg'. Whenever Jack Warner would walk into the studio at Warner Bros, Errol would scream, 'Get that Jew off the set!' Warner, of course, put up with it. He



NEAR RIGHT: Errol the lover in the *Master of Ballantrae* with Beatrice Campbell. CENTRE: With daughter Rory, 12. FAR RIGHT: As John Barrymore in *Too Much too Soon.*

couldn't afford to sack a major money-spinner like Errol."

Once Flynn had made up his mind to leave Australia in 1933, his arrival in Hollywood was characteristically rapid and flamboyant. After his shipwreck episode in Rabaul, he sailed via Hong Kong to London where he presented himself as, among other things, an actor. Flynn had already inveigled himself into a plum role back in Australia in Charles and Elsa Chauvel's classic film, *In The Wake of The Bounty*.

He charmed Warner Bros' London office into giving him a screen test. The result was electrifying. The Hollywood studios were grasping for talent, and Flynn was packed across the Atlantic on the liner *Paris*.

His first question on arrival in Hollywood was, "Where can I get a poke?" The mystified Warner Bros chauffeur who had been sent to meet him did not understand the slang term then peculiar to Australia.

But the remark presaged a life of restless sexual promiscuity that was to mean as much to Flynn's psyche as his early success as a star in such legendary pictures as *Captain Blood* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

In his interview for PLAYBOY, Higham drew a comparison between the morality of Australia in which Flynn grew up and the morality to which he came in Hollywood. "Morality in Australia has always been hypocritical because it is based on double standards," Higham said. "Then, as now, there were many people who paid lip service to moral principles but who were quite capable of getting involved in very extreme — shall we say — erotic situations through the beach world, private parties and heavy drinking."

Hollywood was a different story. "Los Angeles has always been, from the beginning of the film industry in 1908 — the year before Flynn was born — a totally immoral community," Higham says.

"For someone like Flynn, it was ideally situated because so much of his contraband activities were directly connected to Mexico. His yacht, the *Sirocco*, had berthing rights in every port from Los Angeles to the southern Mexican coast.

"He often had the customs people in his pocket and he knew almost everyone on a drinking basis in these ports. He got away with everything. Gold possession then was totally illegal, but Flynn smuggled it. He would often shock and impress people by taking a small ingot from his pocket and giving it to them, rather as you would give someone a cigarette lighter. He walked ashore with drugs and gold in his pockets and guns in his luggage, and no one seemed to think anything of it."

Higham elaborates on this theme in his book. Of Flynn's life-style, he writes: "The fact is, Flynn was determined to experience every pleasure to the limit. He wanted to drink deeply of life, and to avoid nothing of what it could offer. He experimented with cocaine, kif, opium and hashish, not in a spirit of self-destructiveness but in a desire to enhance his senses so intensely that life would seem more brilliantly colorful, less painful and anxiety-inducing than it really was. He lived in a state of acute physical awareness of reality. His nerves tingled with animal vitality. He was aware more than most men of his physique, his muscles and the sexual centre of his being.

"Yet, he remained insecure; he needed the reassurance of his sexuality and the admiration of others both on and off the screen. Popular acclaim meant more to him than he pretended; but even more urgently he needed the intimate approval of the boys and girls whom he shared his bed with."

Flynn's homosexual relationships were conducted in deep secrecy, according to Higham — not so much from fear of public exposure but from fear of being blacklisted by the studios. In Flynn's day, Hollywood's moguls had no compunction about dropping stars they discovered were leading personal lives different from the macho image they were trying to sell. Flynn's dalliances were known only to a handful of friends. None of his wives apparently found out.

Flynn and Tyrone Power were never close friends, but they carried on a sexual affair sporadically over seven years, says Higham. It began in 1939 when Flynn was 30 and Power 24. Power was fascinated by Flynn's masculinity and fame; Flynn was taken with Power's dark Mexican-style looks. They met at obscure motels, at the home of a trusted Hollywood director friend and the home of a prominent New York orchestra conductor.

One of Higham's sources of Flynn's secret sex life was Johnny Meyer, a man who once worked for Flynn and later for Howard Hughes. Meyer died in Florida in 1978. Before his death, Meyer revealed to Higham that he had set up meetings between Flynn and Power — and later between Flynn and Howard Hughes.

According to Meyer, Hughes was "definitely bisexual. That whole image of his of having women stashed away in apartments that were set up for him was a lot of baloney. In fact, I deliberately set up these women as a disguise for him. In most cases, he never even went to bed with them."

Higham's accounts of Flynn's bisexuality have been challenged by Flynn's second wife, Nora Eddington. But Higham is standing by his disclosures, and he names nine people in the book as sources — including Truman Capote, with whom Flynn is said to have spent a one-night stand in New York in 1943, when Capote was a 19-year-old struggling writer.

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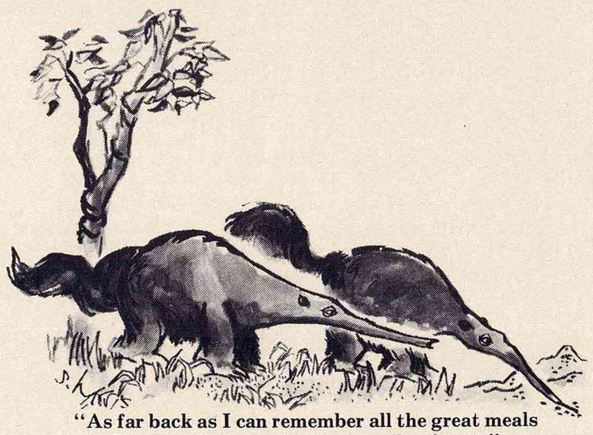
Flynn made some 60 pictures in Hollywood, not all of his own choosing. He was a frustrated writer and Shakespearian actor. During the last years of his stormy professional relationship with Jack Warner, Flynn's cavalier ways finally became too much for Warner, who hired spies to report whether Flynn was bringing drink and drugs on to the set.

According to Higham, Flynn had a torrid affair with a Nazi singer, and openly hob-nobbed at parties in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Mexico City with known Nazi agents. He says



"As far back as I can remember all the great meals I've ever had consisted primarily of ants."

the Hollywood studios knew of these liaisons and tried desperately to hush them up.

As early as 1936, the FBI began visiting the studios to interview Flynn about Erban, he says. Jack Warner handed the matter over to his trouble-shooter, Colonel Guthrie, who apparently used his power in Washington to smother the inquiries before they threatened Flynn's career.

The studios also tried to cover up the true picture of Flynn's health, which started breaking down in his early 30s. When the war broke out, Flynn had a genuine excuse, it seems, for not joining up: his doctors discovered a tubercular patch in his lungs. Warners put out a story that he had a heart murmur because it sounded less serious. But ironically many people, including the FBI, suspected Flynn of dodging the draft.

"At 31, Errol should have been the most confident man in the world," writes Higham. "He was the greatest male star in Hollywood, earning $6000 a week. He was at the peak of his physical beauty . . .

"But he longed for the life he had known in Australia and New Guinea, when executives were not harassing him. His knowledge of his poor health, the crumbling constitution behind the physically perfect facade, was a constant challenge to his pride, the more so because he constantly had to give the illusion of health."

When Flynn made *Gentleman Jim* in 1942, aged only 33, he could film his fighting scenes for only about a minute at a time. Then he would collapse, gasping for air when the director called "cut". When he died 17 years later, the causes were put down as myocardial infarction, coronary thrombosis, coronary atherosclerosis, liver degeneration, liver sclerosis and diverticulosis of the colon.

Flynn's emotional insecurity and his partly self-inflicted health problems contributed to the break-up of his three marriages, first to the tempestuous French actress, Lili Damita, then to Nora Eddington, an all-American girl from Los Angeles (who later wrote about their shattered relationship in a book called *Errol and Me*), and finally to the sophisticated singer and dancer, Patrice Wymore. The one woman Flynn really wanted to marry, his sometime co-star Olivia de Havilland, turned him down.

Flynn's final days were sad. His looks collapsed; he drank more heavily; and, at 48, he fell in love with an ambitious starlet named Beverly Aadland, then 15. She lived with him until the end, played a bit part in his quickly forgotten final movie, *Cuban Rebel Girls*, and, egged on by her predatory mother, unsuccessfully challenged Flynn's will when he died.

The big unanswered question is, if the authorities suspected Flynn of being a Nazi agent, why did they not arrest him? Higham's answer is perplexing. He offers several explanations: the huge political power of Hollywood; Flynn's obvious propaganda use for America as the star of anti-Nazi war movies; the FBI's unwillingness to close in too early in case the trail led to more agents; and the failure of American and British intelligence to co-ordinate their work.

However, since Higham's book went to press, another remarkable charge has been made about Flynn, this time by the Canadian writer, William Stevenson, author of the book *A Man Called Intrepid*, the story of the war-time operation BSC (British Security Co-ordination).

In a recent interview in Toronto for a London newspaper, Stevenson poured scorn on Higham's allegations. He said that far from Flynn being a Nazi agent he was, in fact, working secretly for British intelligence.

Which version is true? When I asked Higham this question he was quick to turn the Stevenson allegation around. "By trying to discredit me, Stevenson has actually played into my hands," he replied. "If what Stevenson says is true then it bolsters my case because it helps explain how Flynn got away with everything. The explanation is perfectly obvious: the moment the heat was on Flynn, all he would have to say was, 'Call up BSC and they'll tell you I'm one of them'."

Higham also has taken issue with David Niven, Flynn's close friend from early Hollywood days.

Some years ago in his memoirs, *Bring On The Empty Horses*, Niven wrote of his fellow film star's feelings when the war broke out: "He (Flynn) felt no loyalty to Britain and little to Australia . . . then the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and young Americans started flocking to the recruiting offices. Errol hesitated . . . he misguidedly accepted a series of war films."

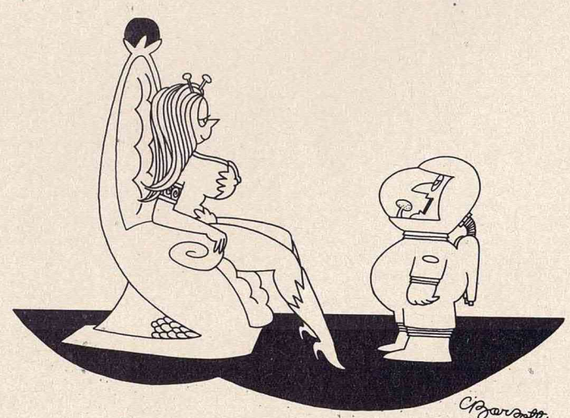
Higham says these remarks had "troubled" him before he sat down to write his book. Yet he was "amazed" by Niven's apparent about-turn when Niven was interviewed recently by *The Sunday Times* of London, over Higham's charge that Flynn was disloyal. Niven told the paper: "Errol would have had the biggest laugh of his life at hearing himself accused of this. Don't forget that Errol simply loved any sort of intrigue and he was a great 'puter-onner'."

Higham asks: "Why did Niven reverse his stand and fly into a panic at the mention of my disclosures?"

When the paperback edition of Higham's book appears, it will be a third longer than the hardback. He plans to reply to his critics — whom he describes as "mostly politically ignorant fans" — and to include more on Flynn's political connections.

How would Flynn feel to know that, 20 years after his death, his life was being remorselessly pored over once more? He would probably be the last to care. In his final press interview, given in Los Angeles a few months before he died in 1959, Flynn almost said as much himself:

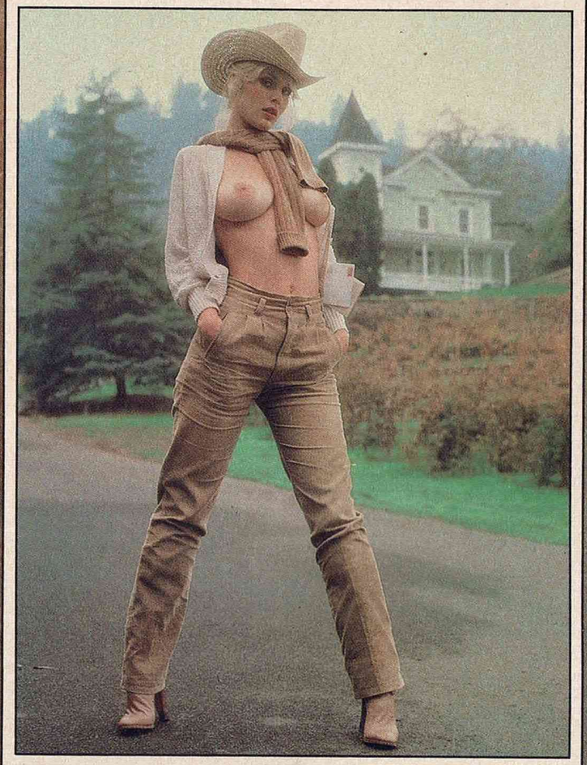
"I've lived hard, spent hard and behaved as I damn well chose. I've squandered $7 million . . . But don't grieve for me when I go. The way of a transgressor is not as hard as they claim. I suppose I'll be criticised, but it's a question of living life the way you see fit, and I've been careless of other people's opinions. I never thought the public would be interested in my so-called antics."



"Hello, Mothership One. Forget the death ray, send a vibrator."

AMERICA'S FINEST

Last month, we gave you Rosemary Paul, our Playmate Of The Year. Now take a look at US PLAYBOY'S reigning beauty — Dorothy Stratten



Born and bred in Vancouver, Canada, Dorothy Stratten moved south of the border to sunny Los Angeles when she first came to the attention of US PLAYBOY in its 1978 Great Playmate Hunt. One of the finalists in the search for the American magazine's 25th-anniversary Playmate, her migration to California has proved very fortunate — both for her and PLAYBOY readers. Winning the title of **Playmate Of The Year** was yet another stunning gem in the diadem of the girl with the golden touch. "The first thing I plan to do with the money is buy some property," says Dorothy. "I want some place roomy enough for lots of pets." Knowing of her love

for animals, PLAYBOY included among her gifts a Shih-Tzu puppy, which she has named Marston (Hugh M. Hefner's middle name.) Pets and property sound as though she intends to stay in the US — does she like the way of life in California? "Yes, but it hasn't changed either my values or my personality. Hollywood has made me wiser though. I've gained 10 years' experience in 18 months. To make it to the top here, you really have to want it and be very, very dedicated." Stardom is one thing, but romance is another, and the second is the more important to the sensitive centrefold who writes poetry. "Love is a home to retreat to after a strenuous

day on the job." Dorothy's favorite daydream is to be secluded in a snowbound cabin, reading her poetry to a lover. "I find my inspiration in the strangest places — many of my poems come to me when I'm in the shower." When Dorothy Stratten is in her bath, we get inspired as well.

Cinders

fiction **By HERBERT STRAW**

in this modern fairy tale, cinderella is a fellah — and his princess charming needs a firm hand . . .

ONCE UPON a time there was a beautiful princess with two university degrees and a PhD in aeronautical engineering. Her name was Priscilla.

Princess Priscilla could fly a plane, drive a car, ski with distinction and rout most people at chess.

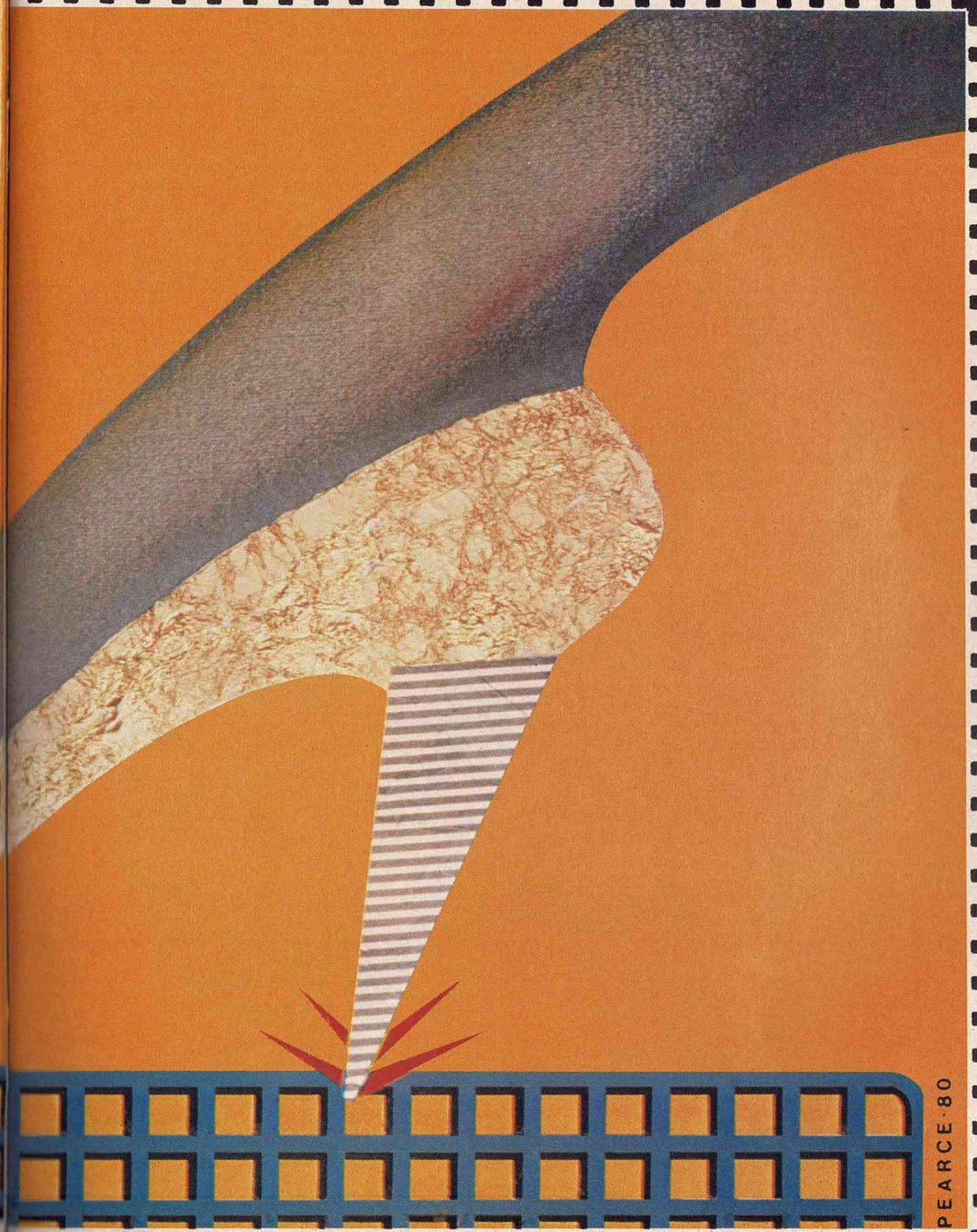
Princess Priscilla was also a linguist, an expert on child psychology and the proud holder of a black belt in judo.

But Princess Priscilla was unhappy because no one could love her for herself alone. They all loved her because she was so rich, clever, powerful and so aristocratic to look at.

You see, Princess Priscilla had been brought up according to the latest theories on female education — her mother, the Queen, had made quite certain of that.

All her tutors were liberated. Her mother had employed the best. In the palace there was a female paediatrician, female psychologist, female educationalist, female dietician and all the teachers were emancipated females.

She was not allowed to read stories in which the beautiful girl married the handsome prince and lived happily ever after. She was allowed



PEARCE·80

to read stories in which plain, sensible girls (in twin-sets) married men who believed in women having careers – and they lived happily ever after.

As a girl, the Princess was allowed to bang drums, but she was not allowed to play the violin or flute.

She was encouraged to be assertive and aggressive. She was forbidden to cry. Only boys were allowed to cry in the land of the liberated.

The psychologist was on the alert for such things as penis envy. All little girls are supposed to go through a stage when they envy little boys. Some little girls have even been known to demand one. But Priscilla did not seem very impressed when she was shown her younger brother's penis. The psychologist was on hand in the bathroom taking notes.

"What do you think of that?" said the psychologist.

"It's silly. I wouldn't want one of those. Besides, it looks ugly," she said.

The psychologist noted this down in her little book. The brother was far too busy playing with his ships to worry about such things. He just thought that his sister had lost hers.

The psychologist had very definite views based on years of training with other psychologists who were convinced that anyone who did not agree with them had problems which made them psychologically incapable of knowing what the truth is. Thereafter, Princess Priscilla was watched most carefully.

As the psychologist explained to her mother, the Queen:

"At about this age you will discover that Princess Priscilla will start to hate you and to love her father. At an unconscious, or subconscious, level she will want to marry her father and she will hate her mother. But she should make a correct adjustment. If she does not, she will be neurotic."

"How do you know this?" asked her mother, the Queen.

"It is an article of faith with us. It is one of the basic planks of a school of psychology that is beyond doubt."

"No doubts. That must be marvellous," replied her mother.

Princess Priscilla seemed to get over her Electra Complex (the psychologists' term for father infatuation) – if she ever had it. As it was all in the unconscious, no one could be sure.

The Princess was not allowed to do any housework. Only men were employed for housework and the more menial jobs around the palace.

There were lots of emancipated books with pictures.

Most of the pictures showed little girls helping Dad dig the garden or build a new shed. All the little boys were helping Mum in the kitchen.

The most common illustrations showed the husbands nursing children, sewing, knitting and working in the kitchen while wives were gardening, building, painting and repairing.

In the teaching of arithmetic, there were never any questions about the cost of buying the ingredients for a cake and how much is left over out of $5. Arithmetical questions revolved around the speed of cars, aeroplanes and kilometres per litre.

Princess Priscilla's reading was severely restricted. She was allowed science fiction, the biographies of female leaders of outstanding ability, especially if they had been mathematicians, engineers or inventors. She was not allowed love stories.

Princess Priscilla was given a crash course in carpentry, car maintenance and electrical repairs before she went to the all-female university which specialised in science. The men in the university were not academics but those responsible for cleaning, canteen work and gardening.

Shortly after leaving university, with her two degrees and a PhD, she went into the aeronautical industry.

Princess Priscilla found herself working alongside men for the first time in her life. Strange feelings began to rise within her. There was one man in particular she found most attractive. He moved gracefully. He talked exquisitely. He was never rough or crude. His hair fell right down to his shoulders in waves. He loved the theatre, music, poetry and cooking. Princess Priscilla was in love. But she did not call it love. She knew it was an endocrine disturbance necessary for the procreation of the species.

He was introverted. She was extroverted. He was diffident. She was confident. He cried, especially when listening to Italian opera. She never cried. He could not change the wheel of a car. She could change the wheel of a car faster than any garage mechanic. He could talk interminably about food, clothing, shelter, babies and the prices of things in shops. She never did.

It was a marriage of opposites. For a while, Princess Priscilla was ecstatically happy. Her endocrine system was never so fully aroused, although her intellect kept everything controlled.

But her husband became more and more depressed.

"Darling, what's the matter?"

"You're so rough," he replied.

"Just affectionate."

"You must try to be more gentle. I'm not just a body, you know. I've got a brain too." His lower lip quivered.

"Of course, dear, I do appreciate that. You took the same degrees as myself. I'll try to be more understanding," she said.

But the situation deteriorated. He would slave over a hot stove after a day's work and Princess Priscilla would sit and read the paper. Sometimes she even came home drunk. He loathed alcohol and found it only increased his depression. But she thrived on alcohol. She loved a night out with the girls, going to male strip clubs.

The final break in the marriage came when she hit him after one of her drunken parties. Afterwards, she was sorry, but it was too late.

They were divorced. Princess Priscilla lived alone for many years, then one day she went to a ball.

The Aero Club's annual ball was a splendid affair. Everyone who was anyone in the aeronautical field was there. There were about an equal number of males and females. Over the years, they had found that some men made excellent aeronautical engineers – they were nearly as good as the girls.

Prizes were given for outstanding work. One of the prizes was the Pumpkin given for aeronautical service to agricultural spraying. This year, Princess Priscilla won the prize.

As she stepped forward to receive the award, her heel caught in the floor grill beneath the table. She managed to get to the rostrum by kicking off her shoes and walking in bare feet.

After more champagne, Princess Priscilla went home in bare feet, clutching her Pumpkin statue.

The next day, she returned to collect her shoes. The caretaker let her into the ball room.

The caretaker was a fine, handsome, attractive man who played rugby football, used few words, and enjoyed gardening, carpentry, repairing his motorcar and odd jobs around the house. He never cried. He was strong, silent, capable, unemotional and not in the least inclined to the arts. He could not cook, sew, nurse babies or make beds. His ugly brothers had given him up as hopeless. His name was "Cinders" as he used to jog every night on a running track made from cinders.

"Now, my man, why did you not clean these shoes?"

"Clean them yourself," he replied.

Princess Priscilla was not used to being spoken to like that.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" she demanded.

"A spoilt brat, I shouldn't wonder."

"I thought your sort had died out years ago – like Neanderthal man."

"We are allowed to live on, but we have to do all the menial tasks to break our spirit."

"Is yours broken yet?"

"It's a question of one's nature. I cannot change my nature. I have tried, truly, but the old Adam keeps on popping up. Eventually, they will probably sterilise our lot. It would save a lot of misery in the world."

"Perhaps I could help you?"

He took a pace forward and tried to kiss her.

"Not that way."

"What other way is there?"

"You're so physical," she said laughing. He was so different to all the other men she had met.

"Things do not go so fast," the Princess added.

"Well, I can't stand around here all day. It's time for my jogging."

"Can I come?" she asked.

"If you want to. Wait here and I'll get changed."

He returned in a track suit and running shoes. They walked off to the cinder track.

"You're walking too fast."

"It's you who are walking slow."

"Are you always so difficult?"

"Do you always insist on being so damn argumentative?"

They were getting emotionally involved. Princess Priscilla felt emotions she could not understand. Could it be her Electra Complex coming out?

When they came to the stadium, Princess Priscilla borrowed some running shoes and set off in pursuit of this strange man. He had not bothered to wait for her.

"You might have waited," she said.

"What for?"

"My mother told me about male chauvinist pigs when I was a little girl. I thought they had died out."

He grinned and increased the pace. Princess Priscilla had no difficulty in keeping up.

After they had jogged around the track for an hour, they returned to the changing rooms.

They walked in the park, then he escorted her back to her home.

"Cinders" she said, "why don't you come upstairs and see my etchings?"

"My mother warned me about fast, emancipated girls with etchings."

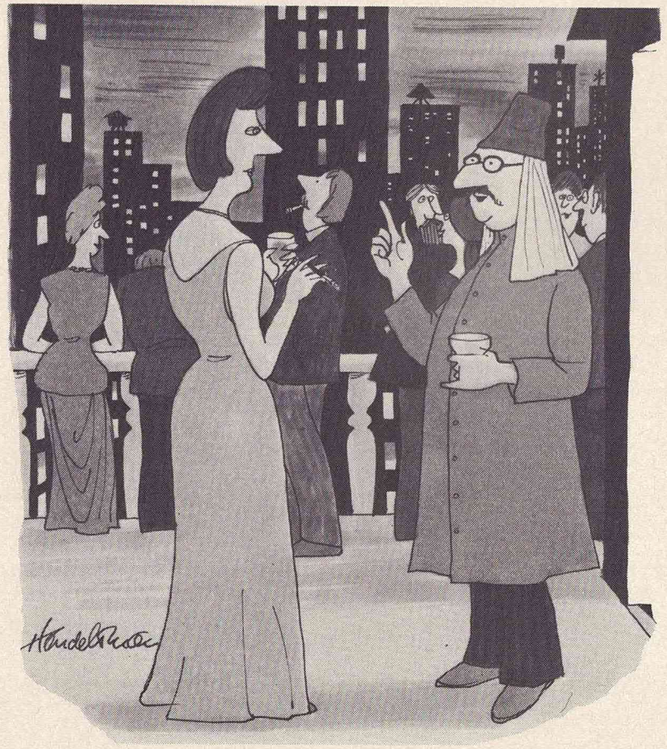
"What did she say?"

"Never ignore a chance to improve your education," he replied.

The Princess laughed as she opened the door.

They lived happily ever afterwards. The ugly brothers, who were such nice, well-brought-up boys, were green with envy, especially as the Princess continued with her career. "Cinders" quickly adjusted to living in the manner to which he had long wished to become accustomed.

"Afraid I'll just send out for a sandwich, Ted. I'm going to be up to my ears all afternoon."



"In my country, street crime is virtually unknown. This is perhaps because we have constructed very few streets."

THE WORLD'S MOST MACHO BUSINESS

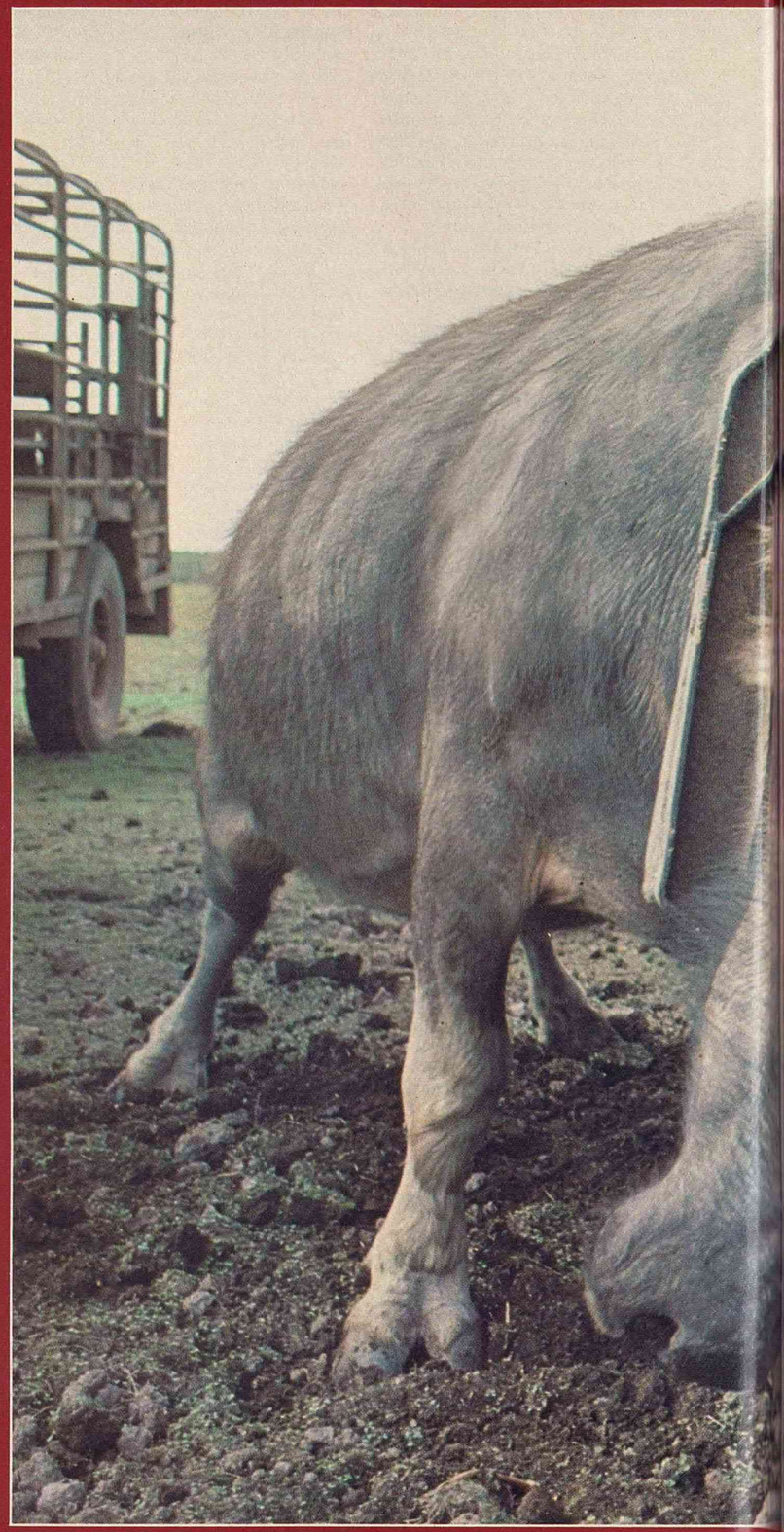
for the men who catch or kill the wild buffalo, it's just a job — a job where one mistake might end in a bloody death

article **By JOHN SHAW**

AS THE WET ends in the Top End, and the Territory's coastal plains are fit again for stripped-down, souped-up four-wheel-drives, Henry Gayoso and Kel Carrick are into the buffalo again, sometimes grossing $1000 a day — and earning every (after tax) cent of it. With their tennis pro suntans, battered jeans and modified Zapata moustaches, they look like a pair of Marlboro Country trendies roped in from central casting for Qantas posters on Fifth Avenue. They also happen to be the best in an offbeat and elite business: hunting *Bubalus Bubalis*, the wild water buffalo, which weighs up to a tonne, can charge at 40 km/h, and roams 150,000-strong between the Territory's Adelaide and Alligator Rivers.

Gayoso, who sometimes uses a silver-plated Magnum revolver, and Kel, who prefers the "Bionic Arm" (of which more later), may also be the last of their breed, since the future of the NT buffalo, and hence buffalo hunters, is now in doubt. Meanwhile, out on the Marrakai Plains not far from Humpty Doo, beyond the Jabiluka Billabong near the Pancontinental uranium deposit, they are doing their thing. The strange coincidence of nuclear mining and buffalo hunting is the

Photographs by Ian McKay



sort of oddity you meet on the last frontier, where almost anything can happen, and frequently does.

On a recent blazing hot morning, a chubby German drove up to Henry Gayoso's camp on the Marrakai, 60km south-east of Darwin, and said he wanted to shoot a buffalo — with a bow and arrow. Being a man of some cool — as befits a former gaucho, one-time jaguar hunter, bolas expert, quarter-horse rider, rodeo champ, crack shot, dead ringer for Clark Gable as a youth, and a graduate of the University of Buenos Aires — Gayoso took this request calmly. He finished his coffee, rolled another Drum, and said he'd be happy to help.

The German, apparently fresh out from Hamburg but seemingly neither jet-lagged nor sun-struck, assured Henry he had his own bow. This happened to be a match for Henry's $300 Jennings Compound with a 65-pound pull, so he figured the German had some idea of what he was about. Henry took his own bow and some broadhead arrows, as well as his .308 Ruger rifle and his shiny .22 Magnum, just in case the William Tell stuff didn't work at close quarters with a 500 kilo buffalo.

A couple of hours later, Gayoso's battered Toyota ute bumped back into camp with a jubilant German hugging a buffalo head with one-and-a-half metre long horns, a span only slightly wider than the German's grin. The German pulled from his bush jacket a roll of dollars which might well have choked the buffalo, peeled off several of the biggest for Henry, then climbed back into his hire car and headed for the *bierkellers* of Hamburg.

"It seemed a very long way to come just to shoot a buffalo — even with a bow," Henry recalls drily, but he admits the only sporting way to go after buffalo is on foot or horseback with a bow and arrows. "Shooting buffaloes with a gun is not sport, because they have no chance that way," he says. That is not always strictly true, as another visitor to Henry's camp found. He was a Darwin policeman. The most crowded half-minute in the lives of Henry and his policeman friend began when they spotted a massive buffalo bull in a grove of paperbark trees near the Adelaide River. They left the Toyota and walked to within 50 metres. An easy shot. An easy shot with a Leopold sniper-scope. Magnification nine times. An easy shot with a Sturm and Ruger Model 77 rifle. An easy shot for a professional shooter aiming at his 15,000th buffalo. The head of the big bull, which Gayoso estimated at 700 kilos, almost filled the scope lens as he squeezed off the shot, the easy shot. Less than a tenth of a second later, Henry was reminded that there really are no easy shots. Maybe the tiny, pointed, 14-gram bullet was deflected by a twig. Maybe the big bull twitched. Whatever the reason, the bullet did not strike the bull just below the eye, exploding into fatal fragments within the skull. Instead, the bullet ploughed through the left shoulder into the lungs. A lung shot does not kill at once. For a close-up shooter, it is the most dangerous error. A head-hit that does not penetrate leaves the creased buffalo too stunned for instant retaliation. A lung shot leaves the buffalo with enough dying anger and energy for a last, maddened, agonised charge.

And the big bull charged. The policeman, standing at Henry's left,

The water buffalo is not a native to Australia so it is classified as feral.

screamed out: "He's coming." Henry cranked another round into the chamber and shouted: "Don't move." The cop, petrified but not paralysed, dodged behind Henry and grabbed his belt, hanging on for dear life. Almost thrown off balance, Henry dropped the rifle to waist level. It flashed through his mind: "If you panic you're dead. If you panic you'll get killed." There was no tree near enough or big enough to climb. And the cop was hanging on.

The big bull was now 30 metres away — and had his horns lowered. Henry fired a second shot from the waist as the bull charged at 40 km/h. This time it was a head shot. Henry saw dust and blood spray from the huge head. The bull stumbled, but kept on coming. Henry fired again, striking the shoulder. The buffalo dropped and tried to struggle to its feet. Henry fired a fourth, final *coup de grâce* from 10 metres.

When Henry Gayoso, who shoots buffalo for petfood makers for a living, says he doesn't consider it sport "because the animal doesn't have a chance" against bullets, he tells the story of the big bull that survived three and missed its revenge by only 10 metres, as an exception, proving his rule.

For true sport, Colombian-born, Argentine-educated, Australian-adopted Gayoso goes for something like catching wild pigs with a bolas. This is a Latin-American/Australian hybrid sport of his own devising. The pigs are the feral variety, prolific in the outback; the bolas is the triple-ended throwing device of the pampas, made from the stone-filled scrotums of three bulls. Corded together and thrown from horseback by an expert, the whirling bolas hobbles a fleeing pig or bullock, pulling the creature up as swiftly as a lariat.

Gayoso learned bolas throwing as a teenager on his father's 2000-hectare *estancia* near Cartagena, Colombia, where the family raised a Brahmin herd of 3000 head. As a younger son, Henry had no claim on the *hacienda,* so was sent, with his younger brother, James, to the University of Buenos Aires. There, 10 years ago, after obtaining degrees in animal husbandry and agronomy, they tossed a coin for a country to migrate to: heads — Australia, tails — South Africa. They headed it. Henry reached Darwin at 21 with $40; James, who went to Canberra and worked as a CSIRO researcher, now exports agricultural machinery to South America.

Henry's hunting partner these days is a decidedly non-Latin character named Kelvin Bugg, an English migrant of about 30, who has been long enough in the Territory to pass for the genuine article. When scrubbed up for a swagger into Darwin, Kel Bugg can pass muster for an evening at the tables of the Don Casino, but out on the Marrakai, he affects the verbal and sartorial style of a bush tearaway. He is good with a gun, and when it comes to skinning or slicing a buffalo, he's about the fastest knife in the North. "When you're skinning," he says, "you have to go as gentle as a girl's fingers running along your spine first thing in the morning."

Gayoso's operation converts buffalo into the raw material for petfood at the rate of about 2500 kilos a day, which is a lot of doggie breakfasts. In an average working

ABOVE: Kel Carrick's crazy Bionic Arm bears down on a buffalo then lines up for the devastating Tommy Raudonikis head lock. BELOW: For the men who hunt buffalo for money, there is no sport in shooting the animal. But it is a way to earn a living.

day of 10 to 12 hours, Gayoso and Bugg can shoot and butcher 20 to 25 buffalo, which produces up to 100 cartons of meat, each of 27 kilos. These go into a freezer plugged into the diesel-powered camp generator. The Adelaide Meat Co pays 60 cents a kilo for the meat, less the cost of the cartons and the use of their mobile freezer. The shooters thus gross around $1500 on a good day and from that, pay the meat company costs, wages for a couple of Aboriginal helpers, petrol, ammunition, and Government royalties.

To get a typical 2000-head quota, a shooter has to pay about $15,000 up front. If there are plenty of bulls in the quota area, a shooting team may gross $60,000 before tax and royalties in three months. That's if the freezer doesn't break down, the help doesn't go walkabout and the trucks don't break an axle. Gayoso and Bugg are making better than wages — sometimes a lot better — but they're not yet able to pay the deposit on a $400,000 block on the Adelaide River they have their eyes on. Meanwhile, though they go quota shooting over hundreds of square kilometres of the Territory, all they own of it is a 100-hectare block on the highway 40km south of Darwin.

•

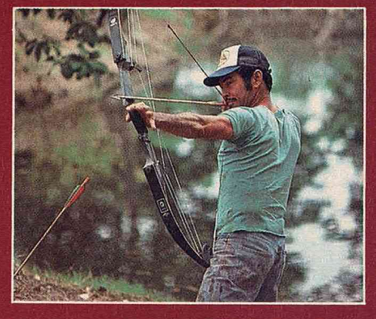
Two hundred and fifty kilometres east of Darwin along the Arnhem Highway, known locally as the Uranium Highway and sometimes the Yellowcake Road, because it leads to the Western world's biggest deposits of U235, Kel Carrick is camped by a billabong named Jabiluka.

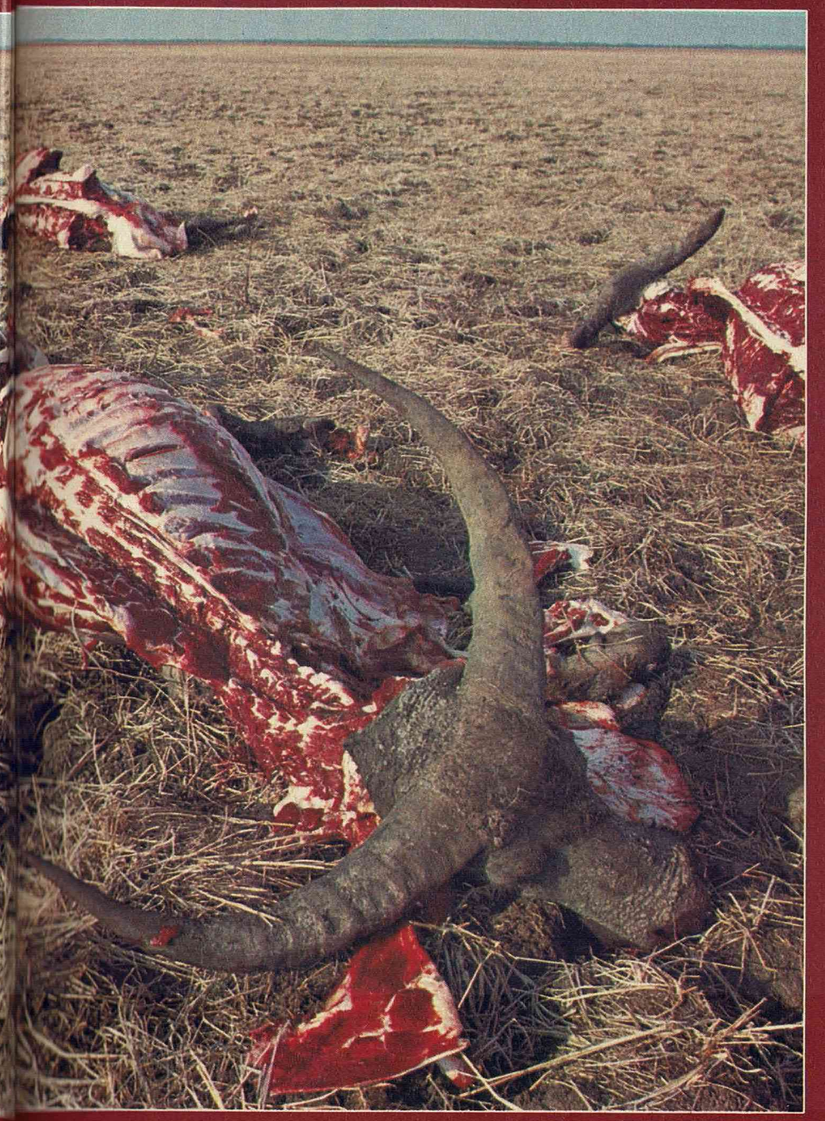
A little further down the track, the hopeful advance parties of Mr Tony Grey's Pancontinental Mining are installed in the comfort of air-conditioned huts. One of these years, when Mr Grey settles his horribly complex differences with the Northern Lands Council, which represents the tribal owners of the Jabiluka uranium deposit, he will start making millions. Meanwhile, Kel Carrick, with his Bionic Arm, is the only entrepreneur making a buck near the billabong.

Carrick's buffalo hunting equipment is centuries ahead of the bow and arrows occasionally used by Henry Gayoso. On a document he recently sent to the Patents Office in Canberra, Carrick describes his device as "a Buffalo Apprehension Unit", a piece of jargon chosen to please the bureaucrats — specially since it is unlikely they would issue a patent in the name of "Bionic Arm", which is what Kel and some of the uranium miners call the BAU.

The BAU (pat pend) looks like something by Heath Robinson. It consists of a stripped-down 1970 Toyota Land-Cruiser with a Chevvy V-8 engine which does 90 km/h in bottom gear, and has two radiators. One is where they usually are; the other is fitted in place of the left hand front door, which makes life in the passenger seat something between Dante's inferno and a sauna.

Up front on this appalling vehicle is a steel girder bent in the shape of the sort of arm lock Tommy Raudonikis, of Sydney's Newtown Rugby League team, clasps on opponents. By now, we have caught up with a very big buffalo that has seen us coming half a kilometre and less than a minute ago. The buff is heading in four-hoof drive at around 40 km/h in the direction of a stand of solid-looking gums, with





For Henry Gayoso, buffalo hunting is only sport when he's on foot and has only a bow and arrows for the kill. RIGHT: The aftermath of a professional kill. The abandoned carcasses have been skinned and the good meat taken.

which we have an odds-on chance of colliding if something does not happen very soon. Fortunately, it does.

Carrick is steering gleefully with his left hand and his right thumb poised on a button on the dashboard, as he brings the BAU bumper-to-flank with the racing bull. The bull leans left, Carrick steers right and, for a few seconds, we are locked together. Then Carrick hits the button. "The Arm" swings up from the Toyota nose, makes a Raudonikis tackle arc through the air, and swoops down, collaring the bull. Carrick jams on the brakes and we (or rather he) suddenly have one very angry, very astonished but unharmed buffalo in the steely embrace of the Bionic Arm.

By the time the back-up driver arrives a couple of minutes later in an ex-Army truck, Carrick's offsider has a noose of heavy rope around the snorting buff's neck. On the back of the truck is a two by four metre steel cage — the sort of thing a zoo might use for transporting a particularly muscular gorilla — and a winch. The neck rope goes on to the winch, the cage door is swung open, and, as the tug of war begins between winch and bull, Carrick hits his bionic button, again, lifting the arm clear.

The economics of this bizarre operation are simple enough. Field-killed buffalo can be sold only for petfood; buffalo taken alive can be sold for human consumption. On a good day, Kel Carrick can put the bionic arm on 10 buffalo, which he sells for $60 a head to the government-licensed abattoir 25 kilometres down the track at Mudginberri. There, they are slaughtered for shipment to West Germany, where buffalo steaks are considered a gourmet delight somewhat akin to venison. In 1979, Mudginberri (which is jointly owned by CSR and Pioneer Concrete) shipped 1500 tonnes of buffalo meat at $1 a pound FOB to West Germany, adding some $3 million to Australia's export income. As well, some 10,000 buffalo hides worth about $250,000 went to Taiwan and Yugoslavia to make fancy boots and jackets.

In the five-month catching season, Carrick can gross up to $600 a day which, as he says, "is better than selling undies in Woolworths."

The buffalo meat market is firm (the German import quotas were not filled last year), but the market for the BAU is uncertain. Having built a better buffalo trap Kel Carrick is hoping the world will beat a path to his door, but the economic fate of the buffalo and its shooters, catchers and marketers depends on a debate now going on in Darwin and Canberra. Though the water buffalo has been in the Territory since 1826, it is still considered exotic and feral, and therefore does not have the automatic protection the laws give native creatures. And, though the buffalo has a long record as a resource — almost half a million have been taken for hides and meat since 1886 — there is pressure to treat it as a menace, or a nuisance at best.

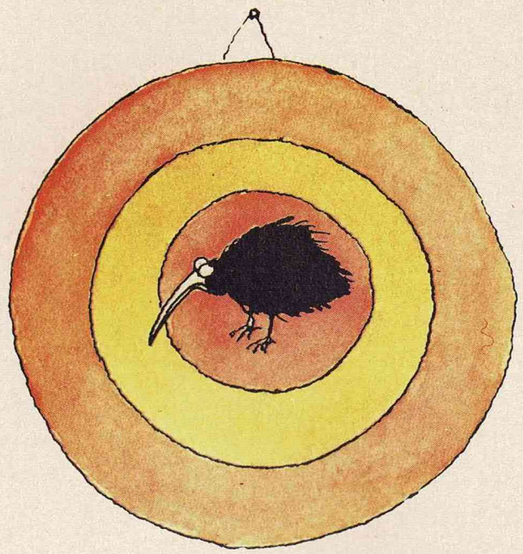
Perhaps only a country which is as spendthrift and shortsighted as Australia could make the buffalo the subject of an issue instead of being an investment. In 1978, a Territory Government inquiry into feral animals, headed by politician-veterinarian Goff Letts, recommended the elimination of buffalo in some areas, the reduction of the wild herds in other zones, and commercial harvesting in others. The Letts Report blamed the buffalo for environmental damage ranging from soil erosion and destroying native reeds and grasses, to trampling crocodile eggs and degrading streams and billabongs. The report pointed to other problems, too. While buffalo roam, cattlemen will stay away, for fear that the unfenced buffalo will spread and harbor disease controllable in domestic cattle.

In the buffalo business, the Letts Report is resented because, it is claimed, it emphasises the interests of the cattle industry, which has never shown much interest in buffalo country, and understates the value of the buffalo harvest, which is far more valuable than beef production in the Top End. The report claims it does not "sound the death knell for the water buffalo in the Territory," but at Mudginberri, the meatworks manager Jay Pendarvis, a lanky Floridan with a degree in animal husbandry, thinks the report may be the beginning of the end. "If the elimination and reduction programs start, instead of management on a sustained yield basis, the only buffalo left in a few years will be in a museum," he says.

In short, he doubts the ability of the Government to intervene successfully, and suspects the cattle industry will go for overkill. There are three other factors in the buffalo controversy — Aborigines, uranium, and tourism. The spread of Aboriginal land rights and land ownership in the Territory includes buffalo zones. The uranium province straddles the buffalo zone along the sprawling Alligator River system. One risk: that radio-active wet season run-off from uranium mining tailings could work its way through the food chain into the buffalo. That might kill buffalo meat exports. It might, eventually, also eliminate the buffalo, as it lost its protection as a commercial resource.

The place where all these possibilities and pressures meet is in Kakadu National Park, which is all at once a buffalo stronghold, rich in uranium, Aboriginal land and also a developing tourism area. As a tourism spectacle, the big-horned buffalo, Australia's biggest wild animal, seems worth preserving — radio-active or not. At least the Federal Park and Wildlife Service wants a herd in Kakadu.

Meanwhile, the buffalo shooting and catching season is starting again, the high-power Sturm and Rugers crack across the Marrakai and the Bionic Arm revs through Jabiluka.



WAR! BE IN IT

by the man who brought you life — be in it, a solution to our social and economic difficulties

humor By **PHILLIP ADAMS**

YOU'RE ABOUT to read something that will take its place in history. Soon this will be as sought after as Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence and the legendary June 1952 edition of *Man Junior*. It will be displayed in glass cases, auctioned at Sotheby's and placed in time capsules.

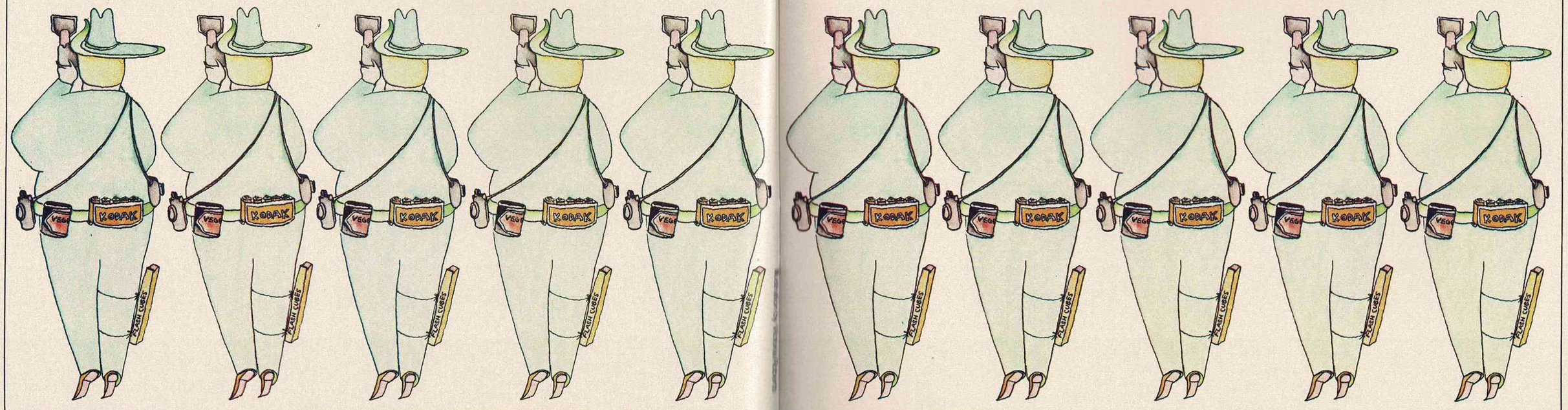
I am typing these words in red capital letters to emphasise their importance and urgency. As the editorial people are too dim to tell Moses' tablets from a packet of Laxettes, your copy may be printed in conventional monochrome.

Are you ready? Right then.

Forget tariffs, quotas, overseas borrowings, deficit budgeting, arbitration, devaluation and the rest of that tired bag of Treasury tricks. Only Adams has the answer to all our nation's problems. I have devised a method of regaining full employment overnight. I can stop inflation in its tracks. I can revive the rural sector while, at the same time, healing the divisiveness that has produced such tragic schizophrenia in our national psyche. Think of it. In one simple move, we'll stiffen our national resolve, build our character and encourage a massive inflow of foreign capital.

Our financial malaise has proved intractable to every economic strategy and political ploy. They've been as ineffective as throwing marshmallows at a charging rhinoceros. So stand aside Fraser. Now, as if by divine inspiration, Adams will lead you to the promised land.

It's quite simple. All we have to do is to declare war. Overnight, factionalism will fade as we unite to confront our common enemy. Dole queues will



be forgotten as factories work flat out with everyone on overtime. Productivity will improve by leaps and bounds, not to mention hops, skips and jumps. Our women folk will need every scrap of wool to knit nice army uniforms while the meat industry will be flat out making Spam. Even poor old GM-H will be able to flog their surplus of Holdens — by giving them a squirt of khaki and pretending they're jeeps.

Think of it. In one fell swoop we'll be able to reopen the shipyards in Newcastle *and* replenish the dwindling membership of the RSL.

Let's face it. Poor old Anzac Day is on its last legs. Literally. Meanwhile, across the nation there must be acres of unused mahogany on Honor Rolls just crying out for some more gold leaf. What patriotism requires is a new lease of death. It'll be great for the arties too. All those painters who can't scrounge a grant from the bankrupt Australia Council can sign up as official war artists. (John Olsen would be a ripper doing camouflage.) As for Hector Crawford, he won't have to worry about the Sullivans running out of tragedy.

And think of its impact on the British. Distracted from their own problems, they'll be able to send us food parcels: lots of mouldy fruit cake and cans of dripping. Mind you, we may have a difficulty there. Given the enemy I've selected, they'd have to divvy the cake and dripping between both sides.

And who is our enemy? I've given this a great deal of thought, ever since I got up this morning. Because you have to pick your foe with finesse and considerable caution. I mean, you don't want him to have a lot of those H-bombs or ICBMs, because they do tend to depress property values. This rules out going to war with Russia or the USA or China or France or India. But then, all we want is a small, inspiring campaign to boost business and morale.

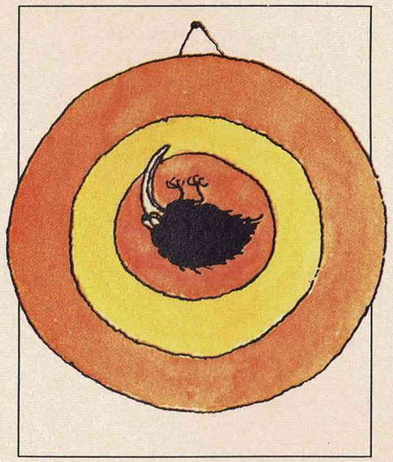
For a while, I favored Singapore. Not only do most Australians hate the place, having been ripped off at the duty free shops at the airport, but it's quite close to Perth and we could send our troops up on regular Qantas flights. And there's a bonus, because most Singaporeans are quite small and weedy.

However, Singapore does have a sophisticated early-warning system made up of thousands of battery-powered monkeys that play drums, not to mention wretched tin puppies that jump up and down yapping. Moreover, as a country of some strategic significance, we might well find ourselves swept up in a widening conflict, as the Pentagon and Kremlin rush to take sides.

Then there's Indonesia. Unfortunately, they're a fairly humorless bunch who are likely to take the whole thing seriously. And given that there are 400 million of them, it mightn't be such a good idea to storm the beach at Bali after all.

We have to reject Fiji, Noumea, Norfolk and Cocos. For a start, the war should last at least a fortnight. And by picking on too small an enemy, we could invite the sort of bad press America got in Vietnam. All things considered, it would be better if the enemy was predominantly white. And to eliminate any unnecessary nastiness, it might be as well if they were basically *friendly.*

Because that's where wars go wrong. They tend to be held between



nations that don't get on very well together to start with.

No, I rejected civil war out of hand. They're even worse than wars between nations. Anything but civil, they replace patriotism with provincialism and even suburbanism, which produce much more hatred and cruelty, as league football proves. It's the same in politics — the greatest savagery and bloodletting takes place *within* a party. Just as 90 percent of murders are domestic.

Which rules out Tasmania, for all its geographic convenience. In any case, it just wouldn't be cricket. Their army is so disadvantaged. Even if the officers could say "quick march" despite their cleft palates, the troops couldn't oblige because of club feet.

So it has to be war with New Zealand. Firstly, such an altercation would scarcely raise an eyebrow in the northern hemisphere because, whatever the outcome, it wouldn't have the slightest effect on the balance of power. Secondly, New Zealand's armaments are about as clapped out as ours, which would place a limit on the casualties. And, while we don't exactly hate New Zealanders, we're not exactly fond of each other either. While they regard us as vulgar yobbos, almost Yank-like, we think of them as second-hand recycled Poms.

Fortunately, our respective Prime Ministers have been at each other's throats in London. And while we Labor voters enjoy abusing Malcolm Fraser, we reserve this right to ourselves and are certainly not going to countenance such rudeness from a racist. Let alone someone to the right of Bjelke-Petersen with the nickname of Piggy.

Don't worry about our ties with New Zealand. We can easily slash through those. Do a De Groot. For years I've been furious at the way those cunning wretches claim some of the credit for the Gallipoli fiasco and inveigled their initials into Anzac. We'll have them removed immediately. And once you see NZ out on its own, it would be fairly easy for a sophisticated propaganda machine to turn them into Nazi.

Needless to say, I've thought of some foolproof tactics. We can send in thousands of "tourists" armed with lethal instamatics. As for our commandos, they could penetrate deep into the enemy territory — being cheered all the way by dressing up as South African rugby teams.

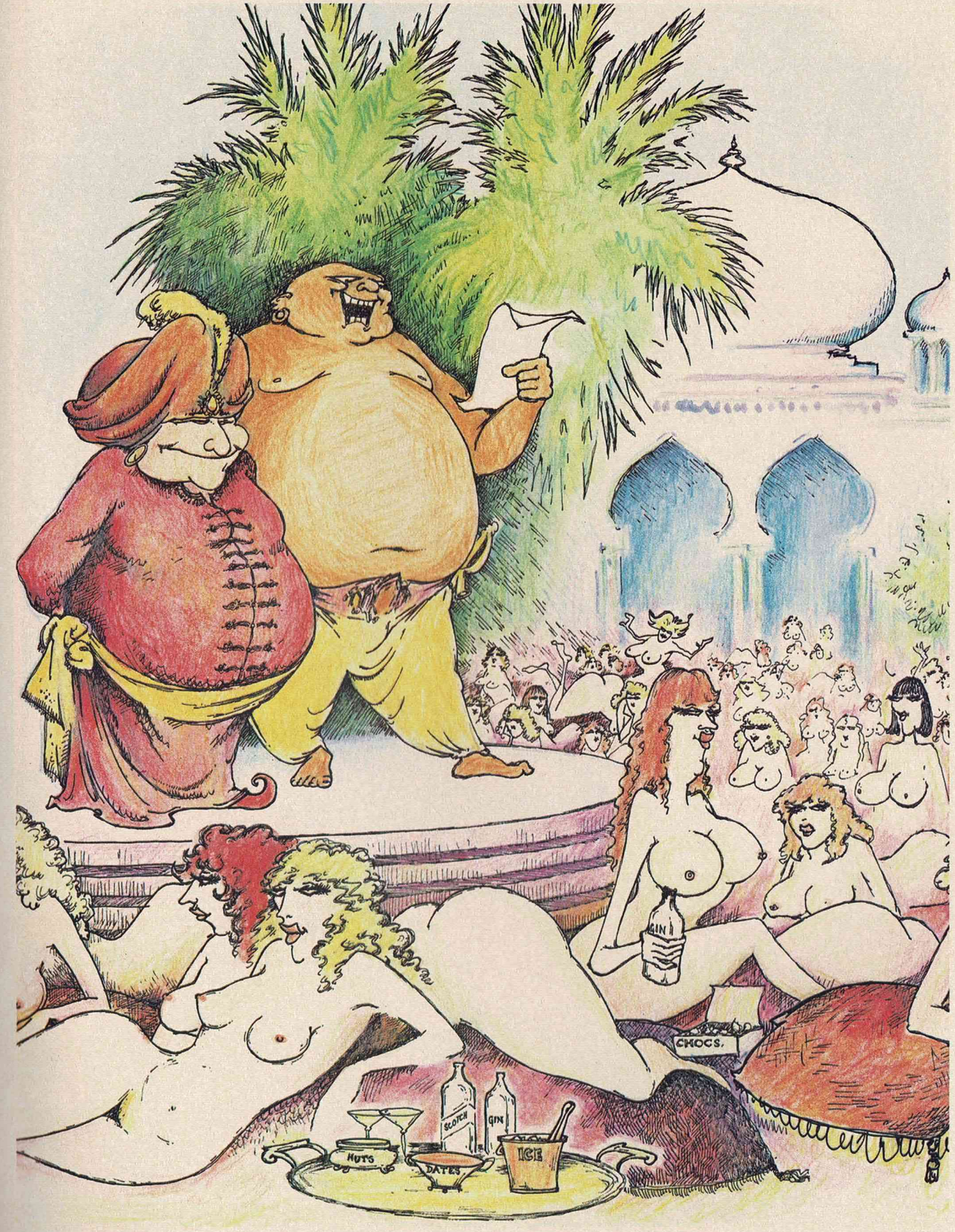
Not that we really have to kill anybody. As long as the New Zealanders lie doggo holding their breath until the official photographs and the body count have been taken.

No, there's nothing cynical or exploitative about the idea. Not when the New Zealand economy is as buggered as ours. Moreover, "the war is just what is necessary". And who said that? The official philosopher of the Liberal Party of Australia, that's who. Machiavelli.

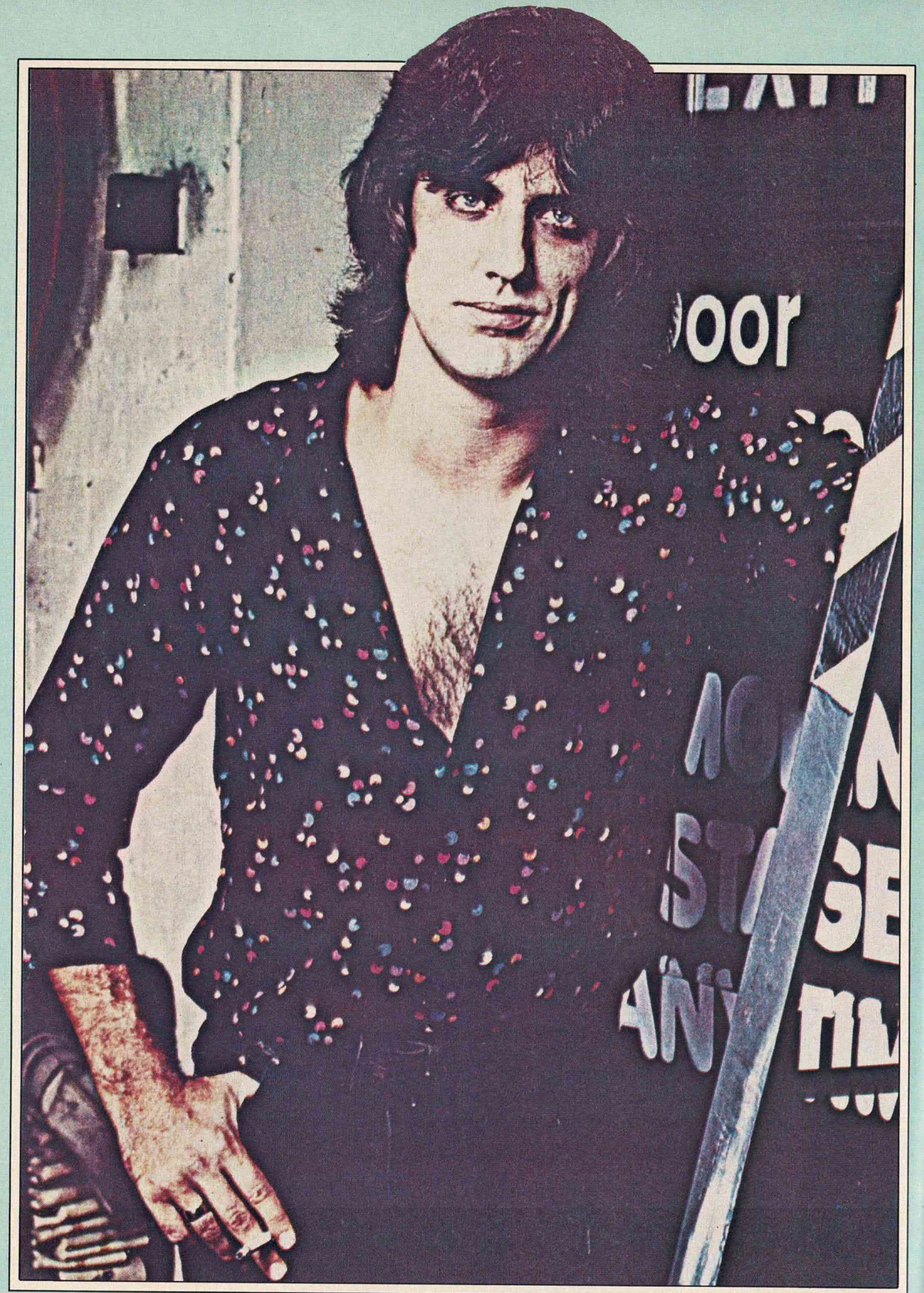
Another thing, there's no need to fear the outcome. One of us will impose his lifestyle and values on the other. It's hard to imagine two societies being more boringly similar. Mind you, I suggest we negotiate a truce fairly quickly and call it a draw.

Then it's simply a matter of sitting back and waiting for the Americans to rebuild our respective industries with nice new equipment. Which they have to do, for the simple reason that they already own them.

So let slip the dogs of battle. Aux arms citizens, formez battalions. Now is the time for WAR. W for Wellington, A for Auckland and R for Rotorua. And remember, no matter who wins, *we can't lose.*



"And, as a special concession to Women's Lib, the master has agreed to take you strictly in alphabetical order."



RESTRAINED EGOS are quite rare among rock singers, but it's easy to believe Jon English when he says: "I'm no Macbeth. I've not been cursed with ambition."

After all, Ol' Black Eyes has been kicking around the Australian music game for about 15 years, and the fact that he has survived so well for so long indicates that he has got it all very much in perspective. English's formula is to make his life as non-rock and roll as possible. And he's done a mighty thorough job. Wife, two kids, renovated Sydney terrace, a hectare or so just out of town plus the leased Volvo sounds as middle class as can be, and it suits him fine.

Somewhere between the fifth and sixth bottles of Carlsberg, and just after he has signed the beer coasters for a couple of kids, Jon English is in the right frame of mind to explain.

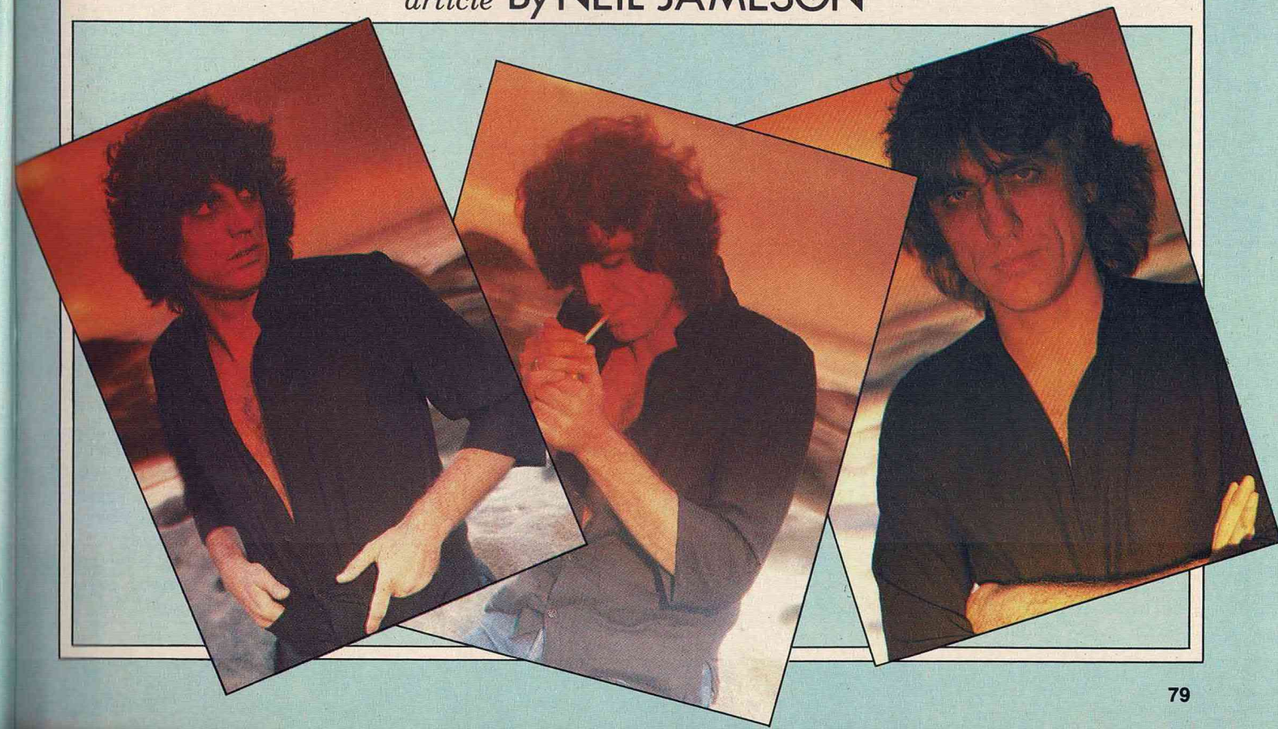
"What screws so many people in this business is that they take the whole package," he asserts. "And it's too much."

The rock and roll package contains the chemistry of destruction, and its striking frequency would threaten any other breed with extinction. Money, recognition, public acclaim, lots of sexual action, travel, booze, dope, late nights, hustlers and no privacy are all part of the package. The trick is to take the good and discard the bad. If you pop the lot, it will kill you. From a 15-year-old playing in a band at high school dances, to a national performer holding off the international offers, English has had a chance to discriminate. He's seen the con-men, late nights, booze and tour pressures bleed the life out of some of his friends, and he's watched while the others have

TRANSLATING ENGLISH

after battling against the winds of hype and fad for 15 years, ol' black eyes has emerged with both his integrity and his distinctive style of music intact

article By NEIL JAMESON



pricked themselves into an early grave via a hypodermic needle.

"That's one of the problems," he mourns. "Everybody thinks we're all smack freaks."

Pushers have preyed on the music game for a very long time, and their presence has been seen as attendant as that of groupies. Their wares might put a vacuous smile on the face of your lead guitarist, but that doesn't compensate for losing him when his supply runs out halfway through a national tour.

"Some of these guys take one look at my eyes and figure that I've got to be using heroin," says English. "They couldn't be more wrong."

He tells a tale of walking into a Sydney pub and being approached by a heroin pusher. Said English: "Just wait right here, mate." And he ducked around the corner and grabbed the nearest cop.

Did they bust the pusher?

"I don't know. I didn't wait around."

Being that recognisable can be a pain in the rock and roll butt. But it does have its advantages, which become obvious when English's garage man pulls aside the "Sorry, no petrol" sign to admit the blue Volvo.

English admits that, as a singer, he would never have received that sort of public acceptance. It was his appearance in the award-winning TV series *Against The Wind* which put his face into the scope of the supermarket mums and the local garage man. The TV cash, on top of record sales and performance revenue, has given the English family a new level of comfort. It's not exactly the John Laws or Bert Newton lifestyle but, says English, "They work for people. I don't, and that's the difference."

He could do as many celebrity quiz shows, shopping centre appearances, and variety TV spots as the agents want. But English doesn't want.

"If I did that, it would mean I would be employed by the over-40 executives, and that is Middle-of-the-Road stuff."

Being a teenager in the '60s was very important to English. It was the decade of great change, revolutionary ideas and innovative music. It was his musical nursery, and it set the formula for his taste which he is certain will never change.

In the '60s, Jon English was doing his rock and roll apprenticeship in Sydney's western suburbs. The Saturday afternoon dances, pubs, school gigs and parties were the breeding grounds of rock in Sydney's Wild West. In those days, it was the industrial estate of pop music, punching out a string of good bands, from the Easybeats to Sebastian Hardie. Into this environment was dropped newly-arrived English migrant Jon English, freshly primed on the Best of British and keen to get his young fingers around a guitar's neck. In Sydney's western suburbs, there's plenty of time and space to learn guitar.

Jon went to Cabramatta High School, where he won the athletics prizes and his girlfriend, Carmen, won the scholastic awards. The school was in the middle of Gough Whitlam's Werriwa electorate, and the great man would drop around on speech night to hand out the prizes. Jon married Carmen, and 10 years later, at a celebrity bash for the *Jesus Christ Superstar* cast, the couple found themselves face to face again with E. G. Whitlam.

"It was bloody amazing," recalls English. "Everybody else was swapping small-talk about the show, but he remembered us as the kids he gave prizes to at Cabramatta High."

Rock and roll's current trends leave 30-year-old Jon English slightly bemused. Even the most punk of the punks could not hold a tin whistle to the saw-tooth stompers who held sway in the Ol' West. If a lot of punk and new wave bands sound like early Easybeats, it comes as no surprise to English. He has some tapes from his early Sebastian Hardie days, and they "sound just like a good punk band. And that was us in '67."

English welcomes the punk-new wave regeneration because it has been the only positive assault on disco. He says there is no excuse for playing rock badly, and would like to see emerging bands examining ways to make their music better. Meanwhile, he's resisted all efforts to drag him into superstardom via disco or MOR.

"I could probably change my name, do a disco version of Running Bear, and it would make number one," he says. "But I'm in a situation where I'm allowed to keep my credibility."

Allowed?

"Yeah. There are a lot of poor bastards who come into the studio with the makings of a good album, and their company will say to them: 'It's just no good unless it has a hit on it,' so they whack on a disco single."

While on a US visit, English got the "international stardom" come-on from Jeff Wald, Helen Reddy's powerhouse husband who heads up one of the biggest managerial and promotional organisations in America.

According to English, the pitch went something like this: "Get yourself set up over here. We'll get you a band, and we'll take it from there."

Thought English: "No thank you. Who wants to live in LA, anyway?"

Moreover, English has a strong loyalty to Baxter Funt, the brilliant backing outfit with which he tours, records and writes so many of his songs. Funt is of world class, and English knows just how lucky he is to have formed such a sound association with the band. The combination has worked so well that the Mercury label has got behind the international release of English's most professional recording, *Calm Before The Storm,* which hit the racks in March. Mercury is hyping the album, which exposes the musician to a North American market which is in the odd situation of having sampled him first in *Against The Wind,* aired in the States late last year. Those punters know nothing of Jon's Australian track record as a recording artist or lead man in the stage production of *Superstar.* So, the album has to survive exclusively on its own strengths. That is not likely to faze English. He's been holding The Big Time at arm's length for many years now.

In 1969, his grandmother posted out an early copy of the *Superstar* recording, and when he fronted in 1971 for the Sydney auditions of the Australian production, he knew every song backwards and forwards. He was still a part-timer, and his main pocket money came from accountancy and other office jobs.

"I was just a weekend hippie," laughs English.

But the weekend hippie became a full-time Judas, and three years and hundreds of shows later, he had become one of the most powerful entertainment figures in Australia.

"The show was my bump up the ladder," he claims. "But even more importantly, it told me something I had never known: that I was good. I know it sounds terrible to put that into words, but it is something that you never really come to grips with in this game."

Jon English can say things like that. One of the things he enjoys most is talking to the kids on the street. "They know what's happening before anybody else," he says. And he's right. That's what has given him the sense of proportion that has ruled his decisions thus far.

It is his way of preserving the old suburban street savvy which first primed his survival instincts. Jon English has worked hard to maintain that connection so that, when the time comes to graduate into the fat-sox bracket, the transition will at least have his blessing. As his friends say, Jon English has been palming off super-stardom for too long now to swing into the jungle without first testing the strength of the vine.

L O V E R S

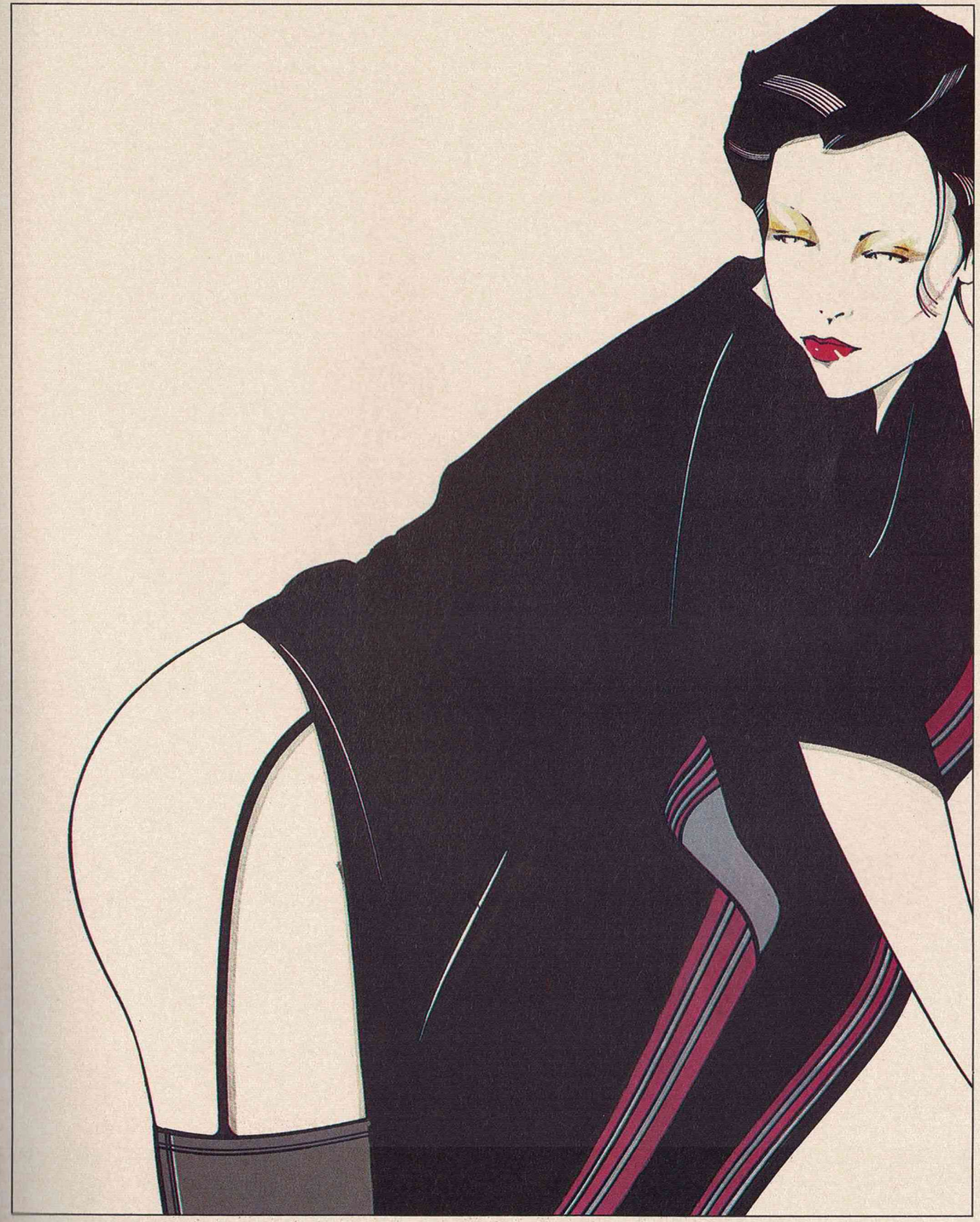
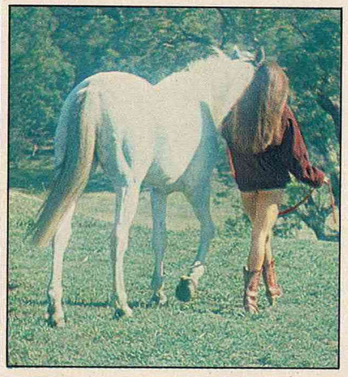


Illustration by Pat Nagel

"I'll toss you . . . heads or tails?"

From A to Zy



she uses all the alphabet to cast a beautiful spell

GETTING to know Zy Laurent is like inspecting a crystal. Every aspect portrays a fresh dimension of beauty. And just when you think you have her categorised, a new ray of light reveals another facet.

Green-eyed Zy (pronounced Zee) was born in the West but a compulsion to experience the fullness of life is taking her a long way from her Perth starting point. She plans to settle briefly in the rainforests of Queensland in order to soak up a bit of tranquillity before soaring off to Fiji, Hawaii, the US and Mexico. When travelling is done, Zy will wing back to the rainforests to adjust the pace of her life.

"I'm a physical and mental sponge, always looking

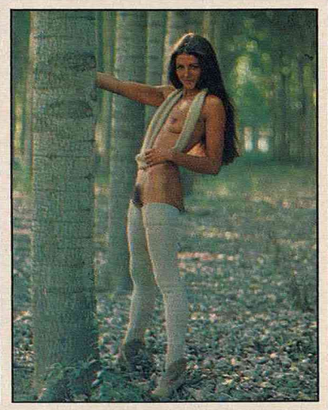
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

for new experiences and constant stimulation,'' says the dark-haired beauty.

Just about to enter her 26th year, Zy already can celebrate more experience than most can handle in a lifetime. She has taught drama and choreography, is qualified to teach yoga, has tried her hand at sheep shearing, appeared in stage productions, worked in bars and lived and worked on a farm.

During the course of this experience the delightful Gemini discovered the merits of the vegetarian diet and obviously she is thriving on it. "I respect my body and admire men

"My ideal partner would be aware of all my needs."



who respect theirs. I'm stimulated by physical enrichment because it is the first step towards achieving spiritual enlightenment."

Zy's thirst for experience and contact opens up all sorts of possibilities. "I love men with fantastic imaginations. My man must have the ability to share his thoughts with me and to develop them to keep me constantly stimulated when we're together."

In such uncertain times, Zy is uncommonly at peace with the future. "I'm not afraid to experience life and there are many, many things I would like to do. Acting is high on my list of priorities because it is a good blend of both physical and mental expression."

"Being a Gemini, my life is a non-stop drama of constant contrast."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
© Laura Ashley

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Zy Laurent

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6' WEIGHT: 7st 9lbs SIGN: Gemini!

BIRTH DATE: 17.6.55 BIRTHPLACE: Perth

TURN-ONS: Men who respect their bodies, being stroked all over with peeled grapes, giving tongue massages, pretending to be Pocahantas running swiftly through a rainforest.

TURN-OFFS: Cigarettes, unimaginative people, violence, sexual and racial discrimination, euphemisms and being asked to share my toothbrush!

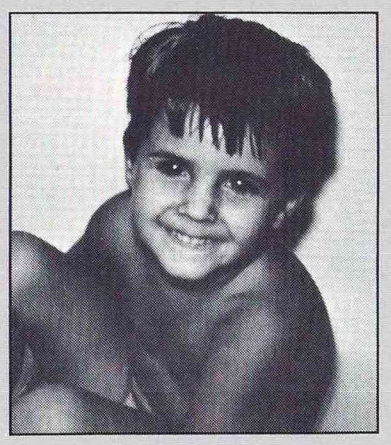
FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone With The Wind, Days of Heaven, Mad Max, My Brilliant Career, Watership Down.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: David Bowie, Janis Joplin, Tom Waits Joni Mitchell, Cat Stevens, Jeanie Lewis, Beethoven.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Another Roadside Attraction, Snowblind Caterfly, Just So Stories, My Mother Myself.

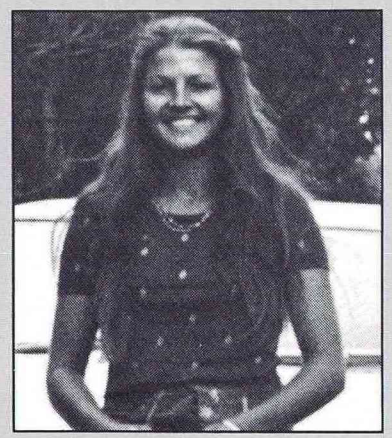
FAVORITE FOOD: Goat's milk yoghurt, mangoes, watermelons, coconuts avocados spinach and cheese crêpes.

SECRET DREAM: To become an angel!



2 years - au naturel!

posing for Dad.



sixteen and feeling gôôd!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A mother of three was preparing a birthday cake for one of her sons. When she ran out of silver cake decorations, she used the ball bearings off one of her sons' skateboards. The day following the party, her youngest son came running up, exclaiming, "Mum, whenever I go to the toilet, silver ball bearings come out!" The second son confirmed that the same thing had happened to him.

The eldest son came into the kitchen from the back garden and told their mother his bad news. "Mum, after the party last night I was flogging myself and I shot the cat."

After seeing the film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* a married couple visited a sex shop where they came upon a sign displayed at the rear of the store which read: "Clothes in Counter for the Third Kind".

Playing her cards carefully, the scheming new girl in the office finally landed a dinner invitation from the handsome and *macho* sales manager.

"Do you have a particular hobby, Brenda?" he asked her in the course of making small talk over liqueurs in the restaurant.

"Yes, I do," Brenda answered brightly. "I grow mushrooms in the basement of the block of flats where I live."

"Mushrooms? That's a somewhat strange interest for a young woman. Why?"

"Well, you see, Don," was the purred response, "I'm fascinated by things that grow in the dark."

In the school yard, one little boy told his playmate that he'd overheard a conversation between his older brother and his girlfriend about soap.

"How do you know?" his friend asked.

"Easy," was the reply, "because he said 'Hold this in your palm, Olive,' and his girlfriend said, 'Not on your life, boy'!"

I certainly hope," said a clear and firm young female voice in the crowded lift, "that someone behind me is carrying a mini-umbrella."

During her lord's absence on the crusades, the lady of the manor consoled herself with the attentions of a handsome young peasant. Because she was high-born, however, she considered it beneath her to fondle his sexual organ and entrusted that task to a handmaiden. The girl would excitedly announce when the peasant had an adequate erection to service her lady. And that, of course, is how the expression "Serf's up!" originated.

Rosalina, a pretty young lass,
Had a truly magnificent ass,
Not rounded and pink
As you possibly think,
It was grey, had long ears, and ate grass.

Psychologists have at last found out why the average wife makes love with her eyes closed. She can't bear to see her husband enjoying himself.

That new girl in the typing pool is just driving me crazy," lamented the junior executive to his friend. "Mate, that girl is a real mirage."

"You're using the wrong word, aren't you?" suggested his friend. "A mirage is what you can see but can't feel."

"Yeah," replied the young man. "That describes her exactly."

A colleague describes the progeny of a prostitute as brothel sprouts.

Margie," sighed her friend, "you're one of the best hookers around, but lately you seem *so* nervous. Why don't you see a psychiatrist?"

"No, Not me!" exclaimed Margie.

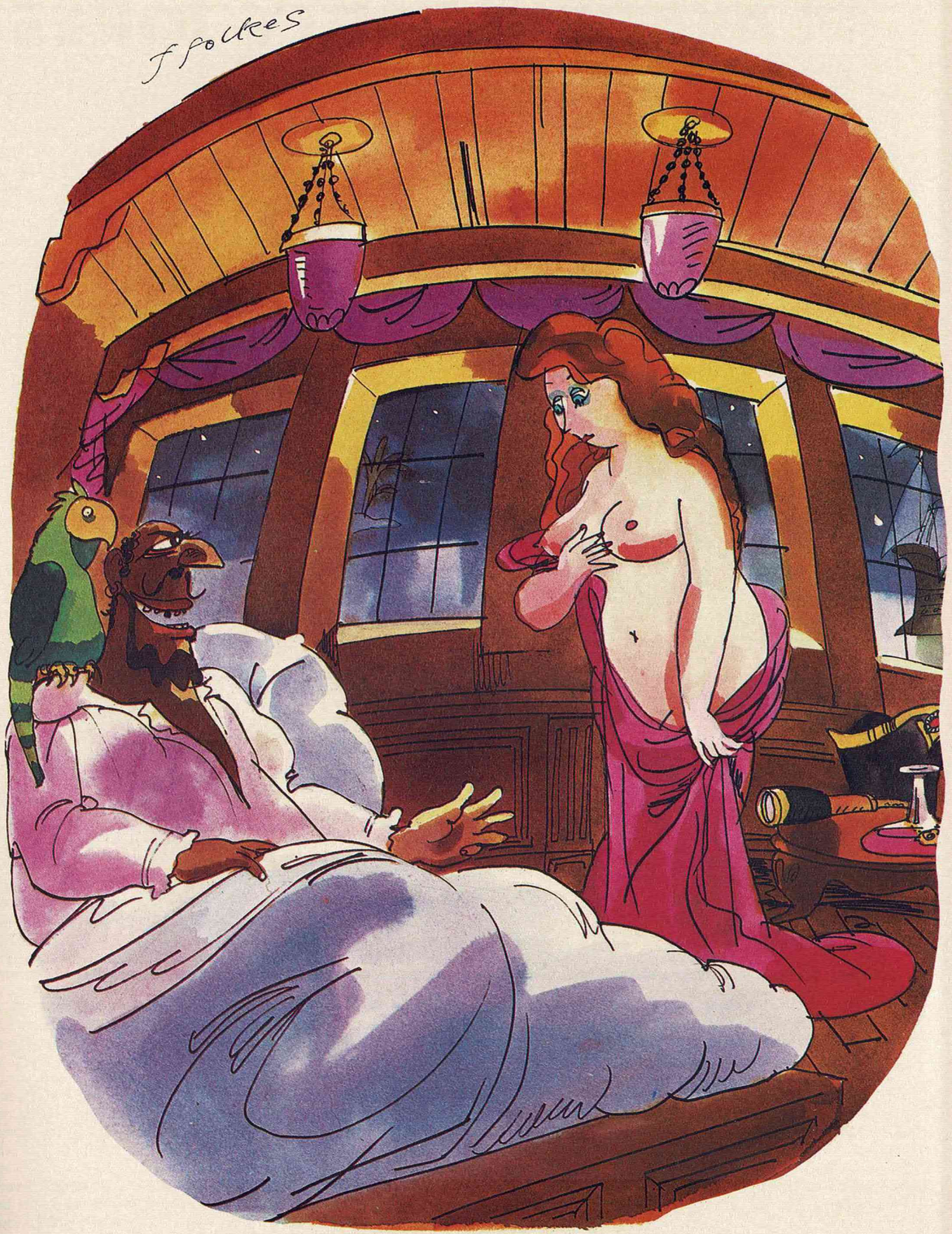
"Why?" asked her friend.

"I just couldn't get used to a guy who tells me to lie down on a couch and expects *me* to pay *him.*"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *statistical correlation* as 36-22-35.

George complained to his travel agent that "two years ago, you sold me a cruise to Jamaica, and my wife got pregnant. Last year, you talked me into a trip to Tahiti, and again she fell pregnant. This year I want to go someplace where I can afford to take her along with me."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

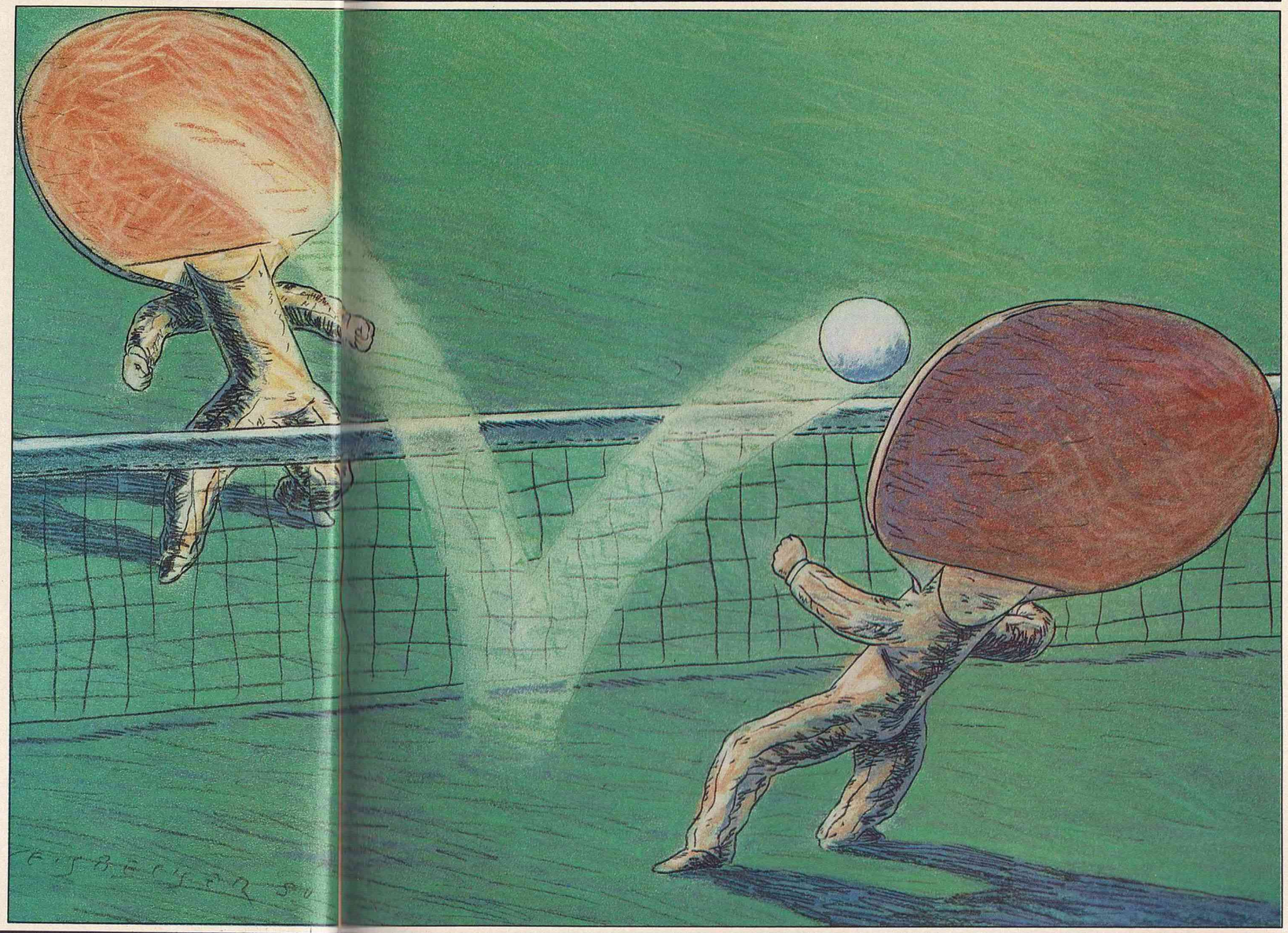


"Don't mind the parrot. He handles the pillow talk."

THE FINE ART OF WHEELER-DEALING

we're all out to scratch each other's backs . . . it's just that some do it better than others

article **By RUSSELL DEILEY**



WE'RE BORN hustlers, every Jack and Jill of us. From the time we mewl for our mother's attention and trade a squawk for a nipple until we try bargaining with the Almighty for one more year of life after the doctor tells us we have an inoperable cancer. We negotiate in the grand stakes of love and war. We haggle over the price of a new refrigerator or four-bedroom cottage with en-suite; over flesh (horse and human); heads and tails; politics. If money makes the world go round, negotiation is the grease.

Some of us win and some lose, but the outcome of any deal is relative to personal pride and profit. A used car salesman on Sydney's Parramatta Road paints a price of $3955 on the windscreen of the Falcon wagon he wants to clear off his yard, but he knows he will still finish marginally in front if he can get $3600. The buyer figures $3700 in cash is a fair price, but is prepared to go to $3800 if he has to. Ownership eventually changes hands for $3750 and both the dealer and the buyer reckons he is a winner.

•

The managing director of a large company and the talented young executive he is trying to lure from a competitor are stalemated. The young man wants a starting salary of $40,000 to change ships, but the boss knows that, if he offers more than $30,000, he will put the noses of his other junior execs out of joint. "Look," the boss explains, "you will be paying 61½ cents in every dollar you earn above $33,000 to the Treasurer. I'll guarantee you a very handsome bonus every year and we'll pay that into a deferred fund you can pick up when you leave or retire. That way, you will pay only five cents in the dollar in tax on your bonuses." Suddenly they've got a deal. If there is a loser it is Mr Howard but, judging from his real and promised handouts in the past year, the taxman is not doing badly.

No matter whether it's a prime minister buying time in a multi-national summit or votes over the pork barrel in main street West Wyalong, a shoddy-dropper baring an armful of synchronised watches to a casual drinker in a Richmond pub or a buyer hedging on the floor of the Stock Exchange, bargaining comes as naturally to us as breathing.

Every negotiation needs at least two to tango. But the fact that people take seats on opposite sides of a desk, get together on the telephone or the shop floor, means that they are prepared to negotiate. One side has an idea or commodity to trade and the other side is interested.

Styles vary between the parabolic persuasion of Jesus Christ to the shoe-thumping antics of Nikita Khruschev, but the core of negotiating on a political, spiritual or cash plane is constant. If it is possible to simplify an art which ranges over every human emotion and every tenet of supply and demand, maybe the approach to successful negotiation could be summed up in the four Ps — persistence, patience, personality and pluck.

One man who never underestimates the power of persistence is Herbert Cohen, former street-wise kid from Brooklyn who worked his way through law school as an insurance claims adjuster, and who, at 46, now teaches interested Americans the art of negotiation in a travelling road show. As he says in his own, colorfully irreverent way: "If a rat gnaws long enough at a dike, it could sink an entire nation. This is how the Camp David peace accords were put together. Jimmy Carter, in my opinion,

is a highly moral individual. However, he is also one of the most boring people in the history of the United States. So he got Begin and Sadat to go to Camp David, which is a very boring place in itself. It's not what you'd call a swinging, modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah.

"He got 13 people there with two bicycles and three films. By the fifth day, they had seen all those films and had to fly in a fourth. And every day the President would come around and say: 'Hi, I'm Jimmy Carter. Let's talk for another boring five hours.' Obviously, if you'd been captive in place of Begin or Sadat, you'd have signed anything to get out of there, and that's what they did."

Based closer to home, but a man whose addresses and spheres of influence range much wider than Cohen's floating school on how to keep score, Rupert Murdoch might not be as boring as President Carter, yet he has proven consistently how productive persistence can be. Perseverance and an open telephone line to the world have helped Murdoch fulfil his ambition to progress from being an inheritor of a small newspaper estate in Adelaide to sovereign of one of the most influential press and communication empires in the world. He's living testimony to that old tradition of his Scottish forbears: if at first you don't succeed, negotiate. Or, as it is written in the modern Australian morality play: if you can't have the Herald and Weekly Times and HSV7, hustle until Ansett and Channel 0 are in your control.

Of course, Murdoch and similarly successful company raiders pay princely court to one of the critical planks in any form of negotiation — identify and assess the worth to you of your objective. This talent is of paramount importance whenever you enter into an absolute form of negotiation such as the open auction sale. The auction is a commercial platform that demands strict discipline if you're not going to be swept away in the excitement of the bidding.

We're all supposed to know that there are as many white elephants as bargains lurking in the dusty halls of auctions, yet the sale rooms and yards are haunted by addicts who invariably bid themselves into a hole.

Typical of the breed is a friend who is so addled by the auctioneer's hammer blows that he begs his mates to restrain him physically from entering sale rooms. Left alone, he can't help himself. A couple of months ago he rang me. "Do you want a bed?" he asked. "Maybe three beds?" When I told him I was well fixed for beds, he tried to sell me a bike. "They were part of a packaged lot," he explained. "I had to buy the beds and the bike and a step ladder to get the piano. The lot cost me only $50."

Because he is tone deaf, because his wife has arthritis and because his family has grown up and left home, I asked him who was going to play the piano he felt compelled to buy. "Nobody is going to play this piano," he said with that old familiar sob in his voice. "When we were unloading it from the truck, one of the legs fell off. And when it tipped over on the road, the whole thing fell apart. It was full of borer."

Such men lose control in the free-for-all atmosphere of auctions where it is essential to shut your ears and mind to the panegyric of the sales pitcher, whose commission usually depends on the generosity of the last bid. If you are going to live with yourself afterwards, you must make your own value judgment. That is a thread common to all negotiation and, in many ways, it is a matter of style.

One Australian who has had many years to reflect upon individual styles in the highest diplomatic circles is Alan Renouf, who has been our man in various international capitals around the world including New York, Tokyo and Paris. Renouf's reflections are based both on his personal participation in matters of State and his observations of prime and foreign ministers and other tall poppies.

Saddened though he is to see career ambassadors who, until quite recently, had the authority to declare wars and negotiate peace treaties reduced by successive Australian Governments to running "first class hostelries" for visiting dignitaries from Canberra, Renouf does concede that moments of crisis still arise.

Renouf's own moment arose seven years ago during the Paris talks to negotiate the terms for the establishment of diplomatic relations between Australia and the People's Republic of China. Renouf emerged from that round of talks with the Chinese Ambassador to France, Huang Chen, as something of a hero, but he protests at the role he was supposed to have played in those historic talks. "I did not earn the praise," he says. "I only had to say what Canberra told me."

Perhaps he is being a trifle modest. Midway during one tough bargaining session, Huang picked up his papers and led his team in a strategic withdrawal from the Australian Embassy. Reminded of the Chinese walkout, Renouf says: "Oh, the Chinese did try to trick me, but even Blind Freddy could have seen through their ruse. Huang sent a message to say that the deal we were offering would have to be changed because it was not satisfactory. They then wanted to send a more junior representative along to resume the negotiations, but I stood firm."

Of the foreign negotiators with whom he has come in contact, Renouf feels Couve de Murville exemplified the traditional line of tough, intelligent Frenchmen dedicated to selfish national interest. His man-for-all-seasons nod goes to the great Russian survivor, Andrei Gromyko. In times when the Cold War was at its chilliest, Renouf found Gromyko poker-faced, grim and unrelenting, yet a charming man with a keen sense of humor when the warmer political winds blew.

Renouf feels that Gromyko's sense of humor is distinctive of Russians and is something which our Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, has never been able to recognise.

Certainly, good humor, sincerity and, above all, charm have been the strengths which make Herbert "Nuggett" Coombs, former Governor of the Reserve Bank, the most skilful negotiator Renouf has met. "He was a master in negotiation," says Renouf. "He was so charming he could talk anyone out of a position — even when Menzies stacked the whole of the bank board against him."

"Very nice, but I said your *tongue,* Mr Marten, stick out your *tongue.*"

While Renouf believes our politicians roam too widely, too often trying to upstage trained diplomats, one frequent traveller who regards his own excursions as vital to the national interest is trade ambassador at large, Doug Anthony. He sees his role as central to negotiating broad trade agreements as a defence against foreign business interests coercing independent Australian exporters into price-cutting wars. "I have the responsibility of striking a balance between social and economic advantages in trade agreements, whereas the business executive is interested only in his company's balance sheet."

Anthony likes to travel with the deputy PM's hat in his luggage. "Being deputy PM gives me more clout in negotiating. There is a great advantage in having the extra prestige that goes with the higher level of recognition, because international protocol is based on us meeting our peers. We cannot meet people above our own station and it is considered an insult to meet a person of lower rank. Not that I take offence if that happens to me. Throwing tantrums because of a slight of protocol will only undermine the respect I have tried to build up over years of negotiating," he says.

Not that he always turns the other cheek: "You have got to retain your respect. If you do something to lose that respect which you have built up in the eyes of politicians in other countries, then they are no longer interested in dealing with you personally. I can recall occasions when negotiations have become quite insulting. I don't initiate the insults, but I will return them if they are dished out to me. If people are offensive to you, then you have to give them some of their own medicine. Clearing the air often leads to a more satisfactory plane from which we can negotiate.

"Yes, I have been known to get very spirited," Anthony said.

Insult-trading among the hoi-polloi is not all that different in its results from the slanging matches described by our deputy PM. Bar-room or dining room table brawls, however, can be very messy, even dangerous, if you can't negotiate quickly on your feet — particularly when pride and body are to be preserved.

Example one: The scene is a suburban Sydney hotel and one of the regulars, who has been needling his mates all night, goes too far. What is worse, he has picked the biggest guy in the bar. But, with wives and girl friends at ringside, he has to invite the big fellow outside. He knows that the very least he can expect if he allows matters to take their course is a shirtful of broken ribs. So he jabs with his tongue. "Did you or did you not insult my wife?" he asks. "Of course I didn't, you bloody nong." "Good, I accept your apology." Honor is negotiated and satisfied.

Example two: The setting is the same but, once outside, the featherweight is all aggression. "You lay a hand on me," he tells the big guy, "and you had better kill me. Because if you don't, sooner or later I will kill you." Providing the little guy acts out his role with conviction, there is a 99 percent chance he has negotiated his way out of a tight spot. Because the big guy doesn't really want to kill anyone, he will tell the angry ant to piss off. Besides, he will have the sneaking fear that, one day, the ant might just blast him back.

Effective though it is, this "kill-me-or-I'll-kill-you" tactic makes it difficult to resume the social hour when the adversaries return to the bar.

The odd verbal scrap or two apart, Doug Anthony believes the essence of negotiation is being able to convince the other side that there is something in it for him. "Two people must be involved in every negotiated agreement, and you must be able to concentrate on and understand his problems as well as your own," he says.

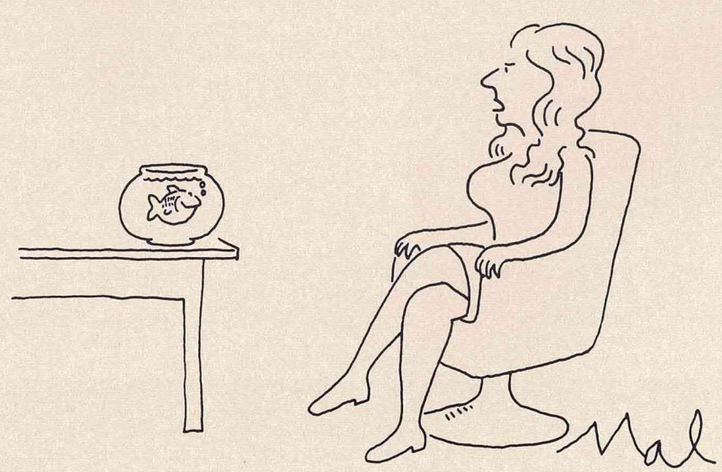
"It is difficult when you meet a representative of another country for the first time. A great deal of time and energy is taken up trying to measure and understand one another. When the two are experienced in dealing with one another, you can dispense with all that sparring and humbug and can quietly come to grips with the important matters."

In dealing with the Japanese, however, it is difficult to avoid ceremony — especially for Australian exporters meeting for the first time the Nipponese importers of commodities such as coal and iron ore. As one Australian industrialist with long experience in such dealing with the Japanese once told me: "Negotiating with the Japanese is a ritual. You know they want the coal and the iron ore and they know that you know. All that has to be settled is the tonnage and length of the contract, an assurance of long-term supply and, of course, the price. But it can take weeks, even months, before the names are on the contract.

"Their protocol insists that you begin talking with the most junior member of the negotiating team and work your way up through the chain of command. All the time, you know that the father figure who sits and says nothing is the man who will make the final decision. But there is no way you can circumvent the others in the chain. It can be damned frustrating and time consuming, but you have got to play the game by their rules."

If there is diplomatic danger in trying to corner the shrewd Japanese prematurely, face can also be lost by Australians who try to butter-up courteous but hard-nosed businessmen with exotic home comforts. A colleague who was briefly employed in the financial wheeling and dealing lobby recalls:

"My boss at the time, Maxwell Newton, figured that if we set up as middle-men advisers for the Japanese, some of the money they wanted to invest in Australia might stick to our



"No, you can't sleep with me in my water bed!"

fingers. So he set up this meeting with three Japanese businessmen in the lounge of his Canberra home. As the Japanese understanding of English was limited, there were awkward silences, and then Max excused himself. When he came back into the room, he was dressed in this flowing kimono and carrying a silk-lined basket containing tiny porcelain tea cups. 'I've got all the gear here but we are still waiting for the real stuff. We'll have to make do with Bushells,' he said. I fancy his version of the tea ceremony was a case of overkill, because we got no business."

The Japanese also have a quaint custom of waiting until the final whistle before tying up the negotiating game. Herb Cohen admits the apparent lack of concern for time by the Japanese, who once had him hanging on the ropes on his first 14-day business trip to Tokyo . . .

"Three Japanese guys are waiting for me at the foot of the ramp at the airport and they're bowing. I like that quite a bit. Then they help me through customs, they put me in this large limousine, sitting there in the rear all by myself, and they're sitting in fold-down seats. I say, 'Why don't you guys join me?' They say 'Oh, no, you're an important person. You need your rest.' They ask me if I am concerned about getting my plane on time. Now, I didn't realise it then, but what's happened is they know my deadline, but I don't know theirs.

"So we start negotiating, or I think we do. The first seven days they send me to Kyoto to visit the shrine, they enrol me in an English language course in Zen. I'm begging these guys to negotiate. They say: 'Plenty of time.' We finally start on the 12th day. We end early, play golf. On the 13th day we resume and end early for the farewell dinner. The morning of the 14th day we resume in earnest, and just as we are about to get to the crux of things, the limousine pulls up to take me to the airport. We all pile in and, just as we arrive at the airport, we consummate the deal."

The moral according to Cohen? Conceal your deadline. Act as if you've still got all the time in the world — even if you haven't.

Stuntmen are continually facing another kind of deadline — with death. But according to Frank Lennon, whose imaginative dices with luck occasionally lay him up in intensive care units in hospitals round Australia, the entrepreneurs who hire his act don't want to know about the risk factor involved.

"They only want to think of me in terms of how many I'll pull through the gate. As far as they're concerned, there is no premium on danger. Let me give you an example. Recently, I was doing some work on a new film called *The Final Cut.* The producer came to me and said he wanted me to do a stunt. He wanted me to drive out of a hotel basement, sideswipe a pole, run up a fly ramp, ditch a passenger while the car was airborne and then fire-crash the car beneath a semi-trailer.

" 'Okay,' I said, 'I'll do the act for $1500'. 'Christ, Frank,' he says, 'that's a hell of a price for a few minutes' work.' 'And it's my life,' I told him. I asked him if he would risk his life for less. He wouldn't, but nor was he prepared to pay my price. He got someone else to do a cheap little trick for less. Believe me, trying to sell a stunt is a lot harder than selling a house or a car."

The term horse-trading used to be a synonym for hard, shrewd bargaining, but these days the sharpies don't last long in the buying and selling of high-priced horseflesh, says Bob McArdle, 17 years a trader in racing stock and part-owner of the showpiece trotting stud Nevele R on the lush Canterbury Plains in New Zealand.

McArdle is a Tasmanian, but the world has been his office as he has roamed the racetracks of Britain, Europe, the United States, Asia and Australasia under the simple banner: Have Horse, Will Sell. "The industry is quite small, really, and the hustlers don't last long. Your reputation and credibility are quickly shattered if you don't produce the goods. In many ways, we are selling the stuff dreams are made of. It's often said there are two days of pleasure for the buyer of a racehorse — the day you buy a horse you dream will win you the Melbourne Cup or the Kentucky Derby and the day you relieve yourself of a liability at a profit," he says.

"It is a simple matter of having the right horse for the right buyer. I once bought an English horse called The Biscuitman. The next day I flew to Chicago and was introduced to a baker who called himself The Biscuitman. He was also crazy about racing. It was the easiest sale I ever made."

Constrained as it is by the terms of a government charter, the Trade Union Training Authority could scarcely be seen — even by the Bjelke-Petersens of the Australian political spectrum — as a school for industrial scoundrels, but it does seek to produce a new generation of labor officials.

Although there is a low emphasis on psychology in the program, one of the Sydney lecturers, Chilla Miller, says the authority does warn its students to watch out for diversionary tactics by the employers' representatives. "We advise them not to be sidetracked by diversions such as the other side taking an urgent telephone call or someone entering the room with a message at critical times in the negotiations. We also alert them to the fact that some employers still use the old-fashioned ploy of positioning themselves in a high chair, behind a large desk and with the light at their backs."

Peter Rix, manager of those red-hot twins of Australian showbiz, Marcia Hines and Jon English, says he used the intimidatory technique of the chair, desk and light when he first got into the business. "And the trade union people are right, you know. Some people still try to use the trick with me. It's laughable. These days I'm content to let the other side do exactly what makes them happy. I'm most comfortable with the person with whom I'm dealing sitting on the other side of a coffee table."

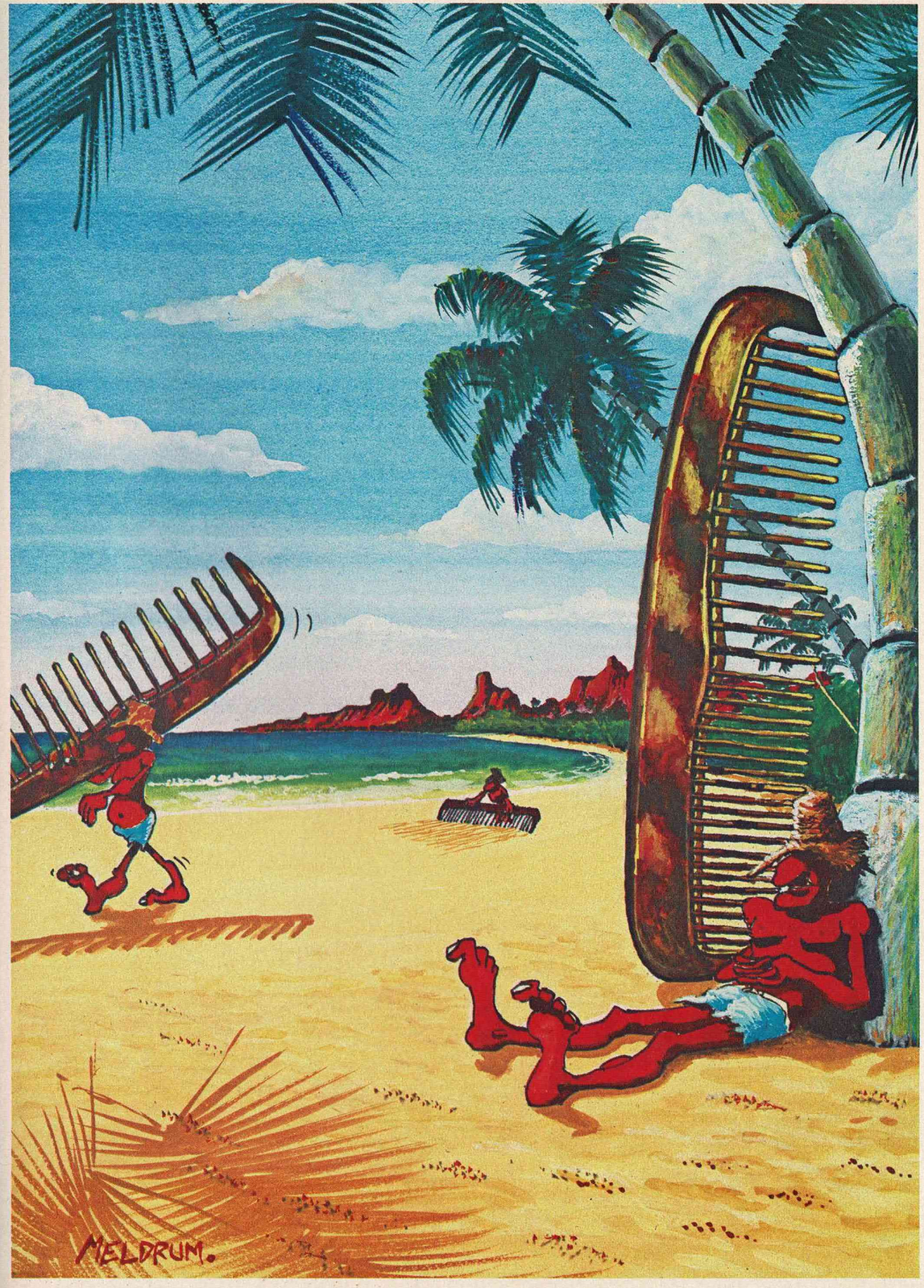
Dealing with Asian promoters is a relatively new ball game for Rix, but he is learning fast. "The Asians are incredible," he says. "Writing to them is hopeless, and if you manage to get them on the phone they'll suddenly forget their English. I don't muck around any more — I just jump on a plane. Right from the start of the negotiations you know that his first offer will be 20 percent of what he is prepared to pay, and he knows my price will be 400 percent over my mark. But once you make the deal, they can't do enough, and they are straight up and down.

"Take the case of one Hong Kong operator. He haggled for six months, but the moment his name was on the dotted line he paid half the fee into my Australian bank account. Marcia and the band and I flew over and he met us at the airport, shook hands and gave me the rest of the money in Australian banknotes in a handbag."

After dealing with the Asians, Rix felt he could field anything Australian promoters threw him. But recently, two young Canberra men approached him to book Hines for a one-night show. Because they were an unknown quantity, Rix was reluctant but, after listening to their spiel, settled on a $6000 fee. Came the concert and 25,000 packed into the hall.

"When it was all over, I shook hands with them. Their promotion had been excellent and they must have made a $12,000 killing. But I had no hard feelings. I'd still have demanded $6000 if it had been a bummer."

Which brings us back to the opening notion: few are real losers in any negotiation — it's just that some win more than others.



when all else fails the older man is waiting — ready to seduce us with the power of his mind

MOULDY OLDIES

AT 40, Dad started changing. He stopped vacuuming the pool and landscaping the front, and left the second Cape Cod half-finished. He seemed listless, apathetic, with no aim in life. Was this male menopause? We kept finding him floating forlornly round the pool in the rubber tyre. He started dropping "couldn't care less" and "can't be bothered" lines. The eaves were peeling, the lawn went afro and none of us could get out the back door. Dad just stopped taking the empties down to the Boy Scouts Hall.

"What have I been working for all these years?" he mumbled to the tomato sauce bottle at the dining room table. "What's the point of it, eh?" "Handle it, Dad." We offered him our philosophy and the left-over chop bones to gnaw.

Up 'til now, Dad had been happily paying off the new room extension and working at accountancy. He had always been there, at the head of the table, at the helm of the family craft. For years he had thought *he* was steering when *really* we'd been on automatic pilot. Trying to keep the family unit afloat, he threw out suggestions, like life-buoys. "Come on everyone!" he would say with labored heartiness. "We're going to Manly Marineland. I've packed the Esky." Studiously, we would discover essays that had to be in by Monday and flee to the "library" with beach towels.

"Nobody really needs me," he wailed. "I'm useless around this house!" It was hard to argue.

At 42, he'd uncovered a void that Frank Sinatra, the Golf Club and Harold Robbins couldn't fill. It was a case of Middle-age Malnutrition. For the next few weeks, Dad went on a spending spree. Every Saturday morning, he arrived home from

photo by Colin Stead

SALAMI SISTERS

Roselands Shopping Centre with something new — a sit-down, four-geared lawnmower, a sprinkler that walked, an automatic shaver, a $500 chlorinating octopus for the pool. But he tired of these electronic playmates and took to moping around the television. Mum pumped him with Pluravit and tried to tempt him with assorted hobbies. For a week, he played *When the Saints Come Marching In* on his flashing Thomas organ, with the rhythm box thundering. Then she tried him on the one-to-10, color-by-numbers landscapes. Lastly, she bought him the whole set of Black and Decker power tools. But nothing seemed to help.

Mum decided he needed a new image. She purposefully misplaced his big, white BVDs and lost his singlets in the wash. Soon, Dad was parading around the house in open safari shirts, tight hipster pants, disco shoes and side-levers. Having been singleted since birth, he came down with the worst cold of his life and had to wear his new gold ingot over his Bonds. But, after this small, snotty set-back, he careered uncontrollably into his new "hip" identity.

We all knew the situation was dangerous when he moved down into the rumpus room and put his mattress on the floor. But it wasn't 'til he arrived home in a tie-dyed kaftan that we really started worrying. It's only a stage, we consoled each other. Let him work it through. He sure had got his second wind. Every time Mum went shopping, Dad got a big kick from turning up the stereo and blasting the neighbors with the latest Neil Diamond. He grew his hair. Stuck "Save the Whale" stickers on his bumper bar. Then he took to jiving into the bedroom and offering our friends some "pot". "What is he? A 'dick'?" whispered Dave.

After years of coping with his one-word vocabulary of "no", we now had to adjust to long-winded lectures on astrology and biorhythms. By his bed, we found *Forum* and men magazines with the Are You Still Virile? quizzes carefully filled in. One night, we sprung him skinny-dipping in the pool with the Badhams and the Turnballs. And, on his extra-extroverted evenings, we noticed him perving on our girlfriends and making enthusiastic suggestions of "why don't we all go swimming at Tamarama?" But we knew how to deal with it. Little did Dad know how many Trendy Older Men (TOMs) we had handled before.

When you are wheeling your empty shopping trolley up and down the aisles of the Men Market, there's always one over-stocked shelf. Just like the old, rusty, spotted cans of Letona prunes that everyone avoids in the supermarket, Trendy Older Men are always available. Their "Use by August 1943" stickers have faded. One bite and they're bound to give you botulism. However, when the cupboard's bare and the box is empty, one must be grateful for mouldy mercies.

Our first taste of a Trendy Older Man was Neville. We met him at a Free-Bee. There he was, sipping mineral water over by the avocado mousse. He was quick to tell us how insensitive most men are and how they never understand women's, ah, *young girls'* problems. What we needed was a man with experience . . . a sympathetic touch. A guiding hand.

Neville and his divorcé friend Doug were just the men to show us. What they lacked in looks and youthful nubility, they made up in intelligent conversation. As TOMs wither, they are forced to develop Mental Libido instead.

"I just can't understand why everyone is so hung up on sexual morality," Neville admonished, his hand groping for the Berlei bra buckle. "It's your Protestant, Puritan indoctrination . . ." he wheezed, "common only to our bourgeois society. You must come with me next time to the Mediterranean . . ." The TOM tactic is intellectual seduction.

"Sure enough, they had us running round the apartment in long white socks and short tunics. Leaping over the coffee table in frilly undies."

Friday nights, back at Nev's Woolwich waterfront (he needs the sea air for his bean sprouts) we enjoyed, well, tolerated a home-made meal by candle-light. For breakfast, lunch and tea, it's Kelp, Calcium, Lecithin and 36 vitamins — E, A, D, Double B. Nev and Doug were so hip and fit.

"God," we gushed, "we wish *our* Dad was like you . . . oops." It's hard to remember not to say things like that. "When you were young . . . gulp . . . ger." Such slips send them scurrying for double doses of Vitamin D.

After tea, Doug performed his Tai-Chi while Nev stripped to slip into his sarong. To prove that they're young in the mind and liberated in the body, TOMs casually undress in front of you and your friends and always talk loudly about menstruation.

Hours have to be filled in while the TOMs do their bathroom bits. They're forever taking Badedas baths, rowing their exercise canoes up the hallway or meticulously perming their three feeble strands with herbal hairspray. Neville lacquered his balding top with Juvena cream (he got 100 discount tubes on his last trip to Spain) while Doug, flashing his blow-waved, angora chest, took us on a tour of the David Hamilton prints. They led, like framed breadcrumbs, to the bedroom.

Being men of experience, Doug and Nev took to educating us subtly. Haphazardly strewn round the room were copies of PLAYBOY and *More Joy*, left open at articles such as Tastier Fellatio (some new Greek ice-cream?).

While they sipped their ginseng night-cap for stamina, the conversation slid into group fulfilment and friendship. "I just don't know which one I'm falling in love with." Neville engulfed us in an affectionate stranglehold. "Isn't this cosmic? Just the four of us?"

"You two seem so close," Doug said, herding us together on the bed. "You seem to GET ON so well . . ." TOMs are big on "free love" and sharing. We waited for them to bring out the inducive Family Block chocolate or ice-creams (God, men are predictable). For all their innovation, there was no chance of getting an original fantasy.

Sure enough, they had us running round the apartment in long white socks and short tunics. Leaping over the coffee table in frilly undies . . . "Who's been a naughty girl today?" Leering feverishly, they chased us with their rods. "Now, you have to stay after school." We skipped half-heartedly past each other in the hall, yawning. "You'll have to eat your dinner off the mantelpiece for a week!" Nev salivated with a sinister chuckle. Wonder what was on TV?

In the morning, we woke to Doug talking on the phone. ". . . No dear, I don't care what your mother says. Fifteen is too young to go to the beach . . . I said NO. I won't have you riding round in that hooligan's panel van. That's why your mother and I sent you to SCEGGS. And, my girl, have you taken your uniform down yet?"

We crept further under the continental quilt, trying to drown out his Monday-morning-three-piece-pin-striped morals. Neville struggled into his upside-down lotus position, letting his kimono uninhibitedly fall open. He hung there, pathetic, like an old lampshade upholstered in silk to hide the rusting frame.

For April Fool's Day, we've sent them each slippers and a tartan dressing gown — with a frayed tassel.

perchance to dream

body language can tell you a lot about a lady when she goes to sleep at night

Photography by Colin Stead

aggression

she won't share her bed with any old body — you have to fight your way in

Hickory black bra $14.99, knickers $5.99 and suspender belt $9.99, all from Frills 'n' Flounces

excitement

even in sleep, some ladies lie coiled — ready for action at a moment's notice

Body-hugging yellow stretch Lycra leotard, $10 from Myer

affection

she needs somebody beside her to hold and to be held in a tender embrace

Glydon white bra and knickers $20 each, available from Frills 'n' Flounces

coyness

shy of affection
she seeks a corner

Irma la Douce white bra with pink flowers $28, and knickers $15 from Frills 'n' Flounces

experimentation

this unconventional
miss is bold enough
to try out anything

Red knickers at $8.99, also from Frills 'n' Flounces

The Technicolor Australia Policy

squeezed from their homes by political upheaval, refugees are changing white australia into the racial rainbow of the '80s

article **By Andrew Clark**

ON THE face of it, they have nothing in common: the white Rhodesian, well-off but apprehensive about his future under black majority rule, and the Indo-Chinese refugee, the homeless victim of war. But together they form the crux of Australia's revolutionised immigration policy. They will, unwittingly, perform a racial balancing act, and provide Australia with most of her migrants in the '80s.

The rationale for this policy is simple. There is irresistible pressure on Australia to accept more of the estimated 250,000 refugees stranded in the pitifully inadequate camps throughout South-east Asia. The Government is likely to admit another 5000 to 10,000 a year, lifting annual intake to about 25,000. To balance things, to dilute the Asian blood (putting it crudely, but accurately) flowing into our society, and to placate the powerful Rhodesian lobby

on the coalition's backbench, Canberra will quietly bend its rules to allow many of the 250,000 nervous whites who have lost their political monopoly in Zimbabwe, and are fearful of losing their economic privileges, to start a new life in Australia.

This new, unannounced stratagem underlines the radical shift in Australia's immigration policy caused largely by the advent of the refugees. Nearly eight years after announcing its official demise, we have been forced effectively to jettison the White Australia policy. Other factors influencing this remarkable change are the shift of Australia's trade away from the established markets of Europe to Asia, the emergence of rapid-growth Asian economies, the six-year local recession and, possibly most important, a subtle but significant shift in the attitudes of Australians to the point where they can accommodate, physically and psychologically, the arrival of Asians on their shores.

As a nation of immigrants — excluding the descendants of the 300,000 Aborigines who were here when the first white man arrived — our way of life has been predicated, until recently, on the assumption that the island continent will be populated predominantly by white people. This assumption is now being challenged, some would say undermined, by the immigration policy.

For such a crucial aspect of Australian life, there is widespread confusion about the true situation. This arises to some degree from the schizophrenic official attitude to what is happening: on the one hand, the Government is keen to eschew the White Australia image, particularly among our immediate neighbors where the policy has left a bitter and lingering taste; on the other, officialdom wants to massage the Australian public by playing down the suggestion that current policies are sowing the seeds for what may ultimately become a chocolate-colored population.

Official figures clearly illustrate this dramatic change. Comparing the last full year of immigration, 1978-79, with the same period a decade before, the number of people arriving from the principal sources of our Asian migration — Malaysia, Hong Kong, Vietnam and the Philippines — has increased nearly 20 times over. None of the four rated among the first 10 migrant-source countries for the '68-'69 period, but all are found on the list a decade later, replacing countries of such high migrant intake in past years as Greece, Germany and Holland.

Looking at the statistics another way, almost one-third of the settler arrivals in the '78-'79 period came from Asia. This compared with only 19 percent from Britain, and 14 percent from Europe. Further, the Asian region does not account for all non-white arrivals. Others come from the South and Central American region (3.7 percent in the '78-'79 period), the Middle East area (3.9), and some from Oceania and Africa (although the bulk of these are whites from New Zealand and South Africa).

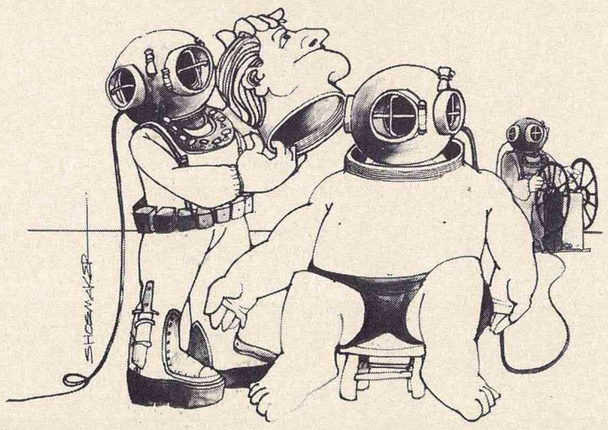
The majority of the arrivals from Asia are, and will be, refugees. They constitute a special category, but there is no sign of any easing of the human emergency that is besieging South-east Asia to the point where, to quote one senior diplomat from Singapore, Vietnam is dispatching boatloads of refugees like "waves of bombers", aimed at "destabilising, disrupting, and causing dissension and turmoil". Officials from the United Nations High Commission for Refugees estimate that there are up to another two million potential refugees who want to flee from Vietnam. This figure does not take into account the hundreds of thousands of people fleeing the fighting in Kampuchea and, to a lesser extent, Laos. So far, there is no indication of peace and progress descending on a region that has been in turbulence since Japan failed dismally in the attempt to impose its Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere during World War Two.

In spite of the official end to the country's civil war, the fear of more turmoil in Zimbabwe and of retaliation against the white minority may precipitate a flood of applications to migrate to Australia. Immigration Department officials say interest within the white minority was not strong immediately after the elections earlier this year, which resulted in the Marxist co-leader of the Patriotic Front, Mr Robert Mugabe, emerging clear winner and Prime Minister. However, by the end of this year, or sometime during 1981, they expect to see a stronger interest by whites wanting to leave the country.

Politically, it makes sense for the Government to accept Rhodesian whites, and, without admitting it, even to bend the rules in their favor. There has been a strong pro-white Rhodesian lobby on the coalition's backbench, and it has become more restive since Prime Minister Fraser had an instrumental role in framing the Lusaka Agreement among the Commonwealth heads of government last year. This, in turn, led to the Lancaster House talks in London and the final elections. There is also the need to balance the Asian influx.

Officials are unwilling, even in private, to put a precise figure on how many white Rhodesians are expected to arrive. For a start, officials working on the Rhodesian immigration question estimate that 15,000 of the country's whites do not have right of entry to other countries, and thus many of these would look to Australia as a refuge. If an exodus occurs, Australia is likely to give preference to those among the whites who have nowhere else to go. But there could also be pressure from the remainder, Canberra sources say, many of whom prefer Australia to other nations.

In evidence given to the Joint Parliamentary Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Foreign Affairs Department has warned that, in the event of mass white Rhodesian emigration, Australia would come under strong international pressure to relax entry criteria and to accept a significantly larger number. The department also warned that some black Rhodesians — for example, supporters of Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who received backing during the election from the white Rhodesian and South African interests — would not be acceptable to their neighboring countries and could become refugees. "If we took a large number of whites only, we would be subjected to international criticism for giving refuge to white racists and for hypocrisy in our attitude toward racial questions," a spokesman said.



The reasons for this view of Rhodesia are complicated, but do not stem from an inability to entice more Europeans. In Greece and Italy, the Immigration Department offices have been besieged during the past few years by people wanting to get into Australia under the family reunion provisions. These provisions, when strictly enforced, prevent brothers and sisters of people already living in Australia from achieving migrant status. Every MP is under constant pressure from his own migrant constituents to urge the Government to relax these provisions.

Under the old policy, family reunion was allowed for spouses and children of Australian residents, plus their fiancés, dependent parents, and non-dependent parents who were either retired or still of working age. The new policy, introduced at the beginning of last year, provides for more flexibility and discretion on the part of immigration officials on the spot, and for government planners to step up or cut back the flow at short notice. There are now four categories for family reunion: immediate family (spouses and children), "special" family, fiancés, and "others", who require special consideration.

There is an apparent contradiction between the Government's desire to counterbalance the Asian influx with whites while, at the same time, stopping thousands of people anxious to immigrate from traditional and successful source countries such as Italy and Greece. This contradiction, complicated by the Government's apparent willingness to bend the rules for Rhodesians, is partly explained by the emerging significance of immigration in overall economic policy.

There is a view held by the Immigration Department, which is given qualified support by some sections of Treasury, that an increased quota of migrants would increase employment and growth prospects by stimulating such labor-intensive industries as housing and the tertiary sector—health, education and so on. However, supporters of this view concede that new migrants must be mobile and prepared to work in major new developments anywhere in Australia, such as the North West Shelf natural gas project, or the massive Rundle shale oil conversion program near Gladstone in Central Queensland. Immigration planners argue that this mobility would have to come from migrants who have no familial ties in Australia, but do have the appropriate skills and attitude.

Twenty years ago, in the autumn of the Menzies era, the prospect of a large part of Australia's migrant intake being filled by Asians would have been looked upon as a nagging nightmare which was threatening to destroy the fragile national psyche. A decade ago, four years after the White Australia policy was slightly relaxed, to attempt such a program would have resulted in electoral oblivion for the party in office.

Australia, a country unique in its dependence on migration for growth and identity, has spent most of the time since Federation defying its geographical position and preserving the island-continent as an oasis of European civilisation. After the convicts came the free settlers, and there was soon official encouragement for still others to come. Self-governing colonies, competing with each other to attract people, began offering incentives for the British to migrate, and a faltering start was made to Australia's system of assisted migration.

In the 1850s, with the advent of the Gold Rush, there was an accompanying surge in Chinese migrants to work the diggings up and down the eastern seaboard. Fear and hatred of the Chinese erupted into bloody rioting on the Lambing Flat diggings, and the colonial parliaments reacted by passing immigration restriction acts, expressly preventing more Chinese from entering Australia.

The emerging Australian nationalism was unashamedly racist right through the spectrum — from Tory free-traders to radical Republican unionists. "Australia for The White Man", trumpeted *The Bulletin*, the literary flagship of the strident nationalism that was sweeping the country. (This was a policy maintained by the magazine until 1960.) Unions, particularly the powerful AWU, were among the most outspoken opponents of the entry of "cheap Asian labor".

Phil May, the ebullient *Bulletin* cartoonist, reflected popular sentiment at the turn of the century with a cartoon titled "The Mongolian Octopus and his Grip on Australia". At the head was an evil-faced, wide-toothed, half-bald Mongolian, with tentacles marked Opium, Smallpox, Typhoid, Immorality, Cheap Labor, Customs, Robbery, Bribery and so on.

During Federation discussions, the other colonies insisted that Queensland cease the practice of blackbirding — forcing Pacific Islanders to work on its sugar plantations. The condition was imposed not so much because of humanitarian objections to such an obnoxious practice, but because of fear that the new country would be swamped with colored labor. After Federation, the first Act passed by the national parliament unified and entrenched the White Australia policy into law.

Following World War One, with Britain exhausted and Australia feeling even more estranged, the Government initiated a program of assisted migration, based strictly on the White Australia policy. The then Prime Minister, Billy Hughes, coined the phrase "populate or perish".

This program lapsed during the Depression but after World War Two Australia felt even more isolated. And this feeling was exacerbated by the obvious and impending collapse of the British Empire, and incipient independence movements in South-east Asia, including Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia). The late Arthur Calwell, post-war Minister for Immigration in the Chifley Labor Government, launched an ambitious assisted migration program.

At first, many of the arrivals were war refugees from north and central Europe. In the '50s and '60s, Italy,

"It's no good, Angela! We're politically incompatible!"

Greece and, later, Yugoslavia became major source countries, with Britain remaining the backstop. It was the first time that a major program of sponsored migration looked beyond English-speaking people to make up the numbers — varying between 100,000 and 200,000 a year. There had been migrants from Europe before — for example, German Lutherans who settled in South Australia during the 1840s — but not on the same scale. The policy represented a major shift away from reliance on Anglo-Irish stock who previously had made up the greater number of Australia's white population.

The policy remained confined strictly within the ambit of White Australia, and there was no more passionate advocate of these restrictions than Arthur Calwell, who summed up the philosophy behind them with the quite brutal aphorism: "Two Wongs don't make a White". The policy received strong bipartisan support, and was continued and expanded under Menzies.

People look back at the '50s and early '60s with a certain degree of nostalgia. They were uncomplicated times — an interval of sustained economic growth when most predictions about the future came true. It was during this period that, for Australia, the rapid migrant build-up had its most profound influence. The new people brought with them different languages, cultures, expectations and habits, and they changed the older Australians. In addition to the many obvious differences, trotted out in every article on immigration, such as the revolution in our eating and drinking habits, there also have been other changes, more significant but more difficult to quantify. The most important is that we have become more tolerant of people with different lifestyles and habits.

Numerous surveys have pointed out an alarming breakdown in community relations, and tension between old and new Australians. But compared to the situation 25 years ago we all co-exist in peace and harmony. Derogatory expressions such as wogs and dagos, used reflexively until a decade ago, have been supplanted largely by the self-conscious and slightly gratuitous "ethnic".

In making us more tolerant, the post-war European migration prepared us for the Asian influx. For eight years before the fall of Saigon in April, 1975, the quota of Asians, mainly skilled tradesmen and professional people, allowed to enter the country was quite stringent. During most of this period there was full employment and the carefully regulated arrivals caused hardly a ripple — except among extreme right-wing racist organisations such as the League of Rights.

The Labor Government officially abolished the White Australia policy and introduced a non-discriminatory program; however, its selection process effectively maintained European domination of the numbers. During Whitlam's final months in office, the Lebanese civil war erupted. Since that time, about 20,000 refugees, and people entering under certain other special categories, have arrived from that area. In the final chaotic weeks of South Vietnam's separate existence, the Whitlam Government allowed in some refugees, but there was no major relaxation of the Asian quota.

At the end of 1977, more than two and a half years after the unification of Vietnam, less than 5000 Indo-Chinese refugees had come to Australia. The boat people arriving unannounced off our northern shores, and the pressure of greater numbers fleeing Vietnam, Kampuchea and Laos, resulted in a rapid increase and by the end of June the total will be about 35,000 — six times more during the past 30 months.

Only a fraction of these — about 2000 — came under their own steam, but they have probably played a larger part in forcing a radical shift in Australian policy than their 250,000 colleagues huddled in appalling conditions throughout South-east Asia. They were welcomed as heroes, and there was something remarkable about their achievement — island-hopping 3800 kilometres through rough seas and monsoons, employing primitive schoolboy atlases and two-bob compasses as navigational aids, making the voyage in leaking hulks, and depending upon the sea for food.

There was a breathless tone in the reports of their arrival. One boat, which landed at Attack Creek, about 450 kilometres from Darwin, was met by an astonished grader driver. Other refugees landed at Cambridge Gulf, adjacent to unpopulated and parched country in north-west WA.

As their arrivals became more regular and more organised, and the boats bigger and sleeker, the tone of the reports changed. Possessions, including leaves of gold, traditional currency for Asian itinerants, were highlighted, and Northern Territory politicians and unionists called for a halt. The spectre of more boats arriving off the north coast was an ironic spinoff of the "Forward Defence" strategy which dominated Australian foreign policy in the '50s and '60s.

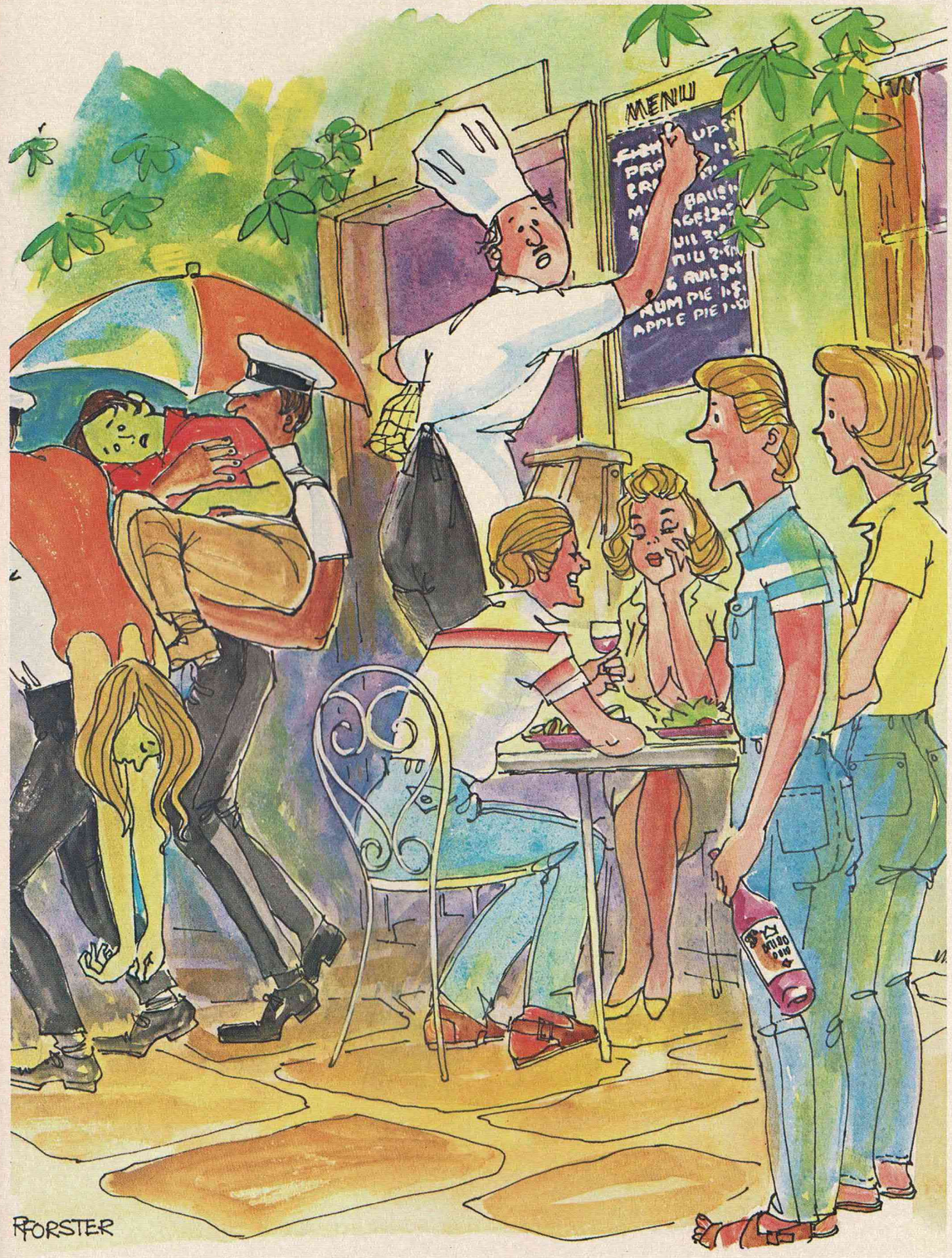
Government planners soon realised that, to staunch the flow of boat people, they would have to accept more from the camps. In a largely unannounced policy, the Government promised, midway through 1978, that it would open the doors wider. At the same time, it urged ASEAN countries (Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines) to sequester the refugees instead of sending them south toward Australia. To forestall what threatens to be a fresh influx of boat people following the rapid build-up of numbers in the refugee camps in recent months, the Government is gearing up to take more for the same reason.

This influx is occurring at the same time that Australia's birthrate has plunged to replacement rate — in other words, our population would not increase without migrants. Demographers are uncertain about future trends, and there is some evidence pointing to a temporary lull before the rate increases again. However, official estimates of our population by the end of the century have been adjusted down, from 20 million to 17 million.

Assuming that net arrivals remain at 50,000 a year and that the proportion of Asians remains at the '78-'79 level, demographers at the Australian National University estimate that there will be 900,000 Asians living here by the end of the century. However, their estimates have been outdated by the infusion of Indo-Chinese refugees. Predicting the racial make-up of Australia in years to come is made hazardous not only by changing birthrates, shifts in official immigration policy and the fluctuating regional contribution to the migrant total, but also by the varying marital habits of the various groups.

According to Dr Charles Price, a professorial Fellow in the Department of Demography at the ANU, even a prolonged migration of non-Europeans lasting 30 years or more would see the white section of the population making up more than 90 percent of the whole. The final mix, says Dr Price, will be influenced by the fact that more than half the Asians who have arrived here in the past decade have married outside their race. By contrast, he says, only a quarter, or less, of the Italian, Greek, Yugoslav and Lebanese migrants marry outside their respective communities. In contrast, about four-fifths of British, German and Dutch immigrants will marry outside their groups. "If this trend continues," Dr Price says, "it will mean many children of mixed Asian and European descent, all contributing to the color and variety of the new Australia."

Arthur Calwell would turn over in his grave.



"Table for two, and the fish soup is off."

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

GEMINI

THE TWINS should get a good grip on the home front this month where the action is certain to come in pairs of all shapes and sizes. Like the home handyman's favorite tool, the action will be of the two-speed variety: stop and go, with just enough time between each encounter for you to draw breath.

This double ration will become a bit wearing and, by the end of the month, your inventive nature will have devised a new system, which just might have you riding home a fine daily double. Venus will be casting hot looks your way which will put you in the frame of mind to look and feel your best. This means you'll attract a fistful of females whose attentions will drain both ardor and pocket. Towards the end of the month your appetite will return, but be cautious in correspondence and communication. The written word might be taken as binding, and you will have double the trouble in extracting both digits from this situation. Neptune's influence on your planets will lead the twins into some unlikely situations which, if recorded, could make good fantasy reading or an ideal script for an erotic movie.

Develop your skill for written communication but remember there are more pleasant forms of social exchange. September will signal the end of some pressure situations on the home front, leaving you free to give the two-fingered salute to all your sexual restraints. The temptation to do something foolish could lead to an attempt by you to break a few sexual records as a means of saving face. You will discover, as a result, that this could upset the regularity of your sex routine.

There are indications that you could run foul of an axe-swinging male, probably a rival or a father, who will be aiming to cleave you into bite-sized pieces. If you can survive the assault, you will arrive at the answer to a problem which has had you scratching both heads.

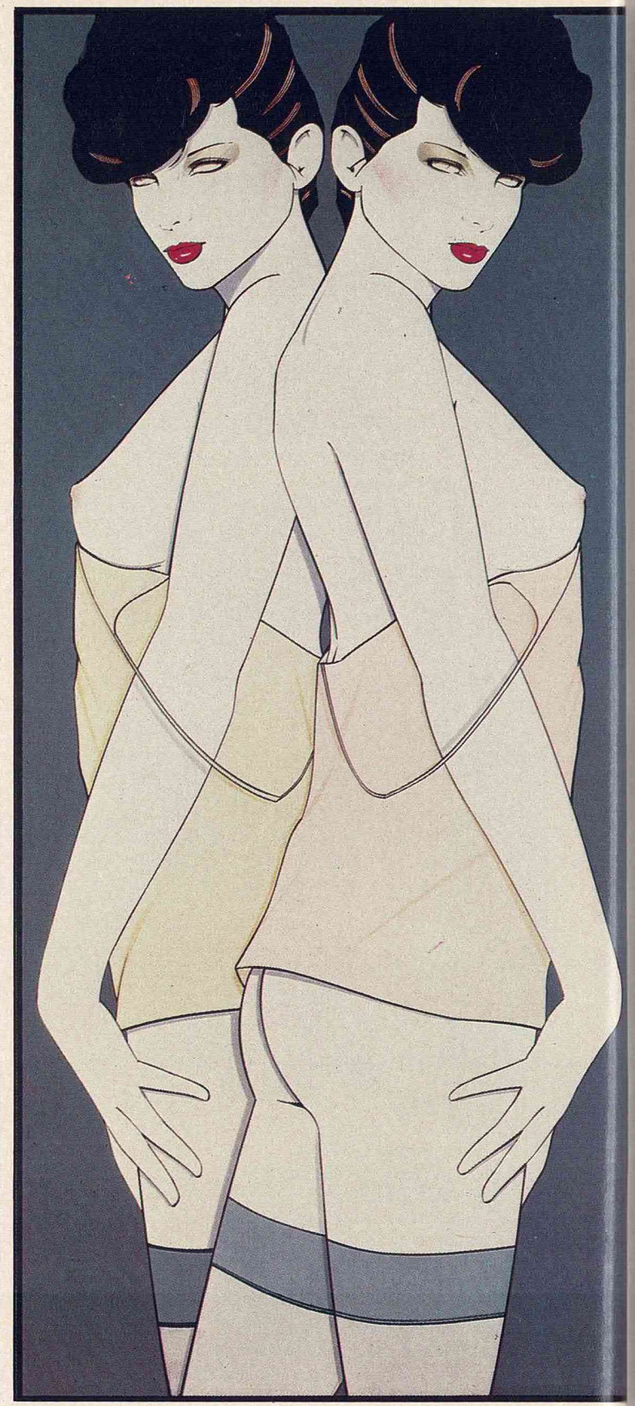
This year will not hold the same ease and relaxed pace of last, but there will still be ample opportunity to make the most of your after-dark ramblings. Don't look for duplications as far as your taste in partners is concerned. Doubling up is a Gemini trait, but why drop your bundle on the daily double when you can cash in on a trifecta?

The Gemini's strong link with the written word will not provide a case of double vision to upset your reading habits, but you should make use of your writing and communicative skills to prove that you still have plenty of lead in your pencil. Your ravenous nature would wear most others down to the stub, but your propellant refill device will give you better mileage than a twin-cylinder moped.

At about this time, something from which you have derived an extra ration of pleasure will come to an end. You will have little control over the situation, so let it ride and settle down to seeing the year out smoothly.

Your career looks very secure with the prospect of a few pleasant highlights, like an opportunity to do some overtime on the boss's daughter. The tips here are discretion and thoroughness. If punching the double-time clock does prove a bit wearing, console yourself with the knowledge that it will be well worth the effort.

Towards the end of the year, you will settle down to some sensational screwing.



THIS MONTH

your planets are in position for some delicious dalliances if you're in tune to take advantage
By Arthur Bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

CANCER

So all of you crustaceous cretins are getting a little snappy about missing a bit on the side? The stars' tip is to pull your pincer out and knuckle down to the task of a bit of happy shell-slapping. Mercury, the winged messenger, is cruising across your horizon and the news is that an old female friend has a new craving for your crabmeat. Mid-month promises concentrated coupling, but be sure to scuttle past those gals who don't take any precautions.

LEO

The lion's love of night prowling will suit all big cats just fine. But check your birthdays first. No one is sin-proof on a hot tin roof, so make sure your conquests are fully-fledged felines rather than unqualified kittens. Confirm that the old man is out, because it is no good for the ego to have to hang by the claws from a window ledge. If your first attempts at pussy-pawing cop a "claws off", she means "yes" when she says "no". Try a different approach.

VIRGO

Wow. Last month's sex rort just about blew your virginal reputation. But chances are you are still convinced that all that lovely lust should be confined to the other star signs. It pains terribly to bear the sad tidings that all you Celibate Cedrics will have to abide a bit more tummy-thumping in the next few weeks. And this time it could really open your eyes to the folly of abstinence. The latter part of the month looks barren of sexual delights.

LIBRA

Your sense of equilibrium looks to be near-perfect this month with those scales rocking gently, waiting for someone like a Leo to provide the perfect counterweight. There seems to be a lot going on in the background, but nothing to suggest any inner ear tickles will set off a bout of vertigo. Between the background activity and your current state of rest, you might just achieve that all to elusive beautiful balance of sexual performance.

SCORPIO

The sting's the thing when it comes to the ol' loin-locking routine. This month's stars hold enough aphrodisiac to have all you little Scorpions quivering at the knee joints. Look out for a soft, cuddly Taurean for an attempt on your sexual record. If you don't hit the mark, she'll love you for trying. There may be some tempting offers from those who've caught you flashing the feeler. Beware of complications, and prepare for a fast getaway. Keep plans fluid.

SAGITTARIUS

Slow down. If you insist on sinking that arrow into every furry critter, you'll wear yourself into an early grave. At the same time, your reputation as a distance galloper is in jeopardy, so spend more time in the one sexual saddle. The archer should aim to use imagination in new pastures to ensure throwing the fetlock over more than one filly's rump. Don't delude yourself into thinking the plain old lust you'll be wallowing in is anything more meaningful.

CAPRICORN

The lonely goat will be stranded on the wrong side of the sexual hill this month with barely a bunt to relieve the boredom. The odd one-night stand might give you something to yodel about, but before you bore her with your deadly angora, ascertain whether she will be truly appreciative of your form. Mercury, the winged messenger, is currently in your chart, and he's clutching a cable which says something about marriage — real or de facto. So beware!

AQUARIUS

The sexually liberated age of Aquarius has not as yet dawned for you, and your efforts to summon the female flock for a frolic in your bird bath will meet with frustration. But the juices should flow mid-month when Venus wiggles her hips through your angle of love and affection. Her gift might be someone a little older. You'll sample the fruits of liberation, but don't allow your zealous concern for humanity to cramp your copulatory capers.

PISCES

Who hit Annie in the fanny with a flounder? "Not I," said the Pisces. And little wonder, because the fish's tiny mind has been more on beer and bib than sex. An immediate change will not present any clam-chomping carp, but at least a very determined eel intent on sparking a current of sexual exchange. The stars' tip is to quit that drinking school. Nobody loves a pickled perch. Bucket some burley on business waters and see what bobs up for a bite.

ARIES

With both Mars and Pluto prompting the ram to unbutton his mutton for all he meets, you'll be inclined to throw your rolled roast into just about everybody in the entire ewe crew. This may provide some tricky moments for certain folk in your circle, so if you have to take the action to another sorting yard, please show a little discretion. You will eventually find solace in your own yard with a nice little set of juicy lamb chops to stop your bleating.

TAURUS

Okay, beefbrain: stop listening to those people who claim that the bull's horns would be a good substitute for a rhino's horn. By keeping the girls full of the old woolly bull, you'll soon let them know who is right. The planets are aligned for a charge into the old skirt steaks. Winter might cramp your style (you were never good delivering the small-goods in the back seat of a car) so look for open spaces. Beware of those bum steers and closed pastures.

Taking tea in a sea of indolence

if you prefer to avoid the well-worn tourist tracks sri lanka may be for you; but don't be upset by the hours your innards keep

travel

by Russell Edwards

5.30am: A perfect weekend morning, on an isolated beach just after dawn, when the pale gold sun hovers just above the green and unbelievably clear surf. Sunday, a long leisurely Sunday. What to do? Go home, water the garden, potter about, barbecue for lunch, open a can or two, wash the car, visit friends or family, *Fantasyland* on Channel Nine. Doesn't sound so bad except for the gnawing Sunday night terror of five more days . . .

But this Sunday down at Kalkudah Beach, a remote coastal village in eastern Sri Lanka, turns out just like every other day, beginning typically enough around 5.30am. Waking with a fumble and a curse, knocking over the kerosene lamp while feeling for the torch. Stumbling out across to the pit toilet, adeptly avoiding the neat pile of fresh water-buffalo dung. The sky lightens quickly, and the family who run this embryonic lodge wake and rise from their mats on the verandah.

5.45am: Sunrise. Act One, Scene One — West Coast Wonderful. Down to the beach through the 50 or so metres of palm trees. Even at this hour there are other fitness freaks and joggers about. Not exactly crowded, only a few flailing limbs down the beach silhouetted against the morning sky, distant figures in the throes of some naked contortion. Kalkudah is definitely a "New Resort". There are none of the anaemic, spindly bodies wracked with dysentery and drugs you find in other overland resorts throughout Asia. Kalkudah's the place for The Amazing Suntan, The Incredible Body, for fräuleins with biceps who look as if they're used to plunging into the Baltic in December, for long-haired blonde girls from Melbourne (Noosa Heads Gorgeous), for Californians with shaved scalps on their way between Swami Something-or-other's ashram in southern India and law school at UCLA via bio-energetic therapy in Sri Lanka.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY KELLY

Some of the tourists look even more than healthy. Suntanned tummies hang over colorful sarongs; young men and women from the world's wealthiest nations misshapen by years of hamburgers, Tooths KB, wurst, Dortmunder lager, chocolate malts and Schlitz six-packs.

6.25am: First swim of the day, and maybe the nicest. Lovely, warm, velvety, enveloping water. Sit on a rock and watch for sharks and contemplate the mysteries of existence and what I'm going to eat for breakfast.

7.45am: The most developed restaurant — in fact the only one apart from a few tea stalls — at Kalkudah is a long straw hut, which can seat maybe a dozen at a squeeze, called Spider's. (I think it's called Spider's; there's no sign). We're usually Spider's first customers, signalling the start of his 16-hour day. His specialties are unspiced curries of wholesome vegetables and fresh salads of grated cabbage and coconut. It's nutritious fare for all those vegebores as well as the legions who complain that Ceylonese food is impossibly hot. Local people don't eat at Spider's, for reasons quite apart from the inflated prices.

In Sri Lanka, unlike India, many resort restaurants attempt tacky concessions to Western tastes. It might be preferable to dine on something a bit more ethnically authentic than hot buttered toast with mango jam and mashed banana, washed down with glasses of "milk tea, no sugar, please" served in schooners, but you have to be careful with The Most Important Meal Of The Day, so breakfast cop-outs are excusable.

The newspaper man will come around some time during that second schooner of tea. The *Sunday Observer* is even more tedious than the daily English-language broadsheets, but then Sunday just wouldn't be Sunday without a newspaper. So I buy one and spend another half hour reading about record rice production in the Sigyra Development District, new methods of recycling coconut husks, and Finance Minister Ronnie signing an important trade deal with the Finnish Ambassador. We also learn a rabid jackal is loose in the Batticaloa District and already has been responsible for three deaths. Add that to the list of hazards of Asian travel.

Domestic news in Sri Lankan newspapers is strictly controlled and often extraordinarily dull. Anything remotely political or controversial is avoided, but at least the classifieds can be entertaining: "*Respectable universally-minded Buddhist Karawe parents seek a cultured gentleman with good social status and sober habits, bachelor below 35 for their well-behaved daughter . . . of 32, of excellent character and kind hearted. Apply with a horoscope . . .*" Worth thinking about, as long as she *is* well behaved, and there is a 5000 rupee dowry — in cash.

8.45am: Back to the beach (a 25-metre stroll) where a sign warns nude bathers of police action: "*Warnung 1st Polizei. Nacktbaden ist streng verboten. Avis de Police. Defense de sa baigner sans maillot. Sans pene de persuite. By order. S.P. Batticaloa.*" Such garbled signs are common in Asia wherever there are Westerners and water and, as universally elsewhere, this one is universally ignored. Any move against the *nacktbaders* by the police from distant Batticaloa would be strongly resented by the community leaders of Kalkudah, the storekeepers, the families who let the houses, and the children who wander about the beach selling coconuts. The people here are not over-sophisticated, and the tourists' proclivity toward nudism is really no weirder than any other of their thousands of eccentricities, funny shapes and ludicrous pigmentations.

10.30am: The sun is just too ferocious to stay on the sand and only the mad dogs and Germans are still out, so it's back to the family lodge to wash, fiddle about on the verandah, flick through *Der Spiegel* and sharpen my pencil several times. Anything but start writing. There are endless distractions — baboon-like monkeys with black faces and long, strong tails pound through the coconut groves, pursued by the neighborhood dogs; and there's construction work to check out — which of the men has actually got out of his chair to supervise? Three more coconut matting "rooms" are being built. The family obviously has ambition.

Except during the two monsoon months (November-December), their

home, a relatively sturdy structure of four rooms with concrete floor and tin roof, is let to tourists at 10 rupees (60 cents) a room, while they move into the open. There's no telling how many are in the family — men, women and children drift in and out all day and I never can manage an accurate census. But clearly that 60 cents a day ($2.40 when all the rooms are taken) supports quite a few, from the little chocolate-brown toddlers to the grey-haired patriarch who sits cross-legged all day with a fat cigar, being continually waited on by the women.

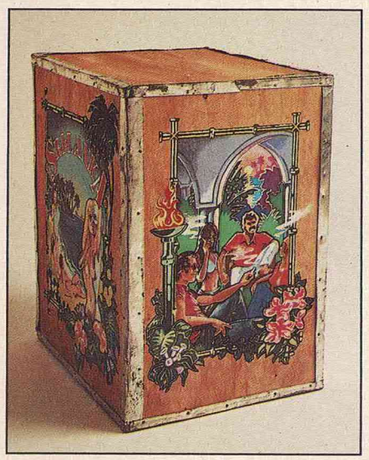
Nobody here really has to do much. A few meagre possessions and a sand-floored temporary shelter do not involve much upkeep, though the women do manage to slop about with buckets of water for a good part of the day, or squat in the sand pounding and threshing rice to remove the husks and some of the impurities. The men lie about in deck chairs, moving only with the shade, smoking *ganga* and singing quietly to themselves, closing their eyes, opening, closing, drowsily keeping tabs on their guests. Everybody stares and smiles, not bothering to disguise their microscopic scrutiny of every move.

Foreigners haven't been coming to Kalkudah for very long, so we're still a source of boundless fascination. Sitting on the verandah is like being on stage. Nobody speaks any English, so even basic tourist-biz communication is fraught with misunderstanding and smiling confusion. The Sri Lankans have a baffling habit of wobbling their heads from side to side, a weird mannerism which can have a negative or positive meaning, depending on the circumstances. Sometimes both. The children are learning fast, though — a little German, a little English, how charm and sycophancy earn pens, magazines and discarded postcards. They are learning all about Peugeots, Omega Digitals, Minoltas and Volkswagens from the glossy pages of *Spiegel* and *Newsweek*, while we sahibs sit about and have our every whim catered to by their parents.

Sri Lanka is one of the poorest countries in the world, in spite of being well endowed with fertile agricultural land and being free of the population pressures of neighboring India. The country is unable to feed itself, which is one of the legacies of an earlier colonisation. The British chose to cultivate cash crops such as tea and rubber rather than food crops. The colonial administration devised a number of tactics to keep the peasants out of food production, such as punitive tax scales and tariff policies which favored imported foodstuffs, thus freeing land and labor for the plantations. Successive post-independence governments have been unable to alter the situation, so three cash crops — tea, rubber and coconuts — account for 90 percent of all exports.

For the tourist, that spells paradise. It's one of the few countries left where it really is possible to live comfortably on a dollar a day. It is one of the prettiest places anywhere in Asia, with ancient monuments more than 2000 years old, elephants at work hauling logs, saffron-robed monks strolling beneath black umbrellas, misty mountains, gleaming emerald rice paddies and lush tropical forests inhabited by chattering monkeys and brightly colored birds. It offers color, history, beauty and days of idle torpor in the sun on idyllic beaches.

1pm: Moving toward lunch, the daily tropical fruit smorgasbord. One



of the few disadvantages of a tiny place like Kalkudah is the criminal absence of mangoes from the shops. The only fruits available are pineapples, papaya and tiny, thumb-sized sweet bananas. But any one of them, or any combination, mixed with curd (yoghurt) makes a delicious, sticky lunch. Sri Lanka normally features a dozen varieties of banana, several types of mango, as well as jackfruit, avocado, melon, sweet lime, sour-sop, mangosteen, passionfruit and many others I failed to identify. The rule is: try anything once. Down at the market, I point out something green and scaly to the stall-holder.

"What is that?"

"One rupee."

"No, no. What is it?"

"Two for a rupee."

"Okay, okay. I'll take two whatevers." They usually turn out to be an unripe and rather unpleasant vegetable related to the potato family.

2.30pm: The environs of Kalkudah don't offer much in the way of excursions. They're rather flat and dry. There's little of the resplendent magic of the rest of this island — no glistening paddies or rocky headlands to explore. Walking anywhere in Sri Lanka also means being accompanied by a gaggle of children, who assail you with a cheeky "Hello. Where are you going?" and strident demands for money, pens, anything. The Sri Lankans are aggressively inquisitive.

A kilometre or so down the road is Pase-Kudah Bay, where two expensive hotels have commandeered a long, sheltered and very pretty cove. All the tropical foliage has been cleared and palm trees replanted in rows. The people who stay at the Imperial Orient and the Sun and Fun Hotel have come to Sri Lanka from Copenhagen or Frankfurt for two or three weeks on package tours. Outside the walled hotel compounds there are absolutely no diversions — self-contained, insulated little worlds of three meals a day, tubby pink Frenchmen, cocktails with ice and greasy suntan oil, presided over by uniformed security guards, barboys and assorted other flunkies. It's not like that down at *our* beach.

4pm: Back to Spider's for an afternoon schooner of milk-tea-no-sugar with all the other identical bushy blond, bearded, suntanned *chai* drinkers, chess players, Kurt Vonnegut readers and *ganga* smokers. It could be anywhere in the world. Kalkudahs are mushrooming on just about every stretch of sand between London and Sydney, inhabited by those thousands of Americans and Germans, "students" on permanent sabbaticals, the countless Australians and New Zealanders on their obligatory pilgrimage to Europe and back. There are even a few English who have somehow managed to acquire the necessary loot. All have created a network of Kalkudahs, little islands of affluence and privilege amidst the sea of Asian poverty.

Being the only cafe in town makes Spider's the obvious focal point for the 20 or 30 tourists staying in and around Kalkudah. Such a pity to share these tropical paradises with so many others, specially all those sad products of white Western progress who have to stay doped up all the time. Every anecdote, every story, begins with an explanation of their mental condition at the time (ripped, whacked, stoned, out of it). Every place in Asia gets rated according to the availability and quality of its dope — Nepal earns an easy five stars, India can be a hassle, Thailand's good, Sumatra's insane . . .

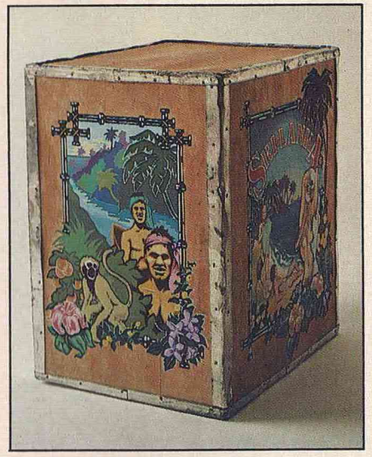
4.30pm: Back to the water to frolic in the golden surf, walk hand in hand into the sunset, offering one another menthol cigarettes. Coke adds life. A trio of inquisitive black-faced monkeys leap about in the bushes, swinging from branch to branch, drawing attention to the few lurkers and skulkers who hover about the beach — those single men who rustle around in the bushes, periodically darting out into the open, like lizards, five or six metres from the nearest *nacktbader*, then strolling past with strained lupine nonchalance. Every beach has its funny men. The Wanda Sandhills Syndrome is by no means confined to the West. Hindu men, in particular, have some very confused and nasty attitudes to sex and Western women.

Maybe because it's Sunday, these characters have travelled up from Batticaloa or some other nearby town for a weekend thrill. They're certainly not locals, because the villagers have far better things to do, like adding up the tourists' bills for cups of tea, which is more difficult than it sounds. Tea has an amazingly complicated (and quite flexible) price structure, depending on the quantities of milk and sugar added. And those not fishing for deutschmarks are probably out fishing. There are a few of the narrow, catamaran-style canoes on the beach at Kalkudah, but most fishing centres on a smelly little village about a kilometre down the beach.

6.30pm: Dinner. Tonight it's fresh crab, vegetable curry and rice. Around this time, the burning concern is not the smelliness of fishing but how to arrange to have that delicious crab served at a more civilised hour. The ladies at the lodge apparently believe Westerners like to dine at six o'clock, or maybe it's more convenient for the cooks. In spite of desperate entreaties and devious ploys, it's an early dinner, the diners still salty and gritty from the beach. Apart from Spider's nutritious salads and pedestrian vegies, there isn't much choice at Kalkudah. Most people eat with the family with whom they are staying, and it's necessary to order in advance — crabs, prawns, fish, just vegetables or whatever — usually around breakfast time, so that somebody can be despatched to the market during the morning. There's no refrigeration (no electricity), but the main problem is that Kalkudah sun torpor makes it extremely difficult to think that far in advance.

But it's worth it. Fresh seafood cooked over an open fire, flavored with coconut milk, ginger, coriander, turmeric, paprika — all the spices laboriously ground and blended by hand. In general, the food in Sri Lanka is quite superb and healthy, and the helpings generous. Their curries are hotter and spicier than even those of south India. They use a lot of bread and noodles (ridiculous since all their wheat has to be imported, and is subsidised by the government to the tune of 150 percent) as well as the customary mountains of rice, everything mulched together and eaten by hand. Hoppers are popular, too — a pancake-shaped mixture of rice flour and coconut milk, baked with a soft centre and wafer-crisp edge. String hoppers are similar, a bit like tangled vermicelli, common breakfast fare accompanied by curried lentils (dahl) and sambol, a dry, very hot mixture of grated coconut, chillies and spices.

Their vegetable curries are very interesting, far superior to those generally available in India, often using tropical fruit, cooking bananas, jackfruit seeds, papaws. Most of the



ingredients are mysteriously unidentifiable, such as brinjal, snakegourd and plaintain, but they are tasty. Jaggery, a popular and unusual sweet — a sort of fudge made from the crystallised treacle of the Kitul palm — is quite revolting.

7.30pm: A cool dowsing in the well water, and it's Saturday night out. On a Sunday? Well, it was postponed from last night since, inexplicably, the Tourist Guest House, a hideous concrete mini-hotel operated by the government, and the only place in Kalkudah where it is possible (sometimes) to get a cold beer, was closed on Saturday. So it has to be tonight. The traditional Sri Lankan alcoholic beverages are toddy and arrack, both obtained from the coconut flower. Locally brewed lager and stout are also available at 10 rupees a bottle, somewhat more than an agricultural worker earns in a day.

9.30pm: Kalkudah throbs with excitement tonight. Over at Spider's, the silent ranks of the suntanned colonists pass around their pipes and joints, inhaling extremely carefully through cupped hands to avoid the dreaded hepatitis, or anything else contagious their companions may be inclined to share. Mr Spider and staff race out with trays laden with lemon teas, plain teas, milk teas. A voice somewhere: "Two more milk teas, one without." A buxom Austrian girl shuffles her vegetables around the plate and yells: "But vehr are da spices? There are no spices! I cannot eat thees! Bring me the chillies!" An acrimonious and prolonged dispute has developed between a party of Australians and the management over an extra plate of fish. "But we only ordered one plate!" A familiar grate, the Wagga Wagga female: "It's *your* mistake. We don't have to pay for *your mistake!*" After five minutes, they agree to split the difference. They were haggling over 14 cents.

More joints float past, powerful little numbers with skull-lifting properties. One genial, tubby Canadian spends 15 minutes constructing an intricate trumpet-shaped monster with half a dozen papers, a whole stick and an elaborate cardboard filter, lights his work of art and sends it down the ranks. It never returns. A quarter of an hour later, he's still tapping the table and peering anxiously around. More teas, more cookies, until the only things left to chew on are those tiny sweet bananas the Spider has marked up 300 percent. Sixteen hours he's been on the go, and he's still smiling. Of course, as the only cafe in town, with an assured clientele of dazed munchers who pay absurd prices and are so befuddled at the end of a long day's smoking in the sun they can't count their change, who wouldn't be smiling?

10.15pm (or thereabouts): Down the road, beneath the whispering palms and the silvery full moon. Sure seems like a long way tonight — concentrating hard, very hard, on just walking and actually getting there. At last, at last, but now I have all those chores, complicated tasks such as finding the matches, lighting the kero lamp and the mosquito coil, positioning the toilet paper for the very probable midnight sprint, brushing the grit off the straw sleeping mat and arranging the shutters to catch some of that precious breeze. All impossible. Crash. Awaken two hours later in a lather of sweat, skin aflame and scratching furiously at yet more bites, with that so familiar and so horrible knife-turn in the intestines. No! No! Not again! Please, hold on. Perhaps 30 seconds to get to the loo. Maybe less.

★★★★ BETTE★MIDLER ★★★★

A VIEW FROM A BROAD

there is still some argument as to whether the world was ready for the epoch-making tour by the divine miss m; australia at least may never recover from her monumental boobs

I will never forget it! Only moments before I found out that a world tour was being planned for me, I was exactly where I most like to be — flat on my back on my lovely redwood deck, overlooking the glorious, ever-changing moods of the Santa Ana Freeway. I was truly at peace. And I was truly a mess, having just forged my way through the potentially-crippling round of severe callisthenics I dutifully perform every evening of the year. Well, almost every evening. If I happen to be at home.

Little did I know what challenges I was to face — or how soon — when sprawled out and panting on my deck I suddenly realised that the loud knocking I was hearing was not the frenzied beating of my heart but someone beating frantically at my door. As I ran, still dazed and blinded by sweat, to answer the insistent call, I took, quite literally, a turn for the worse and ricocheted off a mirrored wall colliding, *tète a tète*, with the life-size statue of the Bloated Buddha I'd unearthed just recently at a jumble. I had placed the porcelain wonder in my vestibule in the fervid hope that from it might emanate a flow of tranquillity to counteract the general uproar of my household. Now the statue lay shattered in a thousand pieces. *Not* a good omen.

As my maid, the unflappable Aretha, began to vacuum around me, I made one or two unsuccessful attempts to rise out of the debris. I was just about to despair of ever walking again when suddenly the knocking stopped and I heard a key turn in the lock. Only one person had a key to my house. I wish I could say it was a lover, or even a close and dear friend. But no, it was my manager, a man of direct action and some girth,

whose emotional response to any given event was generally the exact opposite of mine. One look at his smile and I *knew* I was in trouble.

"Here," I said, holding up one of my ex-Buddha's ears, "it's yours. I've decided to become a Taoist. I go into retreat tomorrow."

Without even the slightest acknowledgement of my offering or my bruises, the heartless man pulled a thick purple folder from his pocket and threw it a few metres from where I lay collapsed on the floor.

"Read that!" he commanded in a tone used most often by generals and some minor household gods.

Brushing away the hair from my eyes and the evil thoughts from my heart, I crawled through the litter of broken mirror and porcelain limbs towards the mysterious folder.

"Itinerary!" he said proudly as I retrieved it.

"You what?" I began, then stopped short, dumbstruck, as I stared open-mouthed at the first page.

I didn't know what to do, what to say. Once again a questionable consortium of managers, agents, lawyers and record promoters had concocted a plan for me that would force me out of my cosy existence and into a maelstrom of madness.

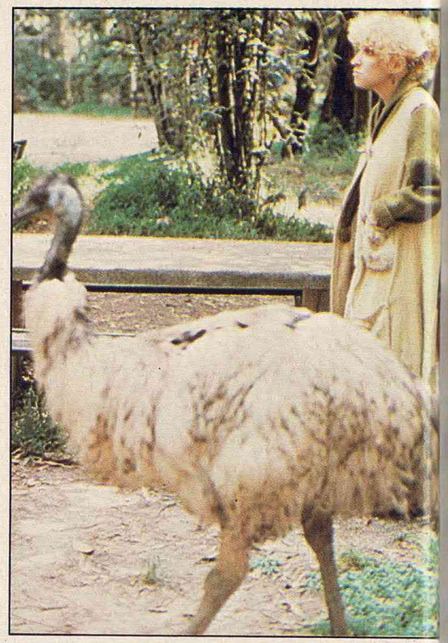
It wasn't that I didn't *want* to work. I enjoy working, tremendously. But I had just finished making my very first movie, *The Rose* — if you are kind enough not to consider my celluloid interpretation of Mary, Mother of God, which I did for 70 bucks one afternoon in Detroit to pay for a phone call to my mother in Honolulu — and the experience had left me exhilarated but worn to a shadow. There were so many new things to contend with — like getting up at six in the morning, getting to know what a gaffer was and, most important, getting thin. Of course, there were some initial difficulties when the director first told me the disappointing news that if the film was to have any semblance of reality at all, there would have to be moments when other people were on-screen at the same time I was. My despair over this turn of events was, however, somewhat ameliorated by the fact that the person I most often had to share the screen with turned out to be Alan Bates, whose unforgettable fig-sucking scene in *Women in Love* literally changed my life. Actually, I found I liked film acting quite a lot, although not as much as I liked my caravan, which is exactly the kind of home I hope to have some day.

So it was not just having to work again that bothered me. I was pained to think that I would have to leave my beloved Los Angeles, with all its attendant glory, and travel to places whose names I had never even heard and, upon hearing, could scarcely pronounce. I knew so little of the world, really. Slander, not geography, had always been my strongest suit. The closest thing I had ever had to a foreign experience was Ahmet Ertegun, record company executive and Turk. Oh, I was truly in a dither.

My exercises, which usually have such a calming effect, failed me completely and I flew into a tantrum of panic and despair so titanic that even my longtime companion and wardrobe mistress, the very proper Miss Frann Frank, born, bred and even beaned once in Boston (at a Red Sox baseball game) became fearful.

Fortunately, good sense and a slap across the face were to prevail. In fact, after several hours of pouting and pacing, and just the teeniest nip or two of Courvoisier, going around the world began to have its appeal.

First of all, my manager's incessant yapping in my ear about International Launching Pads and Smart Career Moves made me so furious I would have gone anywhere to get away from him. Even Lund. Wherever that was.



Miss Midler hams it up with some Australians

Secondly, I felt that my mind, unquenchable in its thirst for cultural enrichment and cheap thrills, might benefit from such a world-girdling juggernaut. So, in fact, might my boobs which, despite my strict adherence to my callisthenic routines, were beginning to turn to mush in the soft California air.

But beyond all that, the fact was that I had always had a burning desire to see the world. As I looked through the purple folder again, old luscious waves of Longing and Romance crested and crashed upon the shores of my very being. For a moment, I felt 10 again and I realised that even though I had never done it before going around the world would be, for me, a kind of sentimental journey.

And so it was that as the sun set somewhere in the middle of August, I gathered up the broken shards of my Buddha, and my life, and committed myself. The Bette Midler World Tour was a reality.

•

Six weeks, 14 cities and 25 shows later, the Divine Miss M sets down in the Great Land of Oz. Here beginneth the strangest twist of the tale — and one of the greatest culture shocks of all time.

•

Australia! Land of jumbucks, billybongs, mystery meat pies and the wombat. I looked forward to arriving in Australia more than I had ever looked forward to anything — if you don't count getting my ears pierced.

Being on the road in non-English-speaking countries was exhilarating to the point of breakdown, but the burden of speaking even a few words of the native language from the stage each night was taking its toll. I was becoming the Tower of Babel.

And not only did we have to change our language every day. We had to change our change. Pounds, kroner, French francs, Swiss francs, drachmae, guilders, marks. I became so confused I stopped using money altogether. I made what few purchases I required by bartering personal items such as long underwear or short exposés on celebrities unlucky enough to have crossed my all-seeing, all-retentive path.

Happily, I was assured that all would be well once we hit Australia. Not only did they speak our language there, they even had the sense to call a dollar a dollar. Of course, theirs was worth more than ours, but I was glad to pay extra for the privilege of being able to count my change again. Yes, hopefully, Australia would save us all from that extra thinking we'd had to do in Europe.

And it did. Once we hit that vast continent Down Under, we didn't have to think again. I came to believe, in fact, that it is a *crime* to think in Australia. Or to eat either for that matter.

There is no food in Australia. Not as we know it. The natives do, of course, on occasion put matter to mouth, but one cannot possibly call what they ingest food.

Still, I felt happier in Australia than almost anywhere else, because life there is so basically relaxed and uncomplicated. The Australians have the best sense of humor of any of the English-speaking nations. I felt young and carefree again. My whole troupe felt the same about the place. In fact, we left a few of the kids from our crew there. In the alcoholic ward of a large Sydney hospital — victims of the Australian national pastime.

But I think, more than anything else, I wanted to see Australian wildlife. Like so many others, I'm sure, the unique aspects of Australia's animal population always held me in thrall. How cute they all would be, I thought: cuddly koalas, gentle kangaroos, feisty little penguins. And, it turned out, how deadly!

My first indication of what Australian wildlife was really all about came when I was walking in a field behind one of the beaches in Queensland, and I saw a sign that said: WARNING. THIS AREA IS INFESTED WITH TAIPANS. *KEEP OUT.*

Taipans? What the hell were they? Was this just another example of the racial snobbery that some said ran just under the hip Australian veneer? Or were taipans some sort of land mines planted by the Japanese?

As it happened, the next night I was introduced to a young man who lived and worked on an animal refuge in the hills just on the outside of town. He told me what taipans were. In fact, he told me a lot. "You may not know it," he said, "but Australia has more poisonous animals than any other place on earth. Not only *more.* The most deadly. The taipans you wanted to know about . . . they're snakes — big, long, ornery snakes that make the cobra look harmless. But of course we also have the tiger snake and the brown snake and the death adder. Not to mention the sea snakes, which we're beginning to think are responsible for more deaths than we imagined. And other things too."

"What do you mean — *other* things?" My eyes darted all around.

"Well," he went on, "we've got the funnel spider — *very* deadly! And the blue-ringed octopus — which can kill you in about 30 seconds. And several varieties of conefish and stonefish. But the deadliest of all, the deadliest living thing in the world, in fact, is the sea wasp. We get them up along the northern coast by the thousands."

"The sea wasp!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know bees lived in the ocean."

"It's not a bee," he said, "it's a giant jellyfish — nasty-looking thing, actually. But don't forget, even the adorable little platypus can put you in hospital for days."

Well, I was in shock! Australia was awash in venom, the land and sea teeming with things to stop your heart or paralyse your lungs. One could be killed instantly. Anywhere.

But brave and feckless as I am, I refused to allow this information to dampen my enjoyment of either the fauna or anything else in Australia. Every dream has a dark side, after all. I simply dealt with any fear I may have felt in the most direct and intelligent way possible. I never left my room again.

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On November 20, 1978, almost a week before we were to wind up the tour in Sydney, Miss Frank left to go home to Boston. Our time in Australia had been extended, and then extended some more, and Miss Frank had to get home by Thanksgiving. She had promised her family she would be. And Miss Frank never breaks a promise.

Still, as I saw her board the plane, I had to keep myself from shrieking out and ordering her back. Even though the tour still had a week to go I knew, as I watched Miss Frank wave goodbye and disappear into the plane, that it was over.

I felt myself falling apart. But actually, by Melbourne, *everyone* was falling apart. After four months on the go, we all had come down with a severe case of Road Fever, a condition marked by alternating periods of intense silliness and overwhelming despair which has the peculiar quality of being a disease *and* an addiction.

No one talked about it much, but we all knew that the great circle was almost completed. In a week, our little show would take its place on that Big Marquee in the Sky. Still, it wasn't just the realisation that the tour was almost over which made everyone display that strain of manic gaiety which is, inevitably, a manifestation of both underlying sadness and a sense of loss.

It was something more: you can go around the world for the first time only once, and after that, the question is: *What do you do for an encore?*

As I watched Miss Frank's plane disappear, I wished we were starting all over again. After all, there were plenty of places we hadn't been to yet — Lapland, for example. I wondered what the Lapps would think of the show. Or me.

And the really extraordinary thing was — I wasn't afraid to find out.

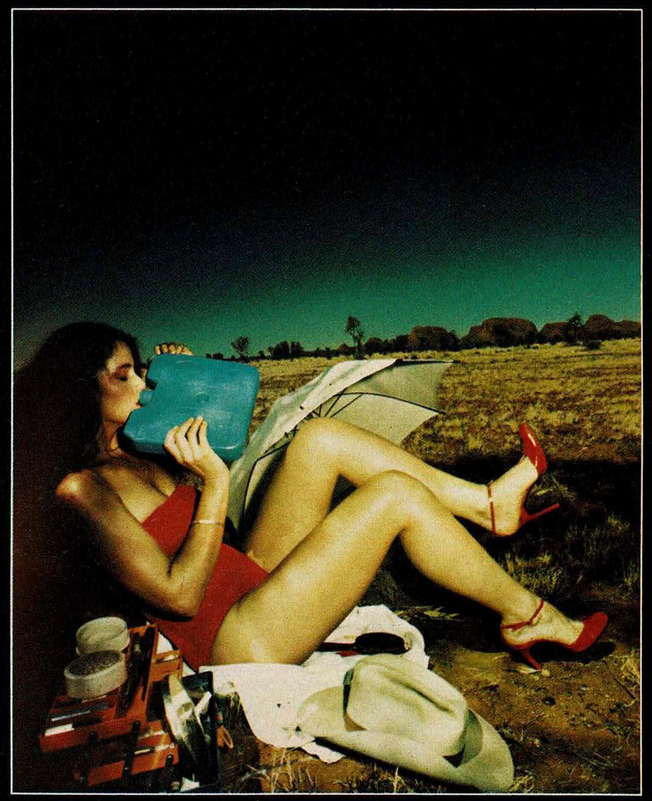
Extracted from *A View from A Broad,* by Bette Midler. Published by Angus and Robertson; recommended retail price $17.95. Copyright (c) Miss M. Productions Inc., 1980.

BETTE SPEAKING...

. . . Oh, Sydney! Sydney! How you have received me! What love you have shown! I'm so glad this turned out to be a deep meaningful relationship and not just a one-night stand. God knows, we have had our share of those. Ain't that right, girls?

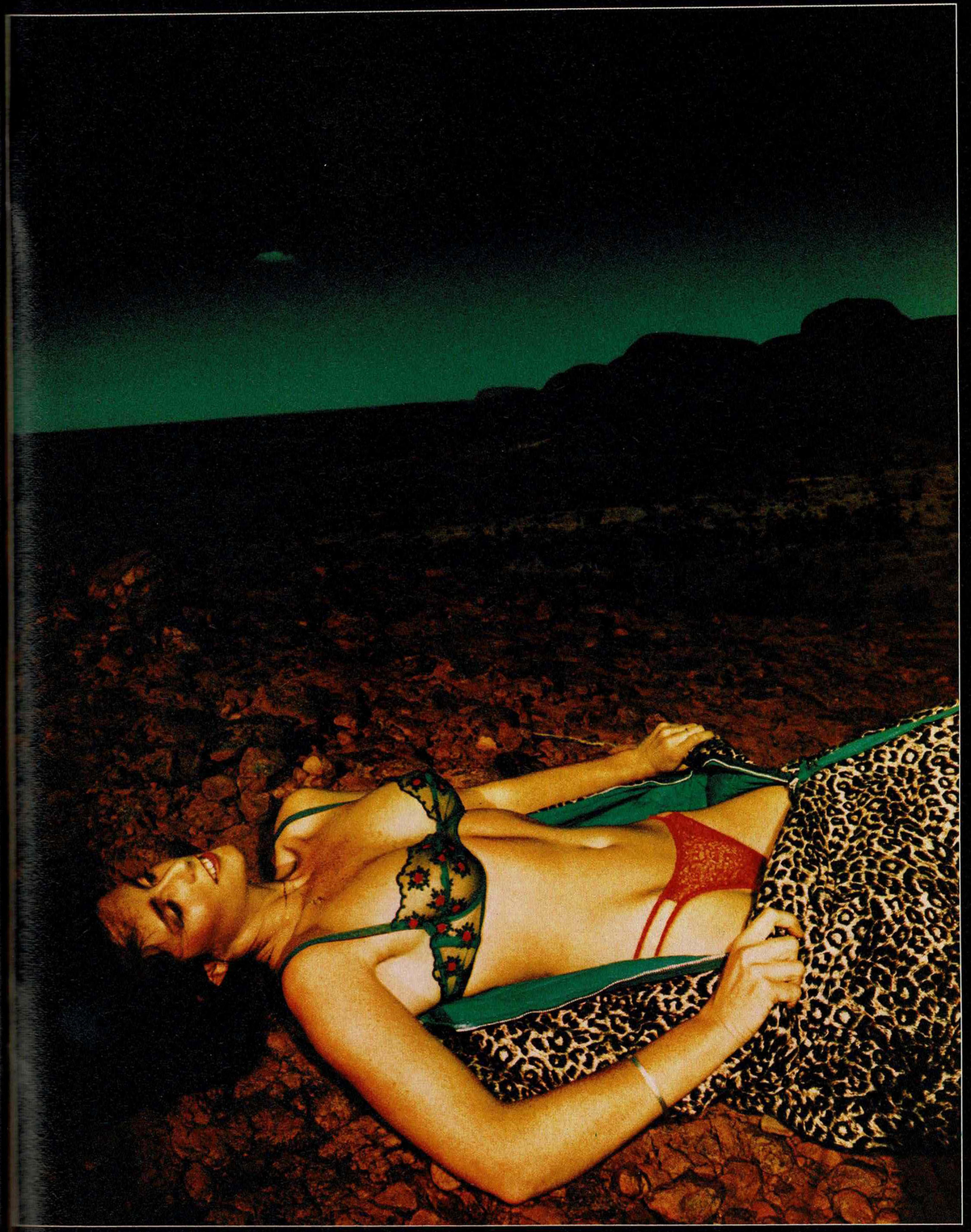
. . . Oh, I tell you, we're just aflutter this evening what with this turnout and this being our last night and all. Of course, we have had a wonderful time flipping and flopping around the world, but on the morrow, my dears, we get to go HOME! I mean I do love you down here — I do — but honey, I'd kill for a Fatburger . . . But let's face it, kids — once you're out of Sydney, every town is Perth. Let's talk about Perth for a minute. Actually, a minute is about as long as you can talk about Perth . . . and Melbourne is the kind of town that makes you consider the question — Is there life before death?

DIESEL DREAMS



The girl is dreaming (so you think) about you motoring up in your Mack truck to sweep her into the cabin and off . . . She just can't wait for one of those noisy and powerful rigs to rocket her away . . .

Photography by Brett Hilder



You were right! As dawn breaks, the big truck stands empty, door open for her to climb in. And she pulls herself aboard. So (you think) her fantasy is coming true . . .!

The sensuous power of the machine has knocked her right out! But then she gets inside to feel its naked force . . .

The scene switches to a motel. Who is she admiring on the wall? And waiting for on the bed? It's you! This is a male dream, not a female one (says a psychiatrist). Men subconsciously reverse their fantasies to make it appear the girl is the one being turned on by them . . .

NEW AGE PRIMER

from time to time, we'll be offering readers an elementary look at the way modern man manipulates technology to determine his future . . . in this issue, searching for the missing half of the universe and finding relief from herpes

IF YOU'RE a science-fiction lover, the idea of antimatter isn't foreign to you, nor are the ideas of parallel universes (mirror images of ours, invisible to us) and universes that go backward in time. If science fiction isn't your bag, what follows may seem like pure fantasy — but it isn't. Scientists are missing half of the universe. Let us explain.

Most physicists now believe that the universe was created about 15 billion years ago in an incredibly hot explosion of pure energy — a "big bang". Support for this theory is so strong that the past two Nobel Prizes in physics were shared by big bang proponents.

But some scientists maintain that this big bang theory fails to account for half of the universe. In the beginning, there was nothing but pure, hot energy. Since the time of Einstein, physicists have known that energy is just another form of matter, and vice versa. The energy of creation expanded and cooled, eventually condensing to form the matter of stars and planets.

Today, scientists convert energy routinely into matter, but the energy always forms an equal amount of antimatter (matter with reversed electric charge). If the energy of the big bang had formed equal numbers of particles and anti-particles, all of them might have been annihilated (cancelled out with release of energy), and we might not be here today. Thus there are only two possible ways to explain our presence. One is that there was an excess of matter over antimatter. The other is that the matter and the antimatter separated early, thus avoiding annihilation.

Some of the astronomers who are looking for the missing half of the universe are advancing theories that challenge today's physics. For example:

- The Swedish physicist Hans Alfven claims that in the early universe, annihilation energy helped insulate clouds of matter from clouds of antimatter. Thus, there should be domains of pure matter and pure antimatter within some galaxies.
- Maurice Goldhaber, of the Brookhaven National Laboratory in New York, suggests that the big bang started with a single particle, "the universon". That divided into a "cosmon" and an "anticosmon", which immediately flew apart — so far apart that we can never detect the anticosmon.
- Richard Gott of the California Institute of Technology suggests that the big bang created three parallel universes: Region I, where we live; Region II, which is made of antimatter and travels backward in time; and Region III, which travels faster than light.

Chunks of antimatter may even be floating nearby in space. We know that the moon is not made of antimatter — if it were, the astronaut Neil Armstrong would have been annihilated before he could say, "One small step . . ." The rest of the solar system is matter, too. But comets and meteors sometimes enter our solar system from remote regions of space where antimatter might predominate.

An antimatter meteorite entering the Earth's atmosphere would explode with hundreds of times the energy of an atomic bomb of the same weight. Smaller pieces of antimatter would scatter light over a large distance, possibly looking like a flying saucer and giving rise to UFO reports.

While some scientists search for the missing antimatter, others search for new physical laws to explain why we can observe an excess of matter. Steven Weinberg, of Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, shared the 1979 Nobel Prize in physics for a theory that helps explain the imbalance. According to Weinberg and others, the very early universe was dominated by a supermassive particle called the X boson. That particle set off processes that broke the symmetry between the matter and the antimatter, resulting in the present excess of matter.

In the past year, the search for the missing antimatter has been marked by three major accomplishments. First, antiprotons were stored for 85 hours in a magnetic ring at the European Organisation for Nuclear Research (CERN) in Geneva. Second, gamma rays were observed coming from the centre of our own Milky Way galaxy at the precise energy that indicates matter-antimatter annihilation. Finally, just a few months ago, a stream of antiprotons was discovered coming from deep space. In the next few months, two major experiments will study antimatter, one at CERN and one at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center in California.

There is no proof of the existence of large amounts of antimatter in the universe. On the other hand, there is no proof that quantities of antimatter are not present in the cosmos. Clear evidence in support of either position will help resolve an historic struggle in physics: reconciliation of the large world of relativity with the small world of quantum mechanics. — STEVE AARONSON

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In your quest for never-ending pleasure, there's nothing guaranteed to put a crimp in your style (and your serpent of love) like an onset of HSV2, the disease commonly known as herpes simplex virus type 2, or venereal herpes. If you've got it, you know what we mean. You also know the tingling, prickly sensation that usually precedes an outbreak of HSV2. And that's the time to strike back with an acupressure technique that at the very least brings temporary relief, and may even halt the outbreak.

Draw an imaginary line from the crown of your outer ankle to the nail of your little toe. Begin probing deeply with the tip of your thumb or index finger in the area about one third of the way from your ankle along that line. On many people, there will be a muscular bulge in that area, and a pinhead-sized point is located almost directly on top of that bulge.

While the point ordinarily may be tender, especially if you're a herpes sufferer, it may be almost excruciating during an outbreak of the virus if you probe the point deeply. But it's a pain that's good for you, say Oriental healers; if you massage that painful spot for half a minute or so, you should get immediate relief from both the pain and irritation that are characteristic of HSV2. You'll notice a sudden easing of tension and usually a sense of warmth — even perspiration — across your brow or shoulders.

As for those of you who *don't* have venereal herpes, you'll henceforth want to avoid anybody you see at your next orgy who keeps rubbing the tops of his or her feet. — MICHAEL BLATE

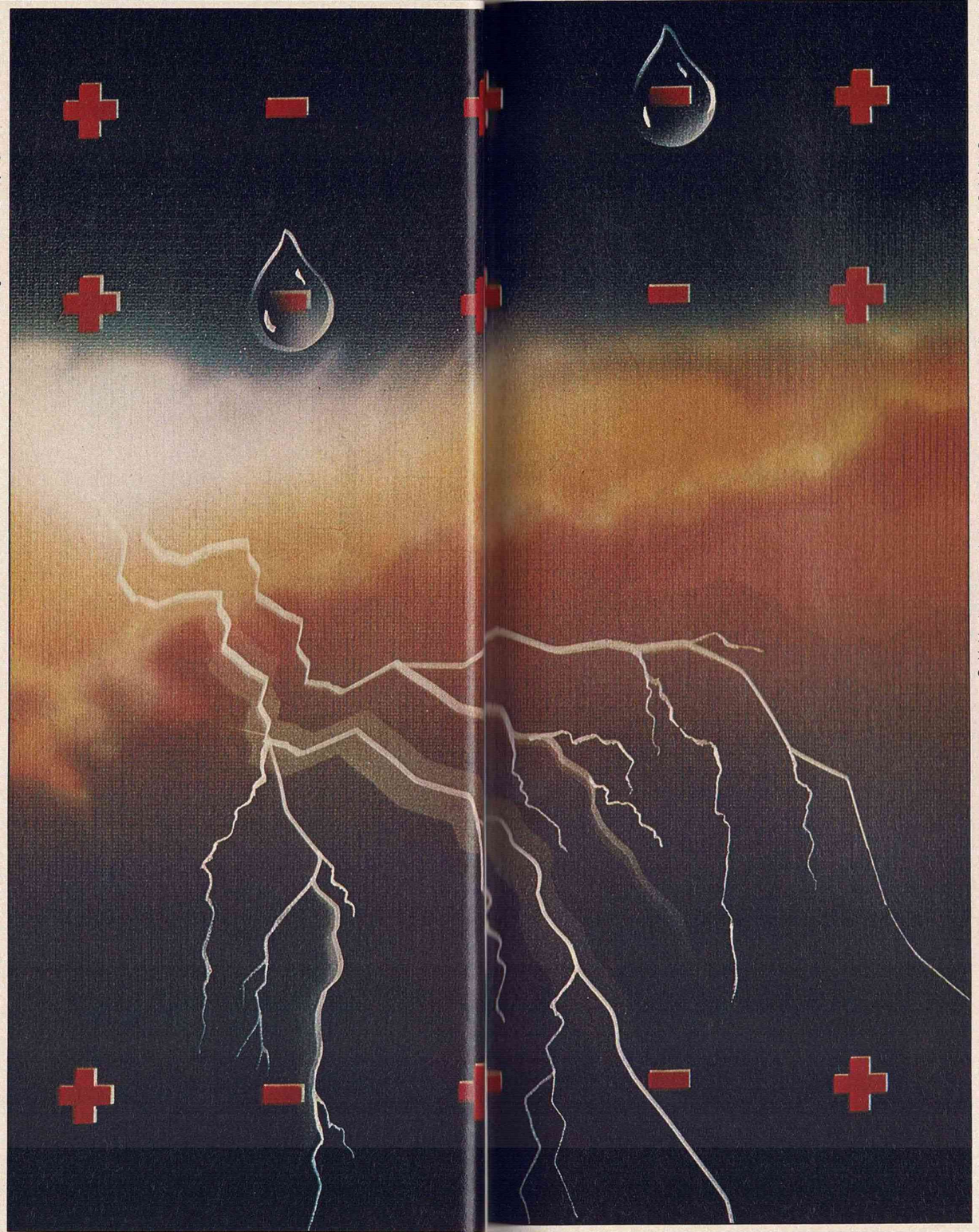

Illustration by Rudnak

VIDEO

The entertaining revolution

it was all much simpler back in the days of black and white tv — soon you will be sitting outside and watching your house

By JAMES CROWN

THE VIDEO REVOLUTION is about to engulf us and, when it does, this technological innovation will dramatically alter the face of Australian society. Sceptical? Think about the changes brought about when black-and-white and, later, color television arrived on our shores. Found the image? Right, now visualise the radical step of giving each of us total and independent control over the programming of television, the scheduling of movies — even, horror of horrors, the placement of those ubiquitous commercials that so liven up our drab lives and hone our dull intellects. Imagine: your own personal 24-hour-a-day prime-time viewing. That should be enough to provide a hint at the scope of the coming revolution, but it is only the bottom rung of changes almost too wondrous to behold.

What the video revolution is going to do to us can be seen by the ravages it has wrought on a large majority of the American socio-economic group, the trendsetters — those splendid spendthrifts who buy anything new, expensive and, too often, frivolous. We have benefited greatly by the sacrifices they have made. They demanded so much early video hardware (the machines themselves) and so many items of software (blank and pre-recorded programs) that the demand allowed manufacturers quickly to drop their prices, an inevitable result of moving to mass production techniques to service the growing demand. The trendsetters' sacrifice is simple: mass production refined technical detail and, now, most of those initial high-cost machines have become obsolete.

But this video revolution is much more than the mere manipulation of the time we watch a television show or a favorite commercial. It has to do with the whole basic fabric of our society; what we are about to embark on transcends national borders and traditional mores. The video revolution and its aftermath will give us access, via home satellite receivers, for example, to every major television network in the world. In Japan, right now, small discs in backyards are bringing satellite-relayed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIS MARTIN

transmissions to consumers in their homes. If Sydney television can be bounced off a satellite to send programs to the far northern outback, or to beam news reports worldwide, it will be a relatively easy jump in technology to put a signal pick-up dish on every rooftop.

Video, in all of its forms and potential outgrowths, has countless possibilities. For those *Star Wars'* aficionados intrigued by Princess Leia's three-dimensional message — via R2D2's memory banks — consider, in a slightly revised living-room from the one you now occupy, a three-dimensional Don Lane, Bert Newton or Brian Henderson. To show that it is not all sublime, consider a company that sells video "wallpaper" — half-hour video cassettes ($60 for the 14-cassette series) that bring nature into your home. Sit back, relax and watch the waves roll in, the brooks bubble, and the trees rustle in a gentle afternoon breeze, all single scenes on 30-minute videotapes. Trade in your 54cm television set for a "life-size" screen with a diagonal screen size of two metres. They are now available in Australia — for example, the National TC-6200A ($5995). There are still some bugs to be worked out, but it is one fantastic way to watch the Melbourne Cup . . . or better yet Bo Derek.

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Every revolution has to have a catalyst. The jumping-off point in video is the home video recorder. It is a piece of hardware that releases its owner from the chains of pre-determined television programming. The majority of video recorders in Australia cost between $700 and $1500. It is really a "time-shift" machine. Time returns to the control of the owner of the VTR/VCR machine. (VTR means video tape recorder, usually defined as the reel-to-reel variety; VCR is video cassette recorder, the boxed cassette enclosing the recording tape.)

The VCR allows the owner to build a library of his own recordings, taken from broadcast television stations, or to use his own camera or cameras, sound and vision mixers to make his own productions.

There are also video libraries that sell or rent an ever-growing range of pre-recorded programs: fiction, non-fiction, musicals and — the hottest seller — the X-rated, super-restricted, hard-core variety.

The VCR, then, is a recording machine which can store and replay picture and sound signals on magnetic tape. Added to this basic description must be the timer. This allows the owner to program the machine to switch on, record and switch off on its own. This aspect of video technology is developing so rapidly that machines are now on the market that will start, record and stop a number of times over a number of days; the machine can even switch channels while you are away.

With this technology, a VCR owner can watch Channel 9, while the VCR simultaneously "watches" and records Channel 10. It beats the situation in which viewers go for weeks with second-rate, B-grade Sunday night movies and then, suddenly, find two blockbusters programmed on different channels at the same time. If a third channel plays the same foolish game, borrow a neighbor's machine for the evening.

Now the problem — and there has to be a problem with something this grand — is that it is not all as easy as we may have suggested. To borrow a phrase that sums it up: "All video recorders are similar, but some are more similar than others." Although most VCR machines look, and appear to operate, the same, there are vastly different systems used to record and play back — so different, unfortunately, that material recorded on one recording format is not transferable for playback on a machine with a different recording format.

For comparison, consider the audio industry. If a consumer wants to listen to a record, he buys a record player. He can then buy any record and play it. He can buy an audio cassette recorder and play or record on any cassette made. Or he can buy a reel-to-reel tape recorder and record, play and edit any recording tape. Not so with video machines, videotapes or video cassettes. We can curse the manufacturers for this; they cannot get together and agree on a single format, and it is highly unlikely they ever will.

This format problem has caused uncertainty among consumers and retailers. No one wants to be trapped in a repeat of the quadraphonic disaster which occurred when CBS and RCA simultaneously introduced incompatible four-channel sound systems. Retailers found themselves stocking hardware, along with expensive software, for both. Consumers were confused and finally refused to buy either. A new so-called "state-of-the-art" audio form died on the shelf. Video manufacturers are only too aware of the failure of four-channel sound. However, the example has not stopped the proliferation of video cassette recorder formats.

There are three basic home video systems invented by three leaders in the industry, Philips, Sony and JVC: Philips' VCR (video cassette recorder) format, Sony's Betamax format (usually shortened to Beta) and the VHS (video home system) format from JVC.

Licences have been sold by these three to a host of manufacturers who turn out their own models built around one of the three formats. With rare exceptions, the manufacturers turn out machines compatible within one format. This means that VHS recorders from Akai can record tapes that can be played back on JVC, National, AWA, HMV, Nordmende, Rank Arena and Thorn machines. A Sony recorded tape, Beta format, can be played back on a Toshiba or Sanyo unit. The Philips' VCR format covers Philips, Pye and Kriesler. One exception is the Grundig SVR4004, based on the Philips-invented system. The SVR4004 will operate only with Grundig cassettes, coded Grundig ITT, which have an additional special mechanism and are therefore not compatible with the standard Philips VCR format.

The three basic formats (three and a half with the Grundig ITT) have differing tape cassette packages and also differ in their manner of recording the broadcast signal. Although there is fierce competition in the machine marketplace, an even fiercer battle is raging around the form and content of the blank cassette. Here, the quest is for a cassette with the maximum recording time; what controls this time is the length of tape wound into the cassette and the speed with which it is used. If, as has been suggested, cassette tape is to become the writing paper of the '80s and '90s, then the question of running time becomes crucial.

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At this point, the explanations get rather complicated. On a sound-only recorder, the information tracks are relatively continuous. A television picture is made up of two sets of lines, sequentially traced on the screen and interlaced. This tracing occurs once every 1-50th of a second. If the replay head on a video cassette machine reads the track in 1-25th of a second, there should be enough information for one set of interlacing lines. The second set required to complete the picture is obtained from the next track. This means the tracks can now be laid down *across* the tape instead of along its *length*. The linear motion of the tape can be quite slow, because the recording and replay heads can be made to move at the same time as the tape is transported over them.

In early helical scan cassette recorders, the tracks were separated by a space to avoid the possibility of crosstalk between the tracks. Crosstalk could occur if record and replay speeds varied slightly. The extra space between the tracks was a waste of tape. Engineers got their heads down and were soon cutting down the space and beating the crosstalk problem.

The engineers also reduced tape speed across the record-replay heads, producing longer playing cassettes. The speed of technological development is such that it is perhaps dangerous to say this but the general consensus among video engineers is that videotape recorder formats are likely to change very little in the near future, so libraries of recorded material can be assembled on each individual format with little fear of redundancy.

Blank cassette tapes vary in price, depending on their time capacity. A one-hour cassette price, for different brands, looks like this: Sanyo L250 $15, Grundig SVC1 $23.50. For three-hour tapes, the cost is: Sanyo L750 $26, Grundig SVC3 $31.70.

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The video revolution has spawned many offshoots from the standard record-replay machine and one of the most intriguing of these is the video disc. It has not reached Australia in commercial quantities, but will later this year. When it went on sale in the city of Atlanta in America shortly before Christmas, 1978, there were 75 buyers lined up in front of Rich's Department Store ready to lay down $US695 for the hardware alone. Only 25 shoppers took machines home; that exhausted the supply. But the other 50 — plus hundreds more within the next few months — were quick to get their names on the waiting list.

Discs for replay — there is no record facility on these machines — cost between $US6.95 and $US20, depending on whether you want a half-hour cooking lesson or the full, uncut version of such films as *Patton, American Graffiti, Jesus Christ Superstar, Jaws, The Sting* and *Earthquake*. The price is all-inclusive, whether the program is contained on one record or four. The initial MCA catalogue published had more than 300 movie titles listed as available.

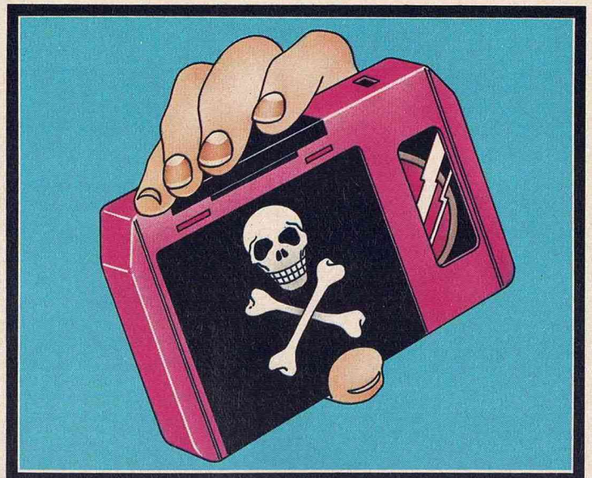
The first video disc turntable, invented by Philips and manufactured for its North American subsidiary, Magnavox, was about the size of a video cassette machine. The "record" rotates at 1800rpm and a laser tracks the digitally-encoded disc. The discs are encoded for the NTSC color system and cannot be used with the Australian PAL or SECAM television sets.

An aside here about terminology: the National Television Standards Committee (NTSC) established that American television would have a standard line scan of 525 lines. In Europe, the Phase Alternating Line system (PAL) is in use with a 625-line scan per frame. The additional 100 lines per frame improve the resolution and detail. France and the Eastern European countries use-*Sequential Couleur A'Memoir* (SECAM), which is similar to PAL in its use of 625 lines. Australia also uses 625 scan lines per frame.

Universal, the film division of the mighty MCA Corporation, is now working with Pioneer on a PAL video disc system for Australia.

The video disc does not have the conventional grooves of the common record. The digital encoding allows a relatively flat surface and the reading by laser ensures no record wear during "play". The records have a vinyl centre with a mirror-like silvery surface. The recorded information is arranged in a spiral from the outside edge to the centre, in much the same way as a conventional audio record.

Each side holds 30 minutes of programming. It is only a short technological jump — already made in some movie discs — to 60- and 90-minute sides. The discs have stereo capability. This capability is, to many, what makes the video disc more attractive than video cassette. So



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WINTER

Pirate plunder

A massive problem for legitimate sellers of pre-recorded programs is "piracy". The pirate sells programs that, simply put, he has usually stolen in one form or another. He operates in a clearly illegal manner, ignoring copyright procedures and royalties, and stripping program producers and distributors of legitimate fees.

The pirate operates without high overhead: all he needs is access to programs, a few pieces of equipment to reproduce the programs, and a method of distribution.

If he wants a film that has only just been released to theatre chains, he simply pays off a projectionist, borrows the film and makes his copy.

Some of the methods and results are rather blatant. A classic example is Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. Pirates had a tape of the film in circulation six months before the movie was released — even before the film was shown at Cannes. Considering the portability of video equipment, the dupe might even have been made in the storage vault where the film was kept.

Those who know tell us that a first-run feature due to be screened in Sydney or Melbourne next month is probably available from a pirate at between $150 and $200. In Canada, America, England and Australia, the conservative estimate suggests that $100 million to $500 million is lost in ticket sales each year as pirates raid their sources.

Another aspect of the piracy problem involves the legal question of what we can or cannot do in the privacy of our own homes. Part of this problem, of course, is the fault of television and film companies. By refusing to release program material for home consumer use until long after its initial release, they are actually creating a market for piracy.

A case in point is the battle royal which has just been resolved in America. A suit was brought by MCA (Universal Pictures) and Walt Disney Productions against Sony, its advertising agency and several retailers handling Betamax format video recorders.

MCA/Disney claimed that recording "off-the-air" of their copyright programs was an infringement of that copyright, and therefore illegal. According to the suit, MCA/Disney also claimed recordings would result in a loss of audience and revenues.

After three years of legal arguments, a federal judge in Los Angeles, Warren Ferguson, recently ruled in favor of Sony and the home video consumer's right to videotape for private use commercial television programs. He ruled that there was no infringement of existing copyright laws. The judge also ruled that the MCA/Disney claim of lost profits was not viable.

far, video cassette players lack stereo sound. The second audio channel on the disc could also be used for a second language — a simultaneous translation.

One of the more exciting aspects of video disc is that the machine is capable of freezing a single frame on the television screen. Suddenly, a whole new world of video information storage opens up. On a disc with a 30-minute side, there are 54,000 individual frames. In that number of frames we could, for example, store images of most of the world's art treasures. Shown for five seconds each, the program would run three days and three hours. Each frame can be assigned a reference number; the entire side could be scanned in 26 seconds — the frame numbers appearing on the screen — and an individual frame selected and viewed. Also consider: if the average book is 300 pages long, and each page could fill a frame, one double-sided disc could store 360 books. Is there anyone who can still doubt that a quantum leap in our leisure, recreation, education, *ad infinitum,* is taking place?

A word of caution, however. Where VCR technology has had a little time to settle down, video disc is still very new. Although Australians will have the advantage of watching and learning from American consumer and manufacturing mistakes before the equipment gets here, be careful . . . go slowly. None of us wants to repeat the quadraphonic debacle. Differing formats and "reading" systems for the discs are on the horizon.

Another company that has announced it is about to enter the video disc marketplace is RCA. In America, RCA is already announcing its new programs under the banner of Selecta Vision. Included in the RCA catalogues are such titles as *It's A Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown, A Charlie Brown Christmas* and *Jesus of Nazareth.*

When video disc takes off in Australia, the entertainment possibilities will expand 10-fold. For example, in America, for playback on the Magnavox-Magnavision video disc system, $6 will get you — complete and unabridged — movies such as *The Day of the Jackal; Diary of a Mad Housewife; Dirty Harry; The Godfather, Parts 1* and *2; The Greek Tycoon; Looking For Mr Goodbar; Psycho; Rooster Cogburn; Saturday Night Fever; The Sting;* and *The Wild Bunch.*

A mere $10 provides access to titles such as *Battlestar Galactica, Dracula, Duel* and various episodes of *The World At War.* Just $6 brings a number of titles from the Jacques Cousteau series, various boxing matches including Muhammad Ali's big fights, how to stop smoking, or how to play tennis, or swim, or play basketball, or practise needlework. It goes on and on.

This is complete home entertainment at a reasonable cost. For example, a full-length, common stereo record set, with the audio only, of *Swan Lake* sells for $15 to $25. The video disc, providing full stereo *plus* the visual experience of Fonteyn and Nureyev, is listed in the MCA catalogue at $20.

The possibilities are endless: we may see discs of phone books, encyclopedias, shopping catalogues; literally — or visually — anything that can be compiled.

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To use video only as a "time-shift" mechanism is to miss out on the creative side of the medium. You can be your own Reg Grundy. With your own abilities and *lots* of money, your home environment — inside and out, bedroom and poolside — can be your stage. The problem here is cost and a rapidly changing technology. For the people who make and market Super-8 film cameras the future looks bleak, even though it will be some time before video reaches the portability and low cost of a Super-8 outfit.

Today, a JVC HR-3330 recorder and playback unit costs less than $1300. With an accessory Tele-Cine Converter, 8mm film and 35mm slides can be transferred to videotape. For an additional $1600, you can add a color video camera, the JVC G71-P-AC. The specifications for the camera, even at a most basic level, are awesome: a 17-102mm zoom lens; viewfinder with auto or manual aperture control; three light-emitting diodes (LEDs) to show over- and under-exposure, recording mode, pause mode, battery power; microphone jack for external connection; and video recorder start-stop switch. Shooting time is 15 minutes with 12 R14 batteries, one hour with a rechargeable battery pack, or unlimited with an AC power adapter.

National has two color cameras: WV331OE ($1235) and WV3300E ($1645). Telefunken offers the FK40 color camera ($1932). If that's too rich, start off home production in black-and-white: Sanyo's VC1400 camera ($400) or Akai's VCS-8300C ($360) plus 8X zoom lens ($208) and electronic viewfinder ($125).

Of course, one camera and one recorder do limit your production capabilities. There's no editing facility and the equipment is bulky. National has a portable recorder that cuts down the bulk. But the NV-8400A-EN recorder ($1400) still weighs in at a hefty nine kilograms. An additional $550 provides the NV-8400A-EN with a tuner-adapter (NV-V800) to record television programs. Add the previously-mentioned National WV-3300E camera and you are on your way to production. For instant playback in the field, the camera's viewfinder doubles as a playback monitor.

Although with one camera there is no facility for editing, the videotape can be erased and reused over and over again.

For *real* production, you need at least two recorders, a camera and an editing console. The console allows you to edit pictures and sound electronically. Add a second camera and a switching console and you can cut from one camera's viewpoint to another. As you've no doubt guessed, your costs have just skyrocketed.

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The shape of things to come could be seen at the *Funkaussetellung,* held recently in Berlin. This was the single largest audio/video exhibition in the world, covering 90,000 square metres of floor space. By the end of the exhibition, 625,000 enthusiasts had surveyed the equipment of 525 exhibitors. There were representatives of 26 countries, including a number from Australia.

There were six video disc systems shown and a whole range of video cassette machines, including some new formats which will only heighten the apprehension of some consumers. There was even a range of satellite-to-home hardware — the shape of things to come.

One of the most innovative pieces of video equipment was Philip's new VR2020, which will record and replay up to eight hours on one cassette. The breakthrough came when Philips divided a 12mm tape along its linear centre, thus producing two parallel 6mm tracks. The tape is reversible and each side holds four hours. Those who know about such things say the quality is as good as anything available on VHS or Beta formats. The VR2020 allows pre-programming of five separate functions over a 16-day period. There is also facility for an auto-search of the tape, with displayed numbers on the screen, so you can locate a specific program or place in a program.

The VR2020 is expected to cost about 30 percent more than current Philips models, making it more than $2000. However, it is not compatible with any other format, even other Philips models.

Technology is growing rapidly. BASF showed a machine at the Berlin show that uses a conventional open reel and fixed head. The non-moving head means that the tape has to whip through the recording head very fast. At four metres a second, the tape runs only two and a half minutes. Not enough recording time, you say? This machine, the Longitudinal Video Recorder (LVR), reverses itself and records another track. That's five minutes. It does this reversing trick on its 8mm-wide tape 72 times, producing three hours of recording time.

Another breakthrough was shown by Mitsubishi, which unveiled a VHS format machine capable of playing back in any of the world's three television standards — NTSC, SECAM or PAL.

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Advising readers on the question of buying video equipment now or later is too much like Russian roulette to be enjoyable. Sony and JVC are the only reassuring voices. Their spokesmen say compatibility of their video recorders is policy for the foreseeable future. With the Philips system, policy is not quite so concrete. There have been already too many changes within the Philips system, destroying the hope of internal compatibility — and the introduction of the variant Grundig SVR4004 with its special cassette does little to calm uneasy minds.

Prices should come down; they already have fallen considerably during the past 10 months.

As an alternative to outright purchase, why not consider hiring? Joe Hasham's Electronic Sales and Rental frequently advertises on television, offering a rental scheme made even sweeter by the company's offer of a special video library, plus the line: "And, if you're over 21, we have a special range of programs for you."

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During the past year, a number of companies have surfaced to sell or lend pre-recorded programs. Some of them had already been in the business of lending and selling 8mm and 16mm films; diversification into video was natural. The number of these companies will only increase in the future.

With most video library firms, the formality of joining consists of filling out a comprehensive form on which you detail such personal information as your employer, a few personal and business references, the brand of VCR you own and the format you require. At Home Video King, for example, a joining fee of $10 is required which is not refundable, but which includes one year's membership and a catalogue of available programs. After the first year, a membership fee of $5 a year is charged.

Most companies require a deposit, usually about $50. This deposit is forfeited if tape is damaged. If the tape is lost or destroyed, some firms will charge the customer the cost of a new tape. Home Video King offers video movies on VHS 6mm format only. Make sure you return the tape on time. A late return fee of 100 percent a day is charged above the initial $5 a day ($10 a weekend) fee.

The KGC Video Library is into package deals. The standard rates are $12 and $15 a day, depending on the subject chosen. However, by taking a package of 10 video films, the rate falls to $10.50 a movie; for 16 films, only $9.38. KGC also sells films at $80 a title.

Video Classics have 53 titles in their library. Outright purchase is $70; hire at $9.90 a night or $14.90 a week or three films during one month for $40.

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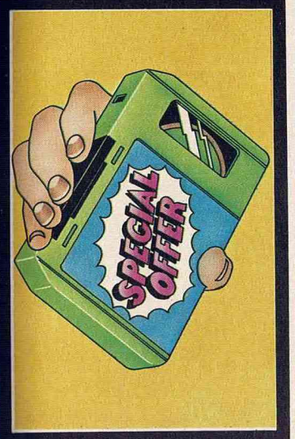
Where will the video revolution end? Simple. It won't. In fact, it will probably increase geometrically with each new technology spawning multiple offshoots. Life will become video-oriented. Libraries and shopping centres will service customers direct to their homes. Computer technology, video technology and variants of microprocessors will totally change the form and shape of our lives. The prospects are exciting, if bewildering.



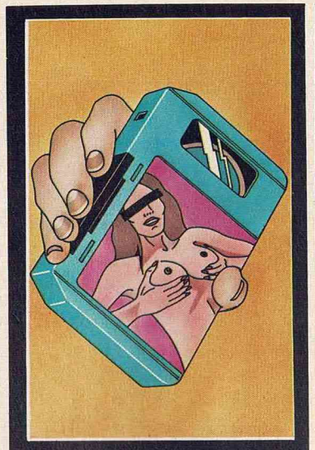
'Prime time' problems

As the new video revolution changes the way we live, it is also going to have ramifications in the world of advertising, television network programming and, in particular, the concept of "prime time".

Prime time — peak television viewing time — which is defined as a period ranging from 6pm until 11pm, will suddenly find its parameters extended to encompass the entire clock. The video cassette recorder can be programmed to tape a show at any time of the day or night. *When* you finally sit down to watch that program is your decision.

But what of the advertiser in this new world of entertainment? He has the massive problem of determining who is watching what and when. How does the advertiser get across his message? Where does he place it? One suggestion is that video cassettes may come with commercial messages built-in. In other words, you might buy the movie *Alien* for $15 without commercials, or you might pay $5 and see 15 minutes of commercials.

There will also be a mass of independent producers putting together pre-packaged programs and, as a result, a much wider range of programs will be available. Broadcast television may find itself returning to what it does best: live coverage of news, sports and entertainment.



Plethora of porn

It was inevitable, perhaps, that pornography would find a natural home in the video cassette. A glance through video library catalogues will quickly reveal that a cornucopia of hard-core and soft-core viewing is readily available. As well, there is the added bonus of home production with video cameras.

In America, the recently-held annual Consumer Electronics Show confirmed the value of this business. A conservative estimate by the CES *Trade News Daily* puts X-rated features as representing more than 50 percent of the market.

Titles such as *Teenage Cheerleaders, Kinky Ladies of Bourbon Street* and *The Orgy Box* can be found on the same counters as documentaries, how-to-do-it recipes and children's programs.

Most hard-core pornography is straight-forward actual sex; for some, it will become rather a bore to watch after the first viewing. It is usually poorly produced; its maker guesses, and rightly so, that all buyers really want to see is sweating skin and one nubile body joined to another.

The personally-produced X show is probably the most fun. Since the average couple will do it alone, the video camera can be placed on a tripod and set to record the whole scene; naturally the result will be for only limited distribution.

THE FLYTRAP

sykes knew that mambaton was a liar, and he was claiming he could flog a flytrap that was unsellable

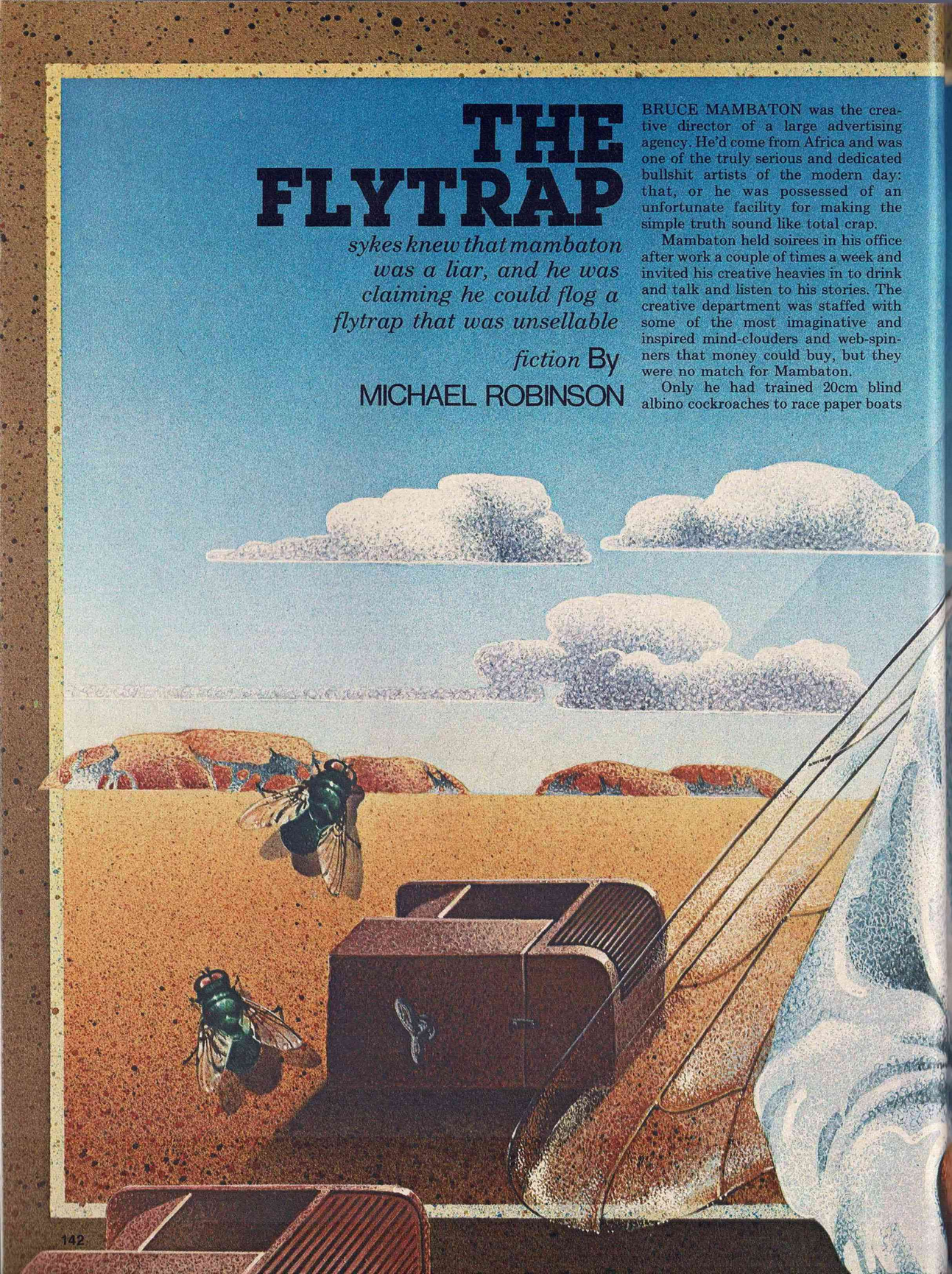
fiction By

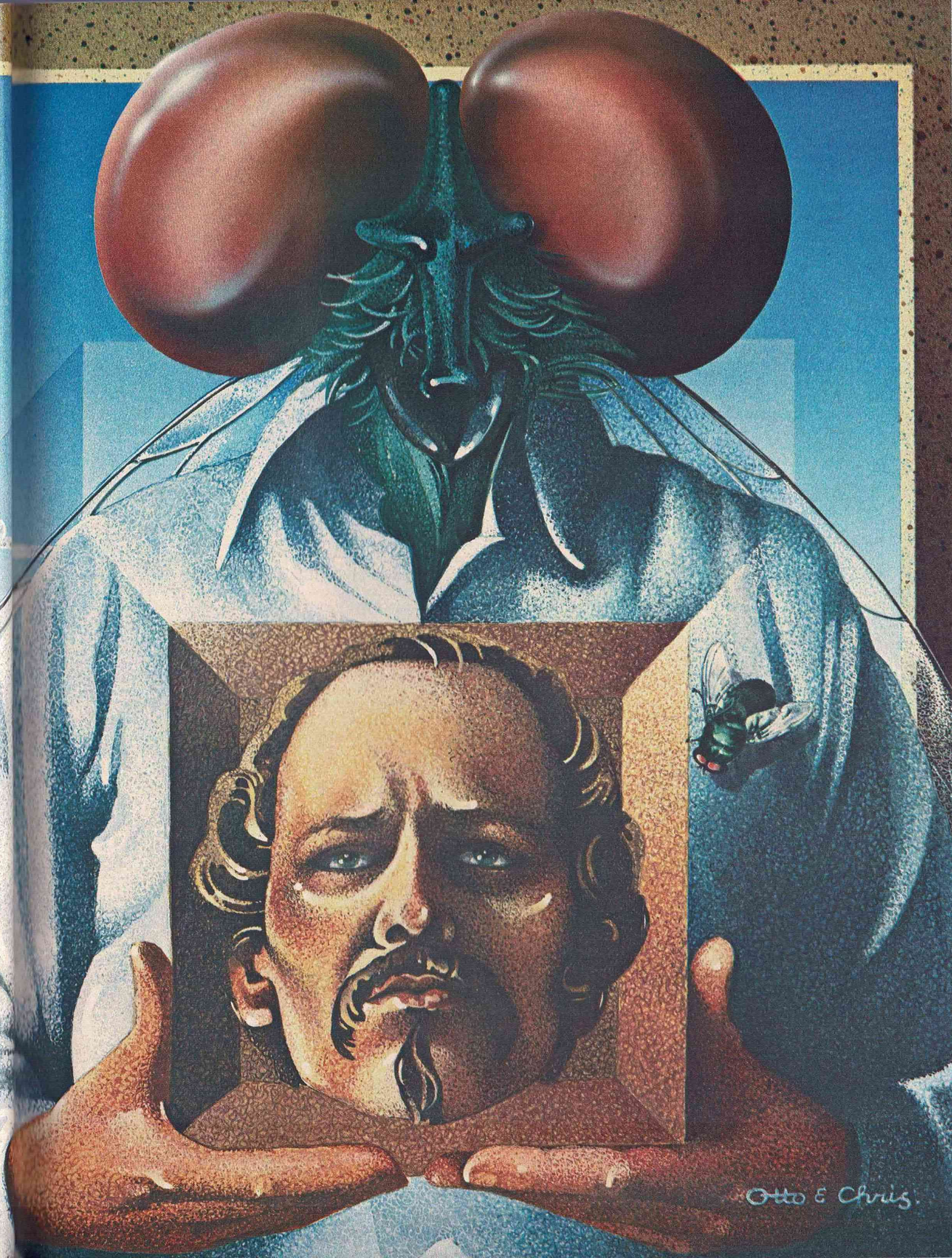
MICHAEL ROBINSON

BRUCE MAMBATON was the creative director of a large advertising agency. He'd come from Africa and was one of the truly serious and dedicated bullshit artists of the modern day: that, or he was possessed of an unfortunate facility for making the simple truth sound like total crap.

Mambaton held soirees in his office after work a couple of times a week and invited his creative heavies in to drink and talk and listen to his stories. The creative department was staffed with some of the most imaginative and inspired mind-clouders and web-spinners that money could buy, but they were no match for Mambaton.

Only he had trained 20cm blind albino cockroaches to race paper boats





along underground streams in the Katanganese copper mines. Only he had played wing three-quarter for the Springboks, sold sewing machines to the Masai, been batman to the Garter King of Arms in London, and guided Czech refugees over the border after the Russian invasion in '68.

Now, at the early age of 34, he ran a big department and ran it well. Clients always responded to his enthusiasm and logic, and even the most unreasonable of them bought the ads he presented. The agency management were most impressed with the way he contained the assortment of eccentrics, egotists and ratbags under his command, and extracted high-quality work from them all. Mambaton controlled them with a never-ending stream of parables, maxims, anecdotes and first-hand experiences that clarified each situation and made perfect sense. He couldn't be beaten, no one could disprove him and he'd never been caught out. After a while, a lot of them even started doubting their doubts about Mambaton.

Sykes was different. He'd seen everything and knew that what Mambaton purported to have done was impossible. Sykes had been out in the hard world since he was a small lad, first in the merchant navy, then in the British Army. He claimed to have seen every festering hellhole, every stinking pit the world had to offer. Sykes had also hidden in the Australian outback for many years, working as a rabbit trapper, shearer, cook's helper, dingo fence patrol officer and opal grubber.

How Sykes made it from a hole in the ground at Coober Pedy to a carpeted, air-conditioned office in Sydney as a highly-paid copywriter is a mystery too complex to ponder here. The point is that Sykes had met more drunks, madmen, liars, thieves, perverts, spielers, bush lawyers, tearaways, larrikins and patter merchants than there are public servants in Canberra. He'd heard the most amazing fabrications, stories of insane proportion, and it drove him crazy that Mambaton's inevitably were better.

Sykes gnashed and stamped, leaping from his chair in sweating disarray, eyes glinting and arms waving like a broken windmill, yelling: "Impossible, you tiny bastard. You're lying. You're raving on. Admit it!"

Mambaton would open his arms to Sykes as if to make himself simply more vulnerable and smile. "Sykes, you *know* I never lie."

Eventually, it became Sykes' obsession to disprove Mambaton and expose him to the world for what Sykes knew him to be – the baron of bullshit, the rajah of rubbish. His chance came as a result of his ill-conceived entry into the Chinese clockwork flytrap market.

Sykes got drunk with some strange opportunist in the Dapto boozer one weekend and, after considerable negotiation, managed to corner the entire world supply of Chinese clockwork flytraps (about 200 of them). The flytrap was ingenious. One half contained the motor which turned a wooden paddle at almost imperceptible speed. This was smeared with some fly-attracting unguents. The flies would land for a feed and a bit of leg-rubbing, not noticing that they were slowly being revolved into the dark bowels of the flytrap. Once inside, they had no option but to fly through the cage, which made up the other half of the device. The owner then either waited until the flies died of old age or sprayed the cage with insecticide, waited for all the buzzing to cease, unclipped the cage and let the flies fall into a suitable receptacle.

Sykes rushed into work with a demonstration model and started it up at once. Its novelty value caused a great deal of initial interest, but this soon waned. A few account executives hung around a little longer, unsure whether the flytrap was the ultimate new executive toy and talking piece or just a foolish gimmick. Eventually, they decided that they should play it safe and not get involved.

The flytrap ran solidly for three days and failed to capture a single winged one. Sykes upgraded the bait until the smell in his office was unbearable. Still no flies! It finally occurred to Sykes that perhaps a mid-city office with windows that wouldn't open and a security guard on the door was inaccessible to flies.

His closer friends taunted him daily. "Caught anything yet, lad?"

"Don't laugh, you bastard," Sykes muttered. "It works, I tell you."

Gold was cruelly realistic. "Listen, one can of aerosol spray will kill more flies in 10 seconds than 1000 of those ridiculous bloody things could in 10 years. You don't have to wind the can up, either."

"You unimaginative idiot," roared Sykes. "It has charm and it's good fun, the bloody thing . . ."

The more obvious it became to Sykes that he had done his dough, the more frantic he became in the pursuit of sales. He took the flytrap with him to pubs and restaurants and agency meetings, extolling its virtues to anyone who would listen. Basically, no one wanted to know, except for a couple of restaurateurs who saw the flytrap as a criticism of their establishments and asked Sykes to leave.

In one last desperate bid to prove the flytrap's viability, Sykes managed to bluff the university into giving him 50,000 bush flies, which he released within the agency. The air was thick with them for days. In spite of the annoyance, everyone responded to Sykes' plea and refrained from using chemical sprays to clear the air. The flies died in armadas around the windowsills and skirting boards, on desks and inside electric typewriters. They made epic journeys through the air-conditioning ducts and permeated every part of the building. A few even managed to find their way into the flytrap, where they were watched hungrily by Sykes.

All this activity rekindled only a flicker of new interest in the flytrap and there was no rush to buy. People's thoughts turned once again to fornication, drink or better headlines and Sykes was left alone in his office, with only the hum of flies both captured and free and the whirr of the clockwork flytrap to break the silence.

The unfortunate Sykes eventually resigned himself to failure and wrote off the flytraps as a bad joke. He kept one on his desk to remind himself of his lunacy, but made no reference to it, nor would he discuss it.

The whole affair had almost passed from living memory when Mambaton brought it up at one of the evening boozing sessions in his office. "Sold any of those clockwork flytraps yet, Sykesey?" he asked kindly.

Sykes shot him a surly glance and snapped back: "You know bloody well I haven't, so shut up!"

Mambaton leaned forward earnestly. "Perhaps you've been going about it the wrong way. Anything is sellable, you know."

"Total and utter cock," retorted Sykes as he looked out of the window and watched 200 Chinese clockwork flytraps floating by.

Mambaton appealed for an audience from the grinning copywriters and art directors lounging around. "A clockwork flytrap, especially a Chinese one, should be easy. The first ploy I tried when I was selling the sewing machines to the Masai . . ."

Sykes leapt from his chair, gesturing savagely. "Look, you tiny, mumbling, Springbok bastard, I know how to sell and I'm telling you these things can't be sold."

Mambaton grinned broadly. (It was an amazing thing to see. He had so many fillings that Conzinc Rio Tinto jumped a few points every time he smiled in public.) "Nonsense," he continued, unperturbed. "It's simply a matter of using all your considerable copywriting skills to come up with a hard-hitting verbal approach."

Sykes refused to respond, so Stan had a stir of the pot. "All right, Bruce," Stan laughed, "Sykes has the flytrap, you claim you can sell anything and there's a boozer filled with mugs next door. No doubt they're all dying to own a clockwork flytrap." Mambaton finished his beer and stood up. "An excellent idea," he retorted.

Sykes was back in a flash with the trap, which he handed over anxiously, as if it was Pandora's box with loose hinges and a broken lock. Mambaton led the way to the "Dunny", a most appropriate nickname for the Dunfermline Castle, perhaps the most anaemic bloodhouse left in the area. He had the flytrap firmly under his arm, the cage now impressively half full. He had taken the trouble to scoop up a few deadies from his windowsill before leaving.

The flytrap was placed on the bar for all to see.

"The first thing," Mambaton announced to Sykes and the others, "is to choose your subject carefully." He looked around the smoky, noisy bar with a studied sweep and then turned back to his small following of disbelievers. "I suggest perhaps the clown in the parking attendant's uniform deserves the chance to own a Chinese clockwork flytrap," said Mambaton, picking up the trap and his beer and working his way round the bar until he was alongside the victim.

Only Darrow and the ginger man would bet on Mambaton. Stan had 10 against, as did Hank and Hutters. Even the diminutive, nervous, perspiring Hendo bunged on five against, but he had to borrow it from Count Goulash. They all craned over the bar, trying to focus their ears through the hubbub and on to Mambaton's earnest conversation with the parking attendant. Mambaton was at his animated best. He looked the parking attendant in the bleary eyes and talked with a passion. He turned the fellow's attention to the flytrap and gave him a comprehensive demonstration, pointing out every innovation and subtlety.

He bought his prospect more drink and continued to bash his ear. Occasional snatches of conversation drifted across to the anxious onlookers. "I'm a go to Syd-a-ney . . ."

"Relax, sir, you *are* in Sydney, and you're a very lucky man."

"I'm a go to Syd-a-ney . . ."

Sykes was beside himself with delight. "Ha, ha, the bastard's picked on a flamin' immigrant. A drunken bloody immigrant."

"Steady, Sykes," said Stan. "You're an immigrant yourself."

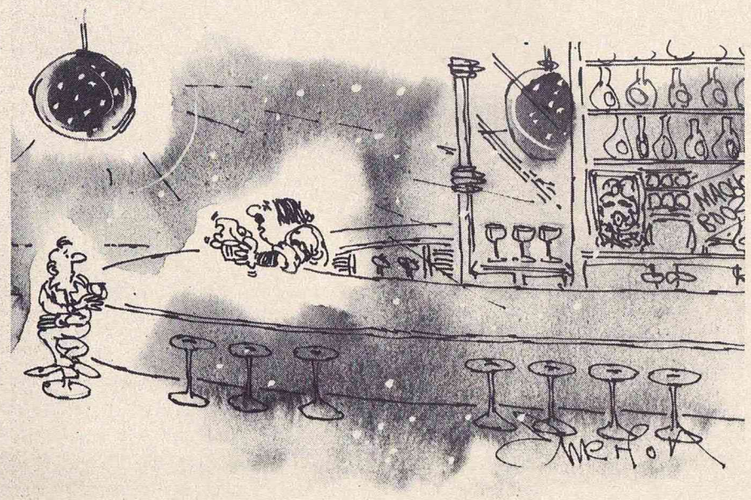
They watched intently as Mambaton drew the parking attendant through the full range of emotions. At first he was delighted with the clockwork flytrap, then amused, interested and then reluctant. Common sense prevailed for a while, but wilted with the drink. Mambaton kept his attention focused on the small whirring box and whispered words of irresistible logic in his ear.

Slowly, and almost reluctantly, the parking attendant drew a slim wad of folded notes from his trouser pocket and counted a stack of it out into Mambaton's outstretched hand. After another drink and a few slaps on the back, Mambaton seemingly tore himself away and returned to his incredulous friends. He made sure the parking attendant was looking elsewhere and pressed the money on to Sykes. "My boy," was all he said.

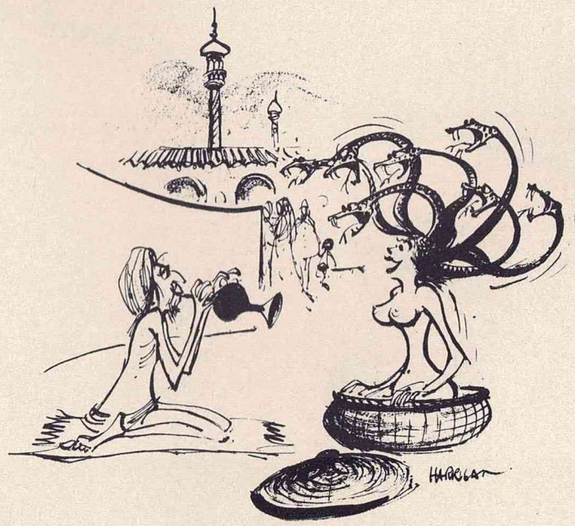
Sykes quickly hid the money and stood looking from Mambaton to the parking attendant and back again. Mambaton was kissed and patted and congratulated while Darrow and the ginger man gathered in their winnings and ordered ports all round.

Sykes suddenly leapt through the group and seized Mambaton, shaking him violently. "How did you do it? How?" he spluttered. "You've done something you haven't told us! Tell me the ploy."

Mambaton waited until the shaking stopped and picked up his port. "You have no faith. I told you I was a genius salesman. That was easy compared

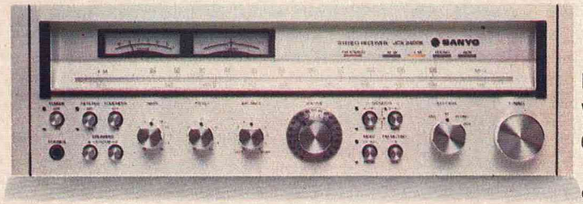


"Yeah mate. This is a singles bar. Looks like you're the one tonight."



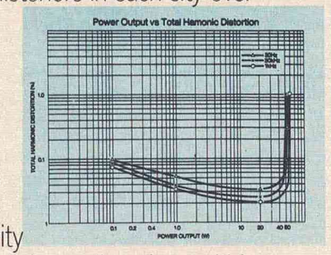
"Say, you're quite a charmer."

Hear what over $1,000,000 worth of FM equipment sounds like for $457*



Australia's new FM stations are going to revolutionise breakfast, drive, and dinner with the world's very latest and best Hi fidelity broadcast equipment.

Added to existing FM equipment, costs will exceed $3,000,000 and give listeners in each city over $1,000,000 worth of the finest most sensitive FM equipment in the world.



Jazz, Rock and the Classics will come through clear and pure and with separation that will be truly incredible.

That is, if your receiver is up to it. At $457 recommended retail the Sanyo JCX 2400K Receiver offers superb FM reception.

The impressive 50 watt RMS power per channel comes with a mere 0.3% total harmonic distortion over the entire 20-20,000 Hz range.

The 2 gate MOS FET front and 7 stage filter systems ensure high sensitivity and low noise. An extremely wide automatic gain control boosts weak FM signals so all stations within your aerial's range have equal opportunity on the air.

For $331 recommended retail the Sanyo JCX 2300K delivers almost identical performance with less power. At 30 watts RMS per channel the 2300K delivers the same 20-20,000 Hz range at 0.4% T.H.D.

The MOS FET circuitry and 7 stage filters again ensure high sensitivity and low noise.

All of which means you can enjoy millions and millions of dollars worth of the world's best FM equipment and records for comparatively little money.

*Prices quoted are recommended retail.

PHG 3552

with flogging the sewing machines to the Masai . . ."

Sykes cut him off in a hoarse voice. "Stop that crap. What did you tell him? How did you sell him?"

"Easily," Mambaton explained. "I demonstrated the thing to get him interested, and the sale wrapped itself up after he found out that it was nearly 1000 years old and the last known clockwork flytrap outside mainland China. Such a treasure *had* to be worth at least 50 bucks."

Sykes' eyes bulged visibly. He ripped the money out of his jacket and looked at it. "Fifty dollars??!? You bastard. They're only meant to be 10."

Mambaton laid a hand gently on Sykes' shoulder and gave him a wonderful smile. "Sykes, if I'd asked for only 10 lousy bucks he wouldn't have believed me."

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Sykes crashed into Mambaton's office the next morning, foaming and ugly. He slammed the door behind him and made a fast dive at Mambaton, screaming for the truth. "How did you do it, you Springbok bastard? How? You set it all up, didn't you? And made arrangements to refund the $50 later, didn't you? Tell me before I'm forced to smash you . . ."

But Mambaton's answer was unchanged. "Sykes, my dear old round eye, you *know* I never lie."

•

Sykes turned into a pale, mumbling parody of his former self within days. Mambaton had robbed him of his credibility, pissed on his pride and wrestled his self-respect to the ground with an underhand death lock, holding him there for the count.

One of the truly piteous sights in the advertising business is the once-smart executive who can't handle the pace and falls by the wayside. He is immediately conspicuous by his uncharacteristic two-day beard, bleary eyes, whisky breath and crumpled suit. Sykes looked like this in his normal relaxed state, so when the new tensions caused him to neglect himself even further, the change had a horrifying effect. People became alarmed and hurried away, especially as he always carried one of his clockwork flytraps under his arm.

Sykes absented himself from his place of employment with greater frequency. The pursuit of a bulk sale of clockwork flytraps took precedence over all else. It was Sykes' only way to expose Mambaton to the world as a charlatan and a ringpiece! He drank heavily in the course of many sales pitches in both public and lounge bars and it showed in his work, which finally became unacceptable to Mambaton. They also had to keep him away from meetings for fear of upsetting, confusing or frightening away any of the more sensitive clients.

Mambaton saw it all coming. He'd been involved in many of the emotional crises which seemed to afflict his writers and art directors regularly, and he'd seen much worse cases than Sykes, such as Addisnall the Olympic pistol shot and champion chess player. It proved impossible in the end to harbor two such totally opposed forms of concentration in one brain at the same time, especially while belting out quarter-page mono ads for refrigerators. It finally caused a savage fusion of logics, and Addisnall came to the conclusion that he'd have to get out his pistol and kill everyone who wouldn't play chess with him in a refrigerator.

Mambaton agreed to play immediately, though the best they could do was take turns at sitting on the bottom shelf of an open fridge in the home economy department kitchen. When the game ended, Addisnall left for the sanitorium. He had a smile on his face and a company taxi docket in his hand.

Mambaton told Sykes to take a holiday. Three weeks were due, but Mambaton suggested he stay away for as long as was necessary to settle down and get his head together again. Sykes took off in his company car, the entire stock of traps piled in the boot, on the roof rack and inside. He said nothing to anyone save Mambaton, and those words were too vile to be repeated.

Little Hendo was the first to notice something wrong with the place. It took him nearly a week to trace it to Sykes' absence, and only then when someone commented that all the flies had finally died off. Mambaton explained everything in his office that evening: "Flies."

"What?"

"That's where he told me he was going. Flies."

Hendo looked into his glass and then back to Mambaton. "Flies?"

"Yes; I said, 'where are you going on your holidays, Sykes?' and he just stared at me and said, 'Flies'."

"The bastard's unhinged," laughed Stan nervously.

Mambaton grinned at them. "And when I asked him what he was going to do, he said, 'Flies'."

Hendo shook his head and looked back to his glass. "Hell, too many flytraps too early." He heaved a small sigh, stopped looking into his glass and rapidly swallowed its contents.

•

Sykes took Mambaton's advice and stayed away. He made no contact with them, but every so often the word would come back from strange places. Big Dan had been doing a location survey around Alice and heard that Sykes had attacked an entire busload of Japanese tourists with the header board from the SYKES DUTY FREE CLOCKWORK FLYTRAP STALL right in front of Ayers Rock. He'd almost sold a few of them when one gentleman asked to see the range of quartz models and blew his sales story apart.

Grimble reported seeing a flytrap on the counter of every public bar between Orange and Bourke. They all turned out to be demonstration models left by the salesman for evaluation. None of the publicans intended to buy and they were even more reluctant to see the salesman again. He was, they judged, something between a strange bastard and a total ratbag.

Mambaton discovered more about his movements when a letter from the Department of Motor Transport was handed to him by the shocked company accountant, notifying the agency of the transfer of registration of Sykes' company car to Herbert's Used Cars in Broken Hill in exchange for a second-hand four-wheel-drive vehicle and a small trailer.

A flytrap was seen in use at Darwin Airport and a rumor flew from Broome that Sykes was attempting to convert all of his remaining stock into cockroach traps for the pearling lugger fleet. Very little time went by without another snippet coming to light in the endless saga of Sykes' sales struggles. Even Mambaton was awed by the dimension of Sykes' activities.

One morning the saga ended. A strange little lady from the clipping department was ushered into Mambaton's presence by his secretary. She held out a small scrap of newsprint that she had clipped from the *Kiandra Daily Gleaner.*

"Oh, Mr Mambaton," she stammered and blushed. "I'm Doreen from clipping. This little article came in that I'm sure you'll find interesting. It's about Mr Sykes."

Mambaton scanned through the item which reported that Pete's off-the-Rod Fish Shop has been gutted by fire. The blaze, it went on, spread to the adjoining garage and shed, burning out a Morris Minor utility truck and destroying the last known supply of rare and valuable Chinese clockwork flytraps. Co-owners of the property, Pete Tonini and D. G. Sykes, could not explain how the fire started.

A smile slowly spread across Mambaton's face and he looked out of his office window into the setting sun, fillings gleaming in the golden light. Sykes, he knew, would be back at work within the week, and now he would be harder to bullshit than ever.

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THE SEXUAL MISADVENTURES OF

DAVE THE RAVE

IN NEWCASTLE
NOUVEAU WOLLONGONG OF THE '80s

SATIRE BY TERRANCE HARRISON.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER HITS HUNTER ST.

STEEL CITY GETS ITS ROCKS OFF.

SET AGAINST A BACKDROP OF

BARBARIC INDUSTRIAL SPLENDOR

THE ONLY CITY IN AUSTRALIA WITHOUT A LEBANESE TAKE-AWAY IS ABOUT TO TAKE A BREAK. JOIN US AS THIS WEEKLY, WORK-A-DAY WORLD OF FACTORIES DROPS EVERYTHING, DOWNS TOOLS... AND LETS IT ALL HANG OUT.

ROCK 'N ROLL HOT SPOT OF THE EAST COAST, IT'S A CITY WHERE "EAST SOCIETY" MEANS AN FJ HOLDEN FULL OF LAIRS BURNING OUT TO SWANSEA AND BACK IN HALF AN HOUR. A CULTURAL BLACK HOLE IN THE OZZIE UNIVERSE, WHERE GANGS OF BOTTLE-BLONDE HUSBAND-HUNTERS PROWL THE MILK BARS INTERESTED IN ONLY ONE THING... THE POTENTIAL SIZE OF A GUY'S FRONTAGE!

IT WAS A HOT, BORING SATURDAY ARVO IN NEWCASTLE. SO BORING THAT HALF THE TOWN WERE TRYING TO SQUEEZE A BIT OF INNOCENT FUN OUT OF NUISANCE PHONE CALLS.

SPORTY OLD NORM BURK, THOUGH, HAD FOUND A SHADY SPOT DOWN THE BACKYARD AND TURNED IT INTO HIS VERY OWN MULTI-PURPOSE LEISURE CENTRE.

AND THEY'RE R-R-R-RACING

FORM GUIDE

THE LATEST SCORE TO HAND

UP ON GLAD BAG HEIGHTS ESTATE EILEEN HAD HER FEET UP, RELAXING... HER HANDS OCCUPIED IF NOT HER MIND.

VIB-RE-LAX

AS FOR DAVE & JOHNNO, WHO'D BEEN OUT FOR A SURF AND A PERV, IT WAS A CASE OF "OFF THE BEACH AND INTO THE PISS."

OUT IN THE SUBURBS, IN A THOUSAND TILUXED NEWCASTLE BATHROOMS, THE SHEILAS WERE MAKING THE MOST OF THEMSELVES. TRYING TO GET THE DEBBIE REYNOLDS & DORIS DAY LOOK WITH ALL THOSE OUT-OF-DATE COSMETICS THAT COMPANIES DUMP ON NEWCASTLE. IN A FRENZY OF TEASING AND BACKCOMBING ELABORATE BEEHIVE HAIR DOS ROSE MAJESTICALLY ABOVE LILAC PAINTED PYNEBOARD AND MASONITE VANITIES.

WE'VE RUN OUT OF LACQUER, DORIS, SO I'M GONNA HAFTA SPOT WELD THE REST!

OXY ACETYLENE

ROUGE

BY 6 O'CLOCK THAT EVENING, MOST OF HUNTER STREET WAS BUZZING WITH ACTION. LOCAL "CAFE SOCIETY" WAS STEPPING OUT AND INTO ANY ONE OF A DOZEN WORLD-CLASS MILK BARS.

JUST A MINUTE AND I'LL CLEAN THIS TABLE FOR YOU

SMACK!

SLAAPP

LOCAL CAFE PROPRIETORS KNOW THERE'S MORE TO FINE FOOD THAN JUST A GOURMET LINING FOR CAST IRON STOMACHS AND EACH YEAR THE FIERCE, CUT-THROAT COMPETITION FOR QUALITY SEES MANY FALL BY THE WAYSIDE... ...USUALLY CUSTOMERS.

PARAGON

EXCUSE ME, PEOPLE ARE WAITING TO USE THIS TABLE!

YOU KNOW IF I'MA LUCKY I MIGHTA JUZ PICK UP DE CATERING CONTRACT FOR DA MENTAL HOME THIS YEAR!

THEN IT WAS OUT INTO NEWCASTLE'S BOOGIE WONDERLAND. TO TRY AND CRACK ON TO ANYTHING THAT EVEN VAGUELY RESEMBLED A POST BOX... LOCAL & ABROAD.

SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF A THUNDERBIRD REVERBERATED THROUGH THE CROWD. IT WAS THE ARRIVAL OF THE HUNTER ST. HEAVY... DICK PULLAR! FEARED AND REVERED BY ONE AND ALL, THIS BIKIE, APPRENTICE BRICKIE AND EX-PSYCH NURSE (HE STILL FREELANCES) WAS A MUSCLE-BOUND BUNDLE OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM KNOWN AS...

SCREECH!

LOOK AT HIM GO!

WOW!

FAB!

AMAZING

VAROOOM

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

JUST THE KIND OF GUY MOST OF THE GIRLS THOUGHT OF AS...

MR RIGHT!

MEANWHILE NORMA WAS AT HOME WATCHING A HOT DINNER GO COLD AND EXPECTING THE USUAL BLACK EYE OR A SMACK IN THE MOUTH. WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN NORM (THAT SENTIMENTAL OLD SOFTIE!) STUMBLED IN HALF FULL AND OFFERED HER A NIGHT ON THE TOWN...

DON'T JUST SIT THERE YOU F*!@ OLD C@!*, WE'RE OFF TO THE WORKIES

I'M READY FOR ANYTHING NORM.

WOW! THE WORKERS' CLUB. IT WAS A FORMAL OCCASION WHICH MEANT NORMA COULD THROW A SCARF OVER HER ROLLERS, SLIP INTO HER BEST PAIR OF SEQUINNED, SLING-BACK FLATEES AND BREAK OUT THAT STUNNING LITTLE COTTON PRINT SHIFT. THE ONE WITH THE PROVOCATIVE SPLIT RIGHT UP THE SIDE.

IN THIS DINNER DANCE AND SMORGASBORD PLAYGROUND WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT ONLY 70 YEARS AFTER LENIN TOLD THE WORKERS TO THROW OFF THEIR CHAINS ... THEY'D BE THROWING OFF THEIR INHIBITIONS AS WELL!

NEWCASTLE WORKERS CLUB

QUEUE HERE

DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET IN, NORM? IT ONLY HOLDS 50,000.

WHIRL

WHIRL

IT'S A LAS VEGAS LIKE SETTING WHERE RANDY, BLUE-RINSED DIVORCÉES WITH GLOMESH HANDBAGS CAN PROWL AT LEISURE LOOKING FOR THAT BIG, ONE-ARMED BANDIT WHO'LL GIVE 'EM A ROYAL FLUSH.

BONG

DDDD

BONG

BZZZZ

HOW ABOUT A PULL ON A POKIE WITH ME, BIG BOY?

HONESTLY NORMA, TWO IRISH COFFEES AND YOU'RE ANYONE'S.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, DAVE AND JOHNNO WERE WHACKING INTO THE EXPENSIVE PISS. IT WAS WHAT'S KNOWN LOCALLY AS A "CONTINENTAL STYLE" CLUB ... I.E. MEN & WOMEN SIT TOGETHER AT THE SAME TABLE.

...GREAT LITTLE POSI, DAVE ... MIDWAY BETWEEN THE BAR, THE BOG, THE BAND AND THE BIRDS!

SATURDAY NIGHT, HOWEVER, ISN'T ALL PLAY... SOME PEOPLE HAVE TO WORK! AND DOWN ALONG WHARF ROAD THE GOOD TIME GIRLS WERE GEARING UP TO SOLVE AUSTRALIA'S BALANCE OF PAYMENT PROBLEMS.

...THIS DIRTY OLD MAN WAS FOLLOWING ME FOR OVER TWO BLOCKS!

YOU MEAN YOU LET HIM GET AWAY?

AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT SOME OF THE CUT-RATE PRICES FOR A DELUXE DRY DOCKING!

WHERE TO, VIV?

I'M NOT FUSSY, LES, BUT TRY AND AVOID THE CHINESE SHIPS.

IN THE "CITY OF ENTERPRISE" YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP THE GIRLS AWAY FROM THE BUOYS

HELLO SAILOR... GOT A LIGHT?

ABOUT THIS SAME TIME EILEEN, CASUAL USHERETTE AT THE OLD ISLINGTON THEATRE, WAS ABOUT TO KNOCK OFF. OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT. UPON ARRIVING HOME CAN YOU IMAGINE HER FACE, WARPED WITH RAW EMOTION, WHEN SHE WALKED IN TO FIND FRED... IN BED WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!

OF COURSE IT'S A DOUBLE FEATURE, WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE!

REGENT

WHOOSH

INTERMISSION FOLKS, POP CORN, ICE CREAM... OR HOW ABOUT A BUNCH OF FIVES, BERYL!

YES! IT WAS BERYL NARK. THAT FAT MOLL FROM ACROSS THE ROAD. SEETHING WITH AGONY, EILEEN CRASHED AROUND BERSERK. A REACTION MADE ALL THE MORE UNDERSTANDABLE WHEN YOU REALISE SHE'D JUST SPENT ¾ OF AN HOUR SITTING ON A NEWCASTLE BUS.

THE MÊLÉE SOON ALERTED NEIGHBORS WHO GOT TO THE FENCES JUST IN TIME TO SEE BERYL COP ONE ON THE RUMP AS SHE FLED ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN.

BETTER THAN "BANDSTAND"... MORE ENTERTAINING THAN "VARIETY ITALIAN STYLE"... MORE SOCIALLY RELEVANT THAN AFGHANISTAN... IT WAS A SATURDAY NIGHT NEWCASTLE DOMESTIC!

AT 11.30, JOHNNO SIGNED ON FOR DOG-WATCH IN THE STEELWORKS STAFF CANTEEN, UNAWARE THAT HIS LITHE, PANTHER-LIKE BODY WAS BEING WATCHED BY AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND. IT WAS BIG BRENDA ... THE ONE EVERYONE HAD ONCE VOTED "THE GIRL MOST LIKELY". RECENTLY RADICALISED BY BOURGEOIS, ROLE-PLAYING PARENTS BRENDA HAD BECOME A FEMINIST SPARE PARTS MECHANIC. ALONE NOW, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, NOT EVEN IDEOLOGY COULD CONTROL HER DEEPER PASSION FOR ... NUTS, A LOOSE SCREW AND A BOLT.

GRRR GRRR

GREASE GUN

SPLURT

TEN MINUTES LATER, OUT BEHIND THE BLAST FURNACE, JOHNNO'S FATE WAS SEALED.

OH NO! THERE'S NO WAY OUT BUT IN.

THERE'S NO USE FIGHTING IT, JOHNNO, IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US.

SPLAT

THE OLD TOWN WAS WELL AND TRULY RAGING BY MIDNIGHT. EXTRICATING HIMSELF FROM A CONGA LINE OF WHARFIES SNAKING THEIR WAY DOWN THE MAIN DRAG, DAVE HEADED FOR...

CHA CHA CHA!

OLE!

SAMBA!

EEER

... ONE OF THOSE FABULOUS NEWCASTLE PARTIES. THE TYPE THAT STILL HAS EVERYONE GOING UNDER THE LIMBO STICK AND PLAYING SPIN THE FLAGON. THEN HE SAW HER... KITTY LITTA ... HIS TEENAGE DREAM. SHE LOOKED SO SWEET AND VULNERABLE, LAYING THERE HALF NAKED, THAT DAVE COULDN'T RESIST ONE LITTLE...

I S'POSE IT'S BETTER THAN STAYING HOME AND SQUEEZING PIMPLES.

ALL RIGHT SMART ARSE, HANDS OFF... THAT LITTLE NUMBER BELONGS TO ME!

... IT WAS DICK PULLAR!

BOOT!

I THINK I'D BETTER LEAVE WHILE I'M STILL ENJOYING MYSELF!

DRIVE INN BURGERAMA ALL NITE HOT 'N TASTY 24 HOUR TAKE AWAY FOOD TO GO

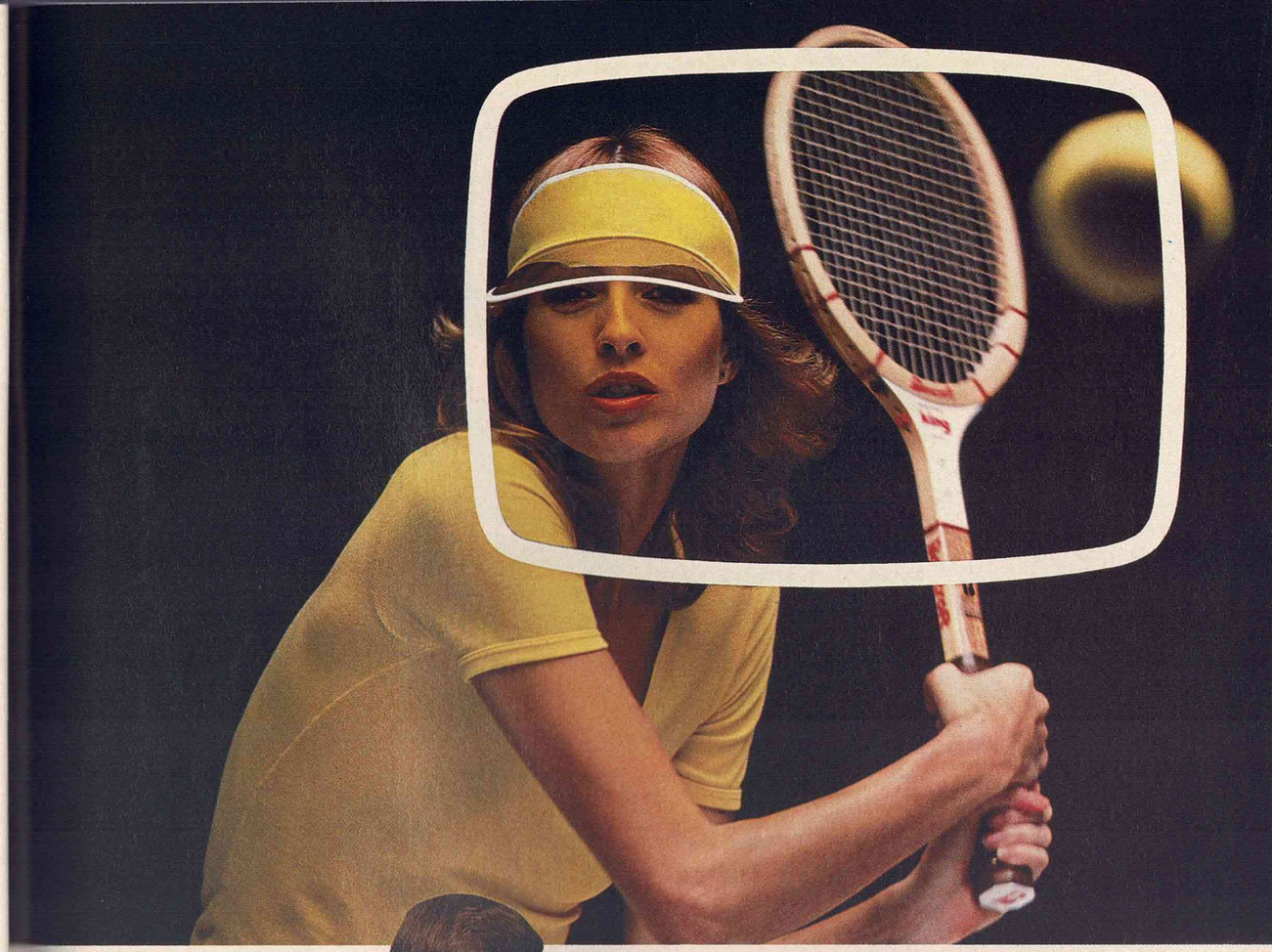
CRUNCH CRUNCH

OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN BUT NOT TO HUNGER DAVE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO HEAD OUT TO THE LAST FRONTIER OF LOVE & LUST, A BRECHTIAN PROTAGONIST IN THE BURGER BAR OF BROKEN DREAMS.

YES VIRGINIA, THERE REALLY IS A NEWCASTLE!

ALIEN BEINGS FROM A DISTANT & PRIMITIVE PLANET OR STRANGE, LIFEFORMS IN AUSTRALIAS 6TH CITY?

FIND OUT NEXT MONTH IN... CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SUBURBAN KIND.



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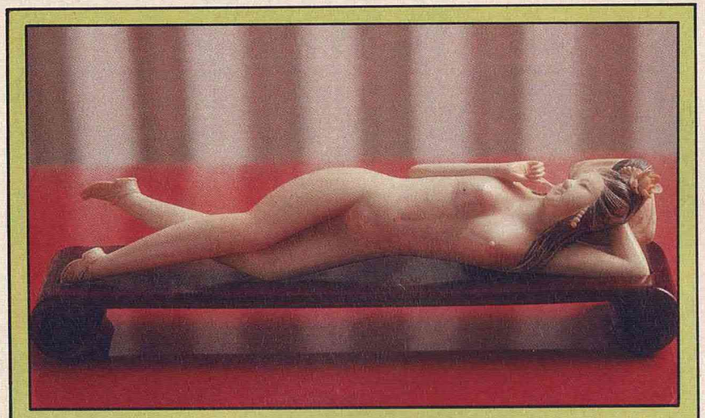
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

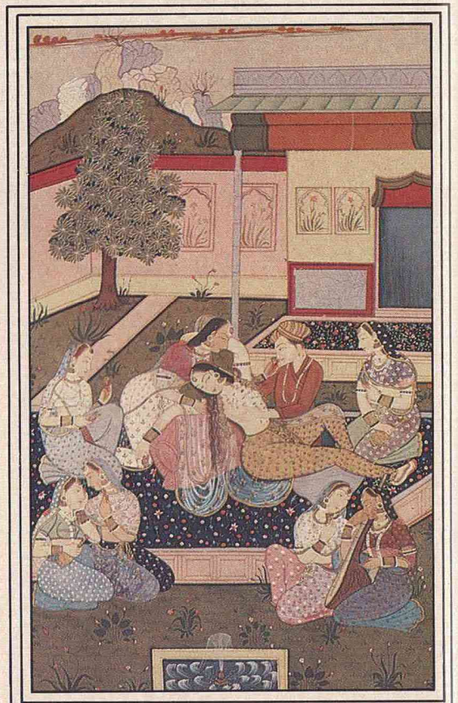


CHINA DOLL

Exquisitely carved erotica such as the ivory lady shown above once had a pragmatic purpose as well as an aesthetic one. In order to save face, Chinese women would use the statue (instead of their own nude body) to point out to their doctor just where it hurt when they were ill. The carved statue costs $500 at Sydney's Kansu Gallery, Royal Arcade.

IT'S A MAD, MAD TOWN!

For all those people who believe Melbourne rolls up the footpaths at nine every night, here's proof that it doesn't. Melbourne After Dark (MAD) has everything nocturnal wanderers could ever hope to discover in the wee small hours of the Melbourne morning. The map, on sale at newsagents and bookstores for $1.75, tells the story of Melbourne by night — there's even a separate insert pinpointing the massage parlors. Other states be warned: maps are planned for more capital cities in the near future.

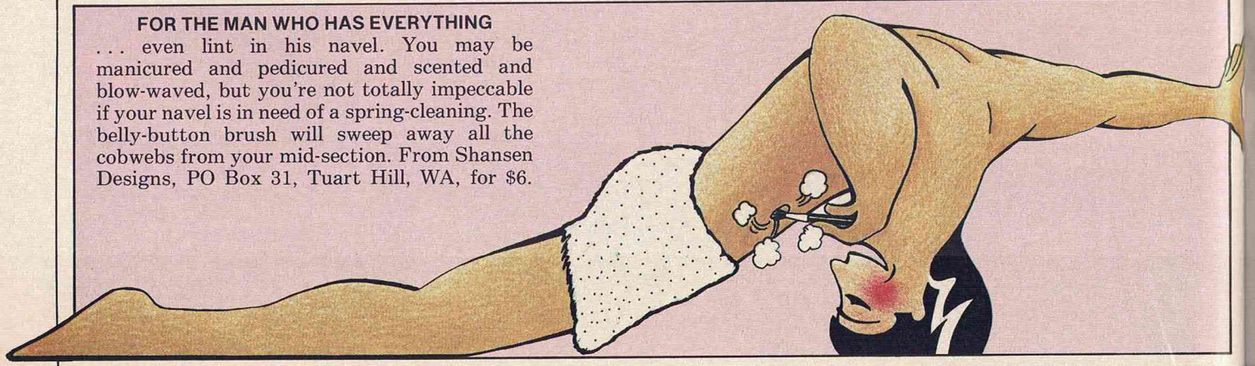


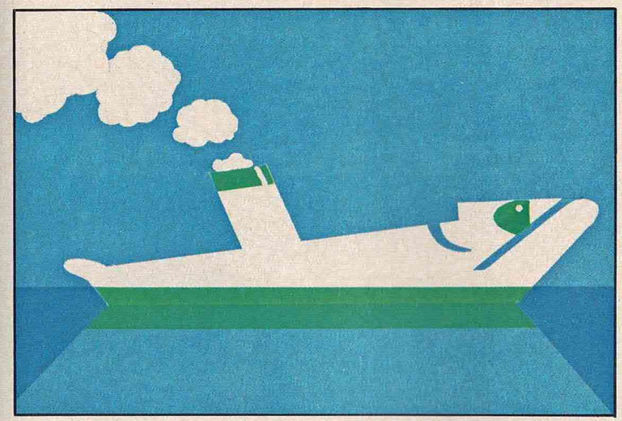
COTTAGE KARMA

Indian art is beautiful as well as valuable — and almost beyond the geographical reach of most of us. Now, John Rogers can supply wistful travellers with original canvases by itinerant painters from remote Indian villages too inaccessible for the average tourist to reach. Inquiries to Suite 20, 47 Milson Road, Cremorne, NSW.

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

. . . even lint in his navel. You may be manicured and pedicured and scented and blow-waved, but you're not totally impeccable if your navel is in need of a spring-cleaning. The belly-button brush will sweep away all the cobwebs from your mid-section. From Shansen Designs, PO Box 31, Tuart Hill, WA, for $6.



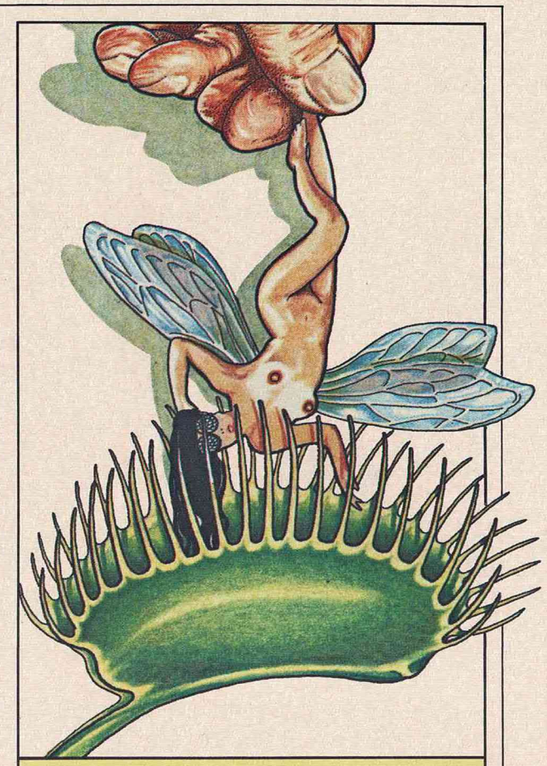


SKINNY-TRIPPING

If cruising's your thing, Perlus Cruises offers the newest way to go — in the nude. From June until October, the Greek shipping company allots one of the seven passenger decks on the vessel *La Perla* to travellers in the buff. Fares start at $410 for a seven-day cruise out of Venice, calling at several Adriatic port cities.

CASSETTE COUPLING

Sony's Walkman stereo cassette recorder helps tandem joggers to block out city noise and plug into Mozart or Morrison. Walkman comes with a set of headphones (second set is optional), carry strap and a "hotline" which over-rides the music and permits the two joggers to talk while they walk. Walkman is available at most major department stores and hi-fi shops for about $200. Our cassette couple sport glittering Playboy/Playgirl cotton T-shirts, from Sydney's Piccadilly Arcade T-Shirt Print Shop. Hers costs approximately $6.50, his is $7.50; available in various colors.



TOO BUSY TO KEEP A PET?

Well, then, get a Venus fly-trap. To feed it, just leave a window open when you set off for the office in the morning — unsuspecting flies and other creepy-crawlers are intoxicated by the plant's smell and walk (or fly) right into the trap. Your darling pet's brown, thorn-sharp teeth snap shut, and . . . presto, instant dinner! A great gift for ghouls and other friends, $10.

VITAL STATISTICS

The SOS Talisman can save your life. Worn on a chain around your neck or wrist, it contains a slip of paper that details your name, next of kin, blood type, known allergies and religion. Made by the Swiss, it's both heat- and water-resistant. Available in chrome ($12) or in solid gold (about $600) from jewellers and selected chemists, the SOS Talisman may be a key to keep you alive.

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"THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A FREE-REVVING ENGINE, DELIGHTFUL GEARBOX, SHARP, RESPONSIVE STEERING, TENACIOUS ROAD HOLDING, EXTREMELY POSITIVE BRAKES AND AN EXCELLENT OVERALL BALANCE ARE MORE IN KEEPING WITH A EUROPEAN CAR THAN A JAPANESE CAR." MIKE KABLE, THE SYDNEY DAILY MIRROR.

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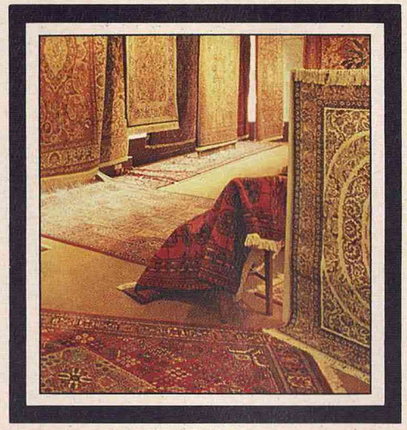
THEIR GREAT IDEAS. OUR GREAT PRICE TAG. $6,395.*

*Sedan price quoted is for standard vehicle. Options, registration and delivery extra. Subaru Australia Pty. Ltd. (A Division of LNC Industries Limited). SUB4220

GETTING CARRIED AWAY ON A PERSIAN RUG



Playboy's Pipeline

APART PERHAPS from your mink mat, there is probably nothing more luxurious on which to lower yourself and your lady than a Persian rug, the silky-soft blaze of color which is adorning more and more Australian homes not only for decorative purposes but also as a steady investment.

With recent upheavals in Iran, the supply of these hand-woven carpets is expected to decrease dramatically, further accelerating the measured 20 to 23 percent per annum rise in value the works of art have demonstrated in the past five years. The rugs are ideal scattered on bare board floors, make great wall hangings and, as conversation pieces, they are hard to surpass.

But, before you rush down to the corner furnishing shop, you should know something about the rugs and what to look for. Chances are you will acquire your first carpet at auction or from a department store. Make sure you have a certificate of authenticity from the seller stating the tribal origin of the rug and guaranteeing that it is hand made. In recent years, a lot of other countries, notably Pakistan and India, have jumped on the bandwagon and, of course, the Belgians have been machine making the patterns for decades.

Persian rugs come in all shapes and sizes, from the saddle bag and prayer rug to the runner. Silk rugs and those of silk and cotton are very decorative, and are particularly colorful when hung on walls.

First, inspect the rug for condition and ensure that the foundation is strong. Inspect the pattern to make certain nothing has been cut away, as frayed ends are sometimes dealt with in this way and then overcast. Threads from the pile should not brush away when rubbed, and colors should be clear, with no running.

If the rug should show variation in field color or be of an irregular shape, don't worry unduly, as these flaws are often seen in rugs woven by nomads and, in fact, the defects do not affect the value. You will also possibly detect faults in the pattern, but these can be disregarded as, if anything, they point to the fact that the mat has been hand woven. A rug is usually set up on a loom in an encampment and various members of a family will work on it when they have an idle moment. It is thus almost impossible to ensure that each person — and some of the best weavers are boys aged 10 to 12 — can remember exactly which pattern to follow when it may be a week since he last sat at the loom.

The cheapest entry into the Persian carpet bazaar is usually with a prayer rug, small in size but often of exquisite quality. The prayer mat has a prayer niche or *mihrab* in the pattern on which the worshipper kneels, ensuring the point is toward Mecca. The *mihrab* represents the door of a mosque. Sometimes three small medallions, one for each knee and another for the head, replace the *mihrab*. Carpets having patterns resembling a double-ended *mihrab* are hearth or tent rugs.

Saddle bags come in various sizes, those for the camels being the largest; a saddle cover is approximately the same size but has a hole for the pommel.

Among rugs particularly prized by collectors are those which have figures of huntsmen and animals portrayed amid colorful floral motifs, those with floral motifs and those which have vases amid the flowers. A pattern based on the plan of a garden is also very effective, and various central medallions form an early design which has continued for centuries.

The transmission of most of the patterns has gone on from one century to the next, and various rug-making districts, such as Qum, Nain, Kerman and Meshkin, have characteristic patterns and colors which readily identify their authenticity to the expert.

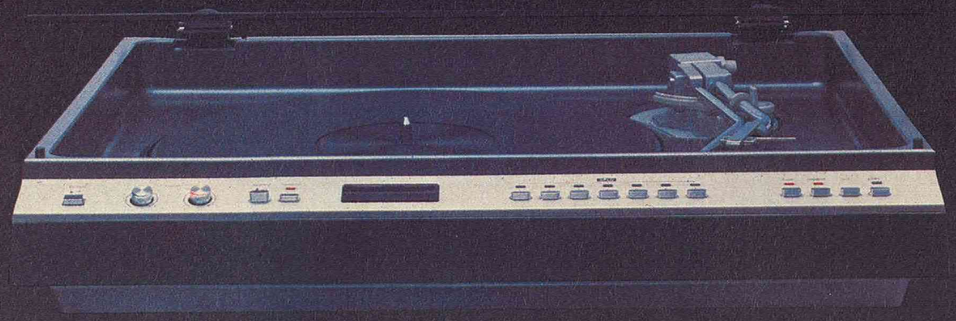
Most Persian rugs have a pile with a foundation of a large number of vertical threads (the warp) with a similar series of horizontal parallel threads crossing at right angles (the weft). The weft is passed alternately under and over the warp threads and is looped or tied through two adjacent warp threads, the ends being left free as tufts. The pile is usually made of short lengths of wool, camel hair or silk, or a combination, and the number of knots to the square inch determines the quality and, of course, the price. A total of 250 knots to the square inch is regarded as fine and 20 as coarse. Of the most common varieties, rugs from Turkey have about 20 knots, China about 45, Baluchistan about 55, Tabriz about 80 and Bokhara about 200. If you're in the market, take time to check a rug and count the knots.

Another useful way to make sure you get value for money is to rub a clean, wet pad on the pile to ensure the dye is fast. Before 1870, all Persian rugs were stained with vegetable dyes but, with the advent of aniline colors, some faults have crept into the carpets. Aniline dyes are inclined to make the pile brittle and reduce the wearing qualities and sometimes are subject to excessive fading.

We cannot guarantee that your Persian rug will transport you to any magic land, but given soft firelight, a lovely lady and some Omar Khayyam, it should be good for a thousand and one nights. — JOHN COCKERILL

OPTONICA

revolutionise Hi Fi with ultra-slim advanced digital technology



SHARP revolutionise Hi-Fi with new ultra-slim OPTONICA.
Performance is smoother, components are slimmer.

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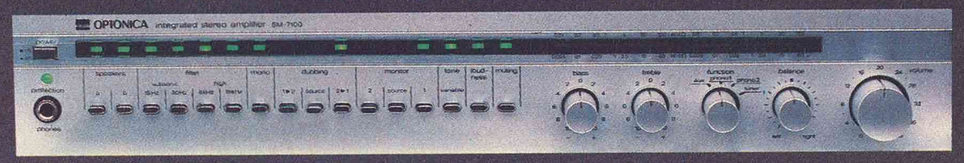

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THE SMART MAN'S GUIDE TO EATING OUT

Playboy's Pipeline

DOING business in a first-class restaurant should always be a pleasure, with fine food and good wine to oil the conversational wheels. And the same goes for simple entertaining. In each case, there are "yeas" and "nays" to the art of dining out which help create a truly memorable meal.

THE VENUE: If you're planning to talk business, choose a restaurant which is readily accessible for your guests. Make sure they can park if they're driving, and be sure to be at the restaurant to greet them. If your business is confidential, choose a restaurant where the tables are sufficiently far apart to frustrate any eavesdroppers.

If you're entertaining for pleasure, choose a restaurant more for the atmosphere, the decor, or the view. If you're out to impress a new date, it's pointless to take her to a great seafood restaurant only to discover she's allergic to fish, or to be turned away simply because you're not wearing a tie. Make this a golden rule: always ask first.

BOOKING: It is essential. If you can walk into a restaurant at 1pm on a Friday and immediately get a table for four, forget it. The chances are that it isn't first-class. For a table at the Berowra Waters Inn, on the scenic Hawkesbury River north of Sydney, for instance, it's necessary to book at least three weeks in advance. Even then, you may be unlucky.

PRE-MEAL DRINKS: These depend largely on two factors — whether the restaurant of your choice has a separate bar, and time. A good host should always offer his guests pre-dinner drinks if a bar is available.

Time, of course, is always a problem. If you're out for a leisurely lunch, a martini or two will help set the scene for amiable conversation; if you're pushed for time, it's wise to let the *maitre d'* know before you arrive.

THE PERFECT HOST

ORDERING: If you prefer à la carte to a fixed-price menu, it's customary to choose only a starter and/or main course first. Selecting dishes needn't present an agonising choice, provided you appreciate the rituals.

First, some top restaurants don't have prices on menus shown to guests — only on the one given to the host. It is therefore his obligation to put guests at their ease by encouraging them to order what ever they fancy, even to selecting an obviously expensive dish himself, thus giving the impression that, if he couldn't afford the prices, he wouldn't have chosen the restaurant.

Second, most of the world's better restaurants print their menus in French. If you don't read or understand the French phrases *don't* bluff. Ask the waiter to interpret, or you might later regret it. Similarly, if you *do* speak some French but aren't a gourmet, ask the waiter to explain how the dishes are prepared. Better still, ask what dish he recommends and whether there is a specialty of the house.

WINES: Consider the main courses, but remember it's no longer mandatory to drink reds with meat and whites with fish. Who says so? Paul Bocuse, the world's top chef, that's who. Red wines can be drunk throughout a meal, and the same applies to whites, particularly if the temperature is in the 30s and you'd like chilled wine.

It isn't necessary to order the most expensive wine, but good food should be complemented by a good wine. If you aren't an expert, tell the waiter you would like a medium-priced red or white, and if you want to be more specific, indicate a riesling, claret or whatever, and let him make some suggestions.

If the wine tastes sour, you have every right to ask for another bottle, but don't insist in a loud voice that it tastes like vinegar. You could land yourself in the embarrassing position of an English diner who was brought another opened bottle, tasted it, and spat it out. "That *is* vinegar," said the miffed proprietor.

POLITENESS PAYS

If a particular wine is quite simply not to your liking, the management need not offer you an alternative free of charge, but will probably oblige its regular customers. Whatever the circumstances, there is no need to cause a scene. A gentleman is never rude to a waiter. And, on the subject of good manners, he doesn't blow his nose on a linen napkin, drink from his fingerbowl, or snap his fingers to attract a waiter's attention.

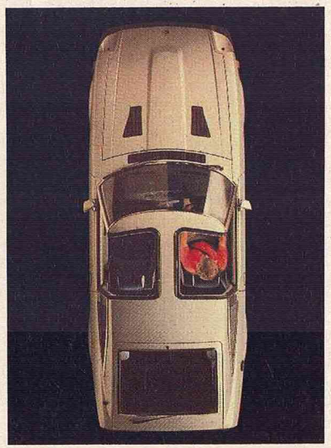
DESSERTS, ETC: If a restaurant has a reputation for mouth-watering desserts, it's as well to skip the starter and find out whether that reputation is deserved. Some people like champagne with their desserts. Americans (in particular) prefer coffee.

THE BILL; TIPPING: It is smart, not crass, to check the bill meticulously. Everybody is prone to making mistakes. Tipping is more a fine art than an exact science, and varies the world over. In Australia, it is customary to tip 10 percent of the bill, but you may tip more for exceptionally good service.

Finally, a word of praise costs nothing. If the food is good and the service attentive, say so — it might help next time you want fast service. – CAMILLA BEACH

NEW DATSUN 280ZX WITH T-BAR ROOF

Alas, many people will find the look of our beautiful new 280ZX 2 + 2 with T-bar roof just a little too daring. A shame, because in reality it is a very sensible luxury car. A logical alternative to those rather staid and expensive saloons.
The problem is that to some people it doesn't look entirely sensible. Frankly, it looks as if it will go like the wind. And we must confess that those accustomed to the sedate manners of ordinary cars will find its performance rather breathtaking. The outstanding roadholding and the exhilarating acceleration provided by our race-proven 2.8 litre fuel injected engine have to be experienced to be believed.



But performance and appearance aside, it is a first class, fully-imported, luxury vehicle. With air conditioning, multi-directional stereo and ZF designed power-steering. And with a T-bar roof which very sensibly allows you to take advantage of our excellent climate and fine scenery.

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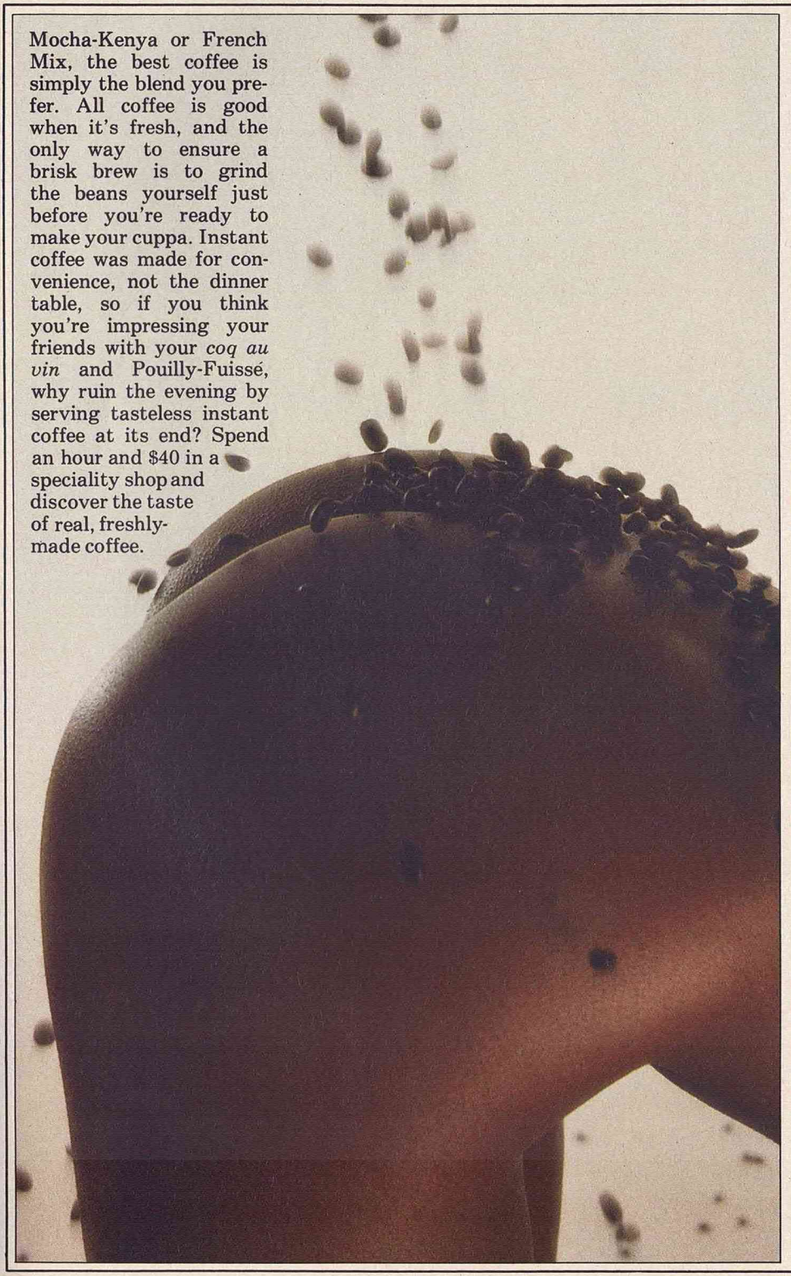
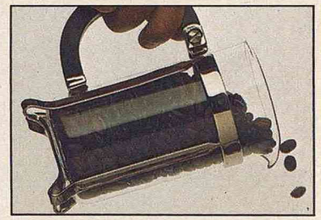
NEW DATSUN 280ZX

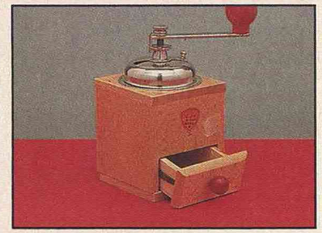
DAT 557

GOOD TO THE LAST DRIP

Mocha-Kenya or French Mix, the best coffee is simply the blend you prefer. All coffee is good when it's fresh, and the only way to ensure a brisk brew is to grind the beans yourself just before you're ready to make your cuppa. Instant coffee was made for convenience, not the dinner table, so if you think you're impressing your friends with your *coq au vin* and Pouilly-Fuissé, why ruin the evening by serving tasteless instant coffee at its end? Spend an hour and $40 in a speciality shop and discover the taste of real, freshly-made coffee.



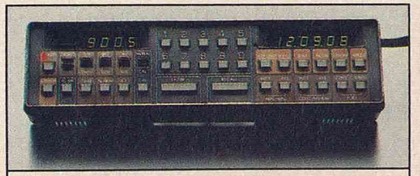




Top to bottom: Glass plunger coffee maker, by Melior, $65 for the 12-cup size. The Atomic Home Espresso Machine retails for $66 at David Jones. The two-cup Breville Melitta coffee maker costs $30, while the wood hand-grinder from DJs is $19.

COMPUTER CARS

a new range of electronic marvels will help you to get your trip together



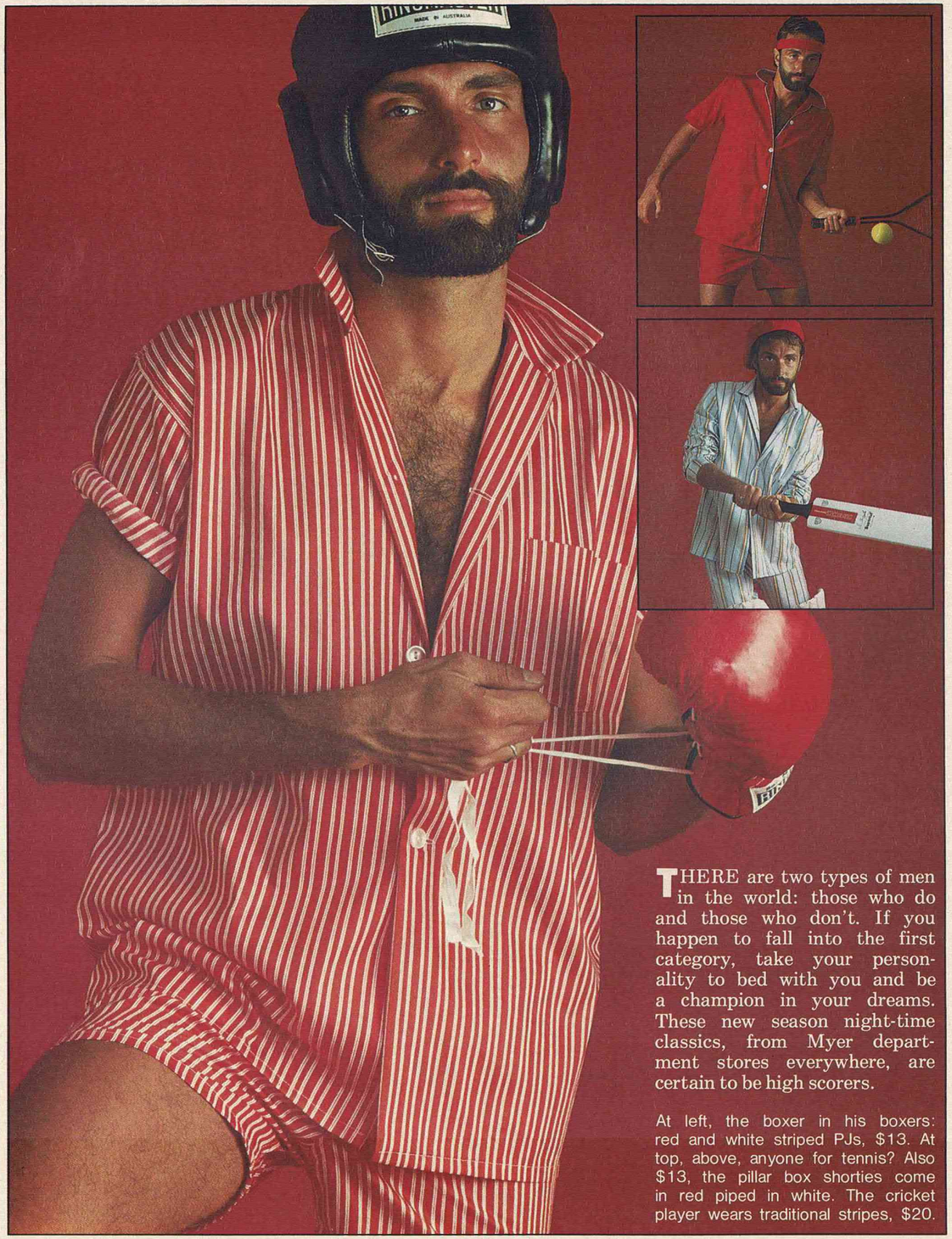
TOP: The ultimate Prince bolt-on computer ($499) has multiple functions and split displays. ABOVE: OBC 150 ($299) has fuel, time, speed and distance functions. The Autocomp 8000 ($249) has no speed display. From Mobile One, Marrickville, Sydney.

YOU punch a few buttons on a keyboard at your fingertips. A light emitting diode (LED) readout instantly flashes up your travel data — elapsed time, fuel consumption, average speed, and estimated time of arrival (ETA). This is tomorrow's technology — available today. On-board computers are taking up where the car manufacturers left off. Devices such as the Compucruise, Autocomp and Prince on-board computers utilise the latest microprocessor (computer on a silicon chip) technology in compact, simple consoles easily installed in your car. They can help you save fuel, plan routes, arrive on time and keep tabs on maintenance. One system already in trial operation in West Germany automatically detours drivers around traffic jams. Another development in the pipeline will take a different approach to peak-hour traffic chaos — electronic cockpit games to relieve the boredom.

The Sibilo (RIGHT) and the Ford Advanced Vehicle Concept (INSET) presage computer technology for the car of the near future.

IF YOU MUST WEAR SOMETHING

love, match, set — the pyjama game is worth a try



THERE are two types of men in the world: those who do and those who don't. If you happen to fall into the first category, take your personality to bed with you and be a champion in your dreams. These new season night-time classics, from Myer department stores everywhere, are certain to be high scorers.

At left, the boxer in his boxers: red and white striped PJs, $13. At top, above, anyone for tennis? Also $13, the pillar box shorties come in red piped in white. The cricket player wears traditional stripes, $20.

Photography by Tandy Rowley

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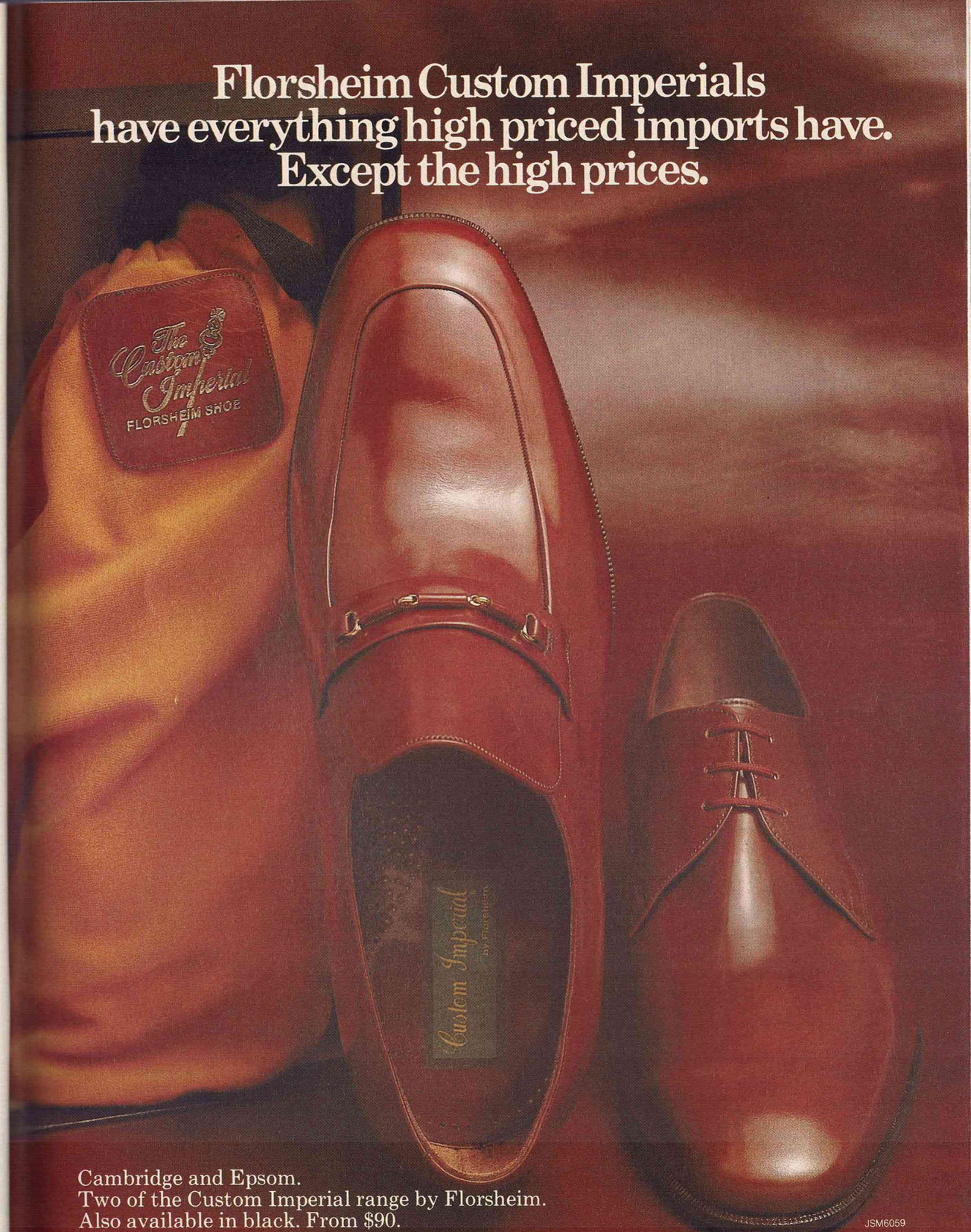

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MOVIES

peter sellers in his craziest role — and he's deadly serious

The story goes that, when Billy Wilder was filming the monkey-funeral sequence in *Sunset Boulevard,* an assistant approached him on the set and asked how this scene — among the most sinister and grotesque in all movies — was to be staged. The answer has become one of Wilder's more celebrated mots: "Oh, you know — just the usual monkey-funeral sequence." Hal Ashby is a director with all of Wilder's professionalism and he has a similar instinct for the offbeat, the bizarre, the extreme — but without the cynicism that gave even the best of Wilder's comedies their acid edge of gloating and pain. *Being There,* Ashby's latest film, with Peter Sellers, has more weird setups and way-out ideas than most American directors would chance their arms with, but it never loses its compassion, or compromises its profoundly serious purpose. That purpose is to demonstrate the deadly power of ideas, of beliefs, of self-delusion or, if you prefer, of faith.

Audiences should be warned that *Being There* is an adult film in the literal sense: there is no principal actor in the cast under about 50 years of age. It moves on a plane of the utmost gravity and sophistication. There are plenty of chuckles, but no easy laughs and no concessions to fashion or popularity. It is a work of forbidding austerity. Anyone expecting Peter Sellers to dress up and do funny voices will be disappointed. *Being There* is worlds away from his early British comedies and Pink Panther movies, most of which seem pretty crass and dated in retrospect. I have never myself been a great Sellers admirer: the Goon Shows owed more to people like Spike Milligan and Michael Bentine, and even in the brilliant movie *Dr Strangelove* there was something showy and superficial in Sellers' penchant for playing a variety of different roles.

Being There, based on a weird little novel by Jerzy Kosinski published in 1971, is about a man known as Chance, a gardener who has lived all his life in the house of a wealthy industrialist, never venturing outside; his meals have been brought by a maid; his constant companion is a TV set which he operates with a remote control and to which he is totally addicted.

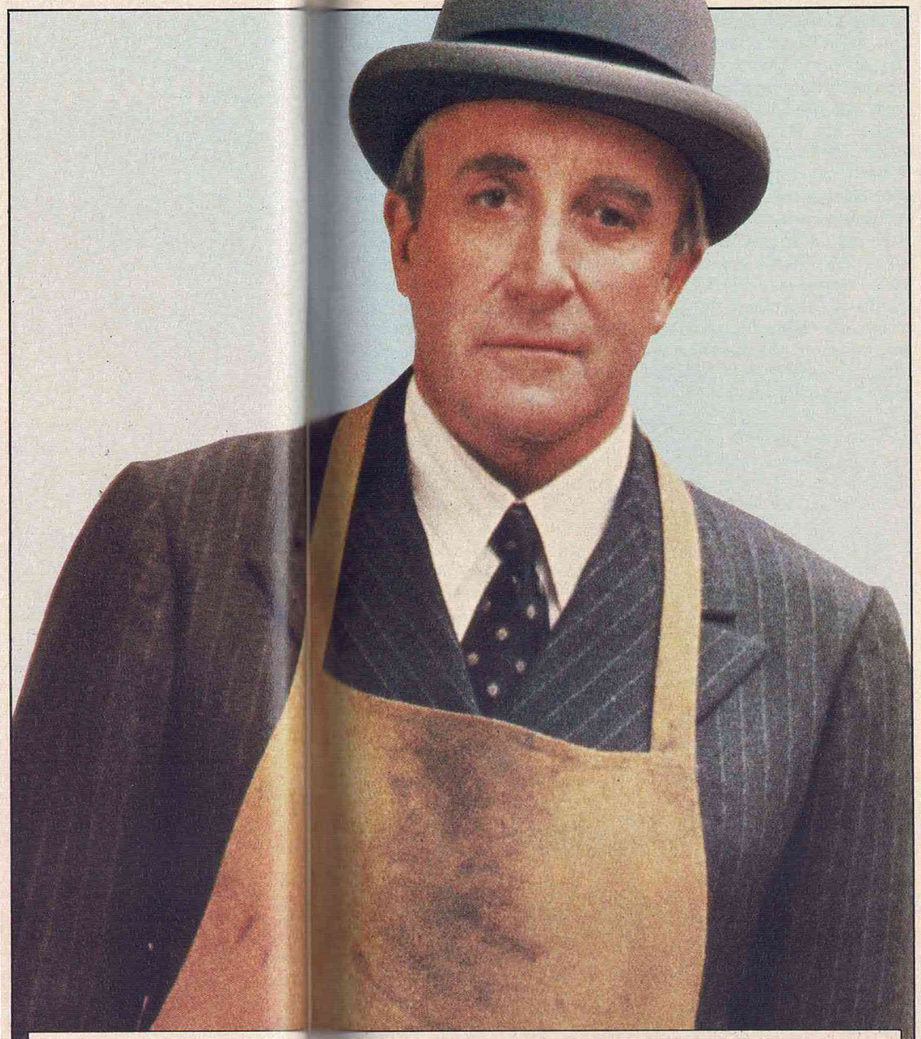
As the film begins, the set switches itself on and is the first thing Chance sees as he wakes in bed. Television is not merely his only contact with reality, it *is* the only reality. The external world might as well not exist, and when Chance is forced to confront it after his employer dies and he is ordered to leave the house, he is incapable of understanding anything except in terms of what he has seen or heard on the television screen in his room.

An essentially simple and trusting man (but by no means stupid), Chance has been trained as a servant, and this dual process of conditioning — TV and domestic employment — has bred a creature of total innocence and servility, but with a kind of luminous and uncorrupted decency. As a man, he looks normal — tall, square, handsome, well-dressed. Only when he speaks, in a voice sounding vaguely like HAL, the computer in *2001,* are we aware of something odd. Indeed, all Chance's actions are computer-like: any conversation with him is possible at only the most simple level; he answers all questions and interprets all requests with literal accuracy and speaks with appalling candor ("I'm very sorry you're dying, Ben," he says to a sick man at his bedside). Moreover, Chance has no identity, no education, no background, no parents. There is no record of his existence, as the FBI and CIA are later to discover. He is a fully-grown waif, a perfect innocent, a free spirit untainted by knowledge of good or evil.

Some critics have seen the film as a satire on television, and up to a point it is. There are funny moments throughout, when Sellers responds, Pavlov-style, to movements and gestures on the screen, and uses his remote-control as a protective talisman in any emergency. Kosinski has made the point elsewhere that the average American college student has spent 18,000 hours — about nine years of his life — exposed to the television screen.

In *Being There,* we get frequently awful glimpses of TV trivia; nicely blended compilations of telly-babble drift in and out of earshot on the soundtrack. (It is typical of the film's restraint that Ashby doesn't bother with the obvious banalities of commercials, but draws his ammunition from panel shows, dramas and news commentaries, where the silliness and predictability of TV are more insidious.)

But TV is no more than a device to establish Chance's innocence and vulnerability. Freed from captivity, he stumbles into another closed world of unreal luxury, similar to the one from which he has just emerged. A dying financier with influence in high places (Melvyn Douglas) invites him to stay in his mansion, where Chance soon captivates the financier's wife Eve (Shirley MacLaine) and wins the trust and adoration of the tycoon himself. The gardener's naive and halting utterances are inevitably mistaken for the profundities of a sage and Chance is accepted as a resident guru. His advice on the ailing American economy is welcomed by the President (well played by a harassed Jack Warden) and, overnight, he finds himself a national figure without knowing why or even really knowing that he is one; TV appearances, after all, seem merely an extension of his already familiar world. A man, one gathers, is not what he is but what he is seen to be; human credulity, aided by mass communication, can create an entire personality, an entire human being. As the final shot before the credits implies, it may even create a messiah.



Peter Sellers is outstanding as Chance in *Being There,* the story of a gardener whose TV is his only reality until he's forced to face the world. LEFT: Chance meets a street gang. ABOVE: Strange encounter with a woman.

Ashby has filmed much of this beguiling and worrying fable in the claustrophobic gloom of the old Vanderbilt family mansion in North Carolina, and there are excellent performances from just about everyone. But Sellers is outstanding: it will be a long time before you forget his bland face, his child-like mannerisms, and the deep, uncomprehending puzzlement of a man for whom the mystery and suffering of life lie beyond the reach of experience.

•

Missing the opening of *Heart Beat,* John Byrum's affectionate look at the Beat Generation, and catching the end of the sepia-toned credits over sullen rows of fibro houses, I thought for a moment I had stumbled on a new, unheralded Australian movie about suburban ugliness and alienation. Almost the best thing about Byrum's stunningly original and punningly titled film is its mood of depressing visual authenticity: the America of the '50s and '60s has an alarming resemblance to modern-day Oz, and Byrum is especially good with such things as '46 Studebaker cars, Venetian blinds, bleak apartments, seedy hotels — the general air of stultifying conformity which prompted the first radical stirrings of post-war American youth.

Thirty years on, it's not easy to catch exactly the spirit of those times, or even to remember it; in retrospect, *On The Road* was probably nowhere near as important a book as it seemed at the time. Byrum's film is glancing, allusive, fragmentary; a work of terse understatement, never losing itself in sentiment or nostalgia. Jack Kerouac, the university drop-out who became the original prophet of the protest movement, is played morosely by John Heard; there are some sharp, poignant moments earlier on when Jack touts his cylindrical manuscript typed on a paper towel roll around the offices of New York publishers.

But the main character turns out to be Neal (Nick Nolte), charming, boisterous, hard-drinking, who provides much of the inspiration for Jack's writing. The notion of "buddies" — a counterpart, I suppose, to our local tradition of mateship — is conveyed with vivid images of male *camaraderie;* it's a more vigorous and physical relationship than the Australian variant but not, perhaps, as deep or trusting.

Neal and Jack fall for Carolyn (Sissy Spacek); Neal whisks her off from under Jack's nose, gets her in the family way, marries her half-heartedly, then settles for a life of less than blissful domesticity in the suburbs of San Francisco. Jack bums his way across the country, working and writing, before returning to California for a *ménage à trois* with his former friends. (The neighbors' reactions here are among the film's choicest moments.)

Heart Beat ends with the publication of *On The Road* and Jack's elevation to national celebrity. It's a good, shrewd, intelligent film and deserves to be seen more widely than I suspect it will be.

•

It must be hard to make a dull movie about the sinking of the *Titanic,* but Billy Hale's version, currently circulating as *S.O.S. Titanic,* has a go at it. This is at least the fourth film of the 1912 disaster, notable predecessors being Kenneth More's 1959 classic, *A Night to Remember,* based on

Walter Lord's impeccably researched best-seller; and a version made in Nazi Germany during the war (shown as a curiosity at the National Film Theatre in London a few years back), which portrayed British officers as cowards and nincompoops panicking in front of the first-class passengers and jumping into the lifeboats ahead of women and children. As propaganda, its effect was largely comic.

Hale's film was made for TV and has all the tell-tale signs; too many close-ups, shoddy sets, a general flatness in lighting and camerawork, and a tendency to assume a mental age of 12 on the part of the audience. A bearded David Janssen makes a last, doomed appearance as John Jacob Astor, and the generally undistinguished acting is marginally improved by Cloris Leachman. Inexplicably, the film makes no mention of the *Californian*, which was 30 kilometres away when the ship struck the iceberg but did nothing to rescue the survivors. (It came out in the inquiry that the *Californian's* crew had actually seen the *Titanic's* distress flares but put them down to nocturnal revelry.)

There is at least one truly unforgettable shot when the *Titanic's* lifeboats, laden with exhausted survivors, creep silently into view through a glass-smooth landscape of drifting ice and inky water. But I missed the sense of cataclysmic irony and social shock conveyed so memorably in *A Night to Remember*. It was not only the *Titanic* that sank that night but a whole era of luxury and aristocratic self-confidence. The story never loses its power to haunt and frighten me, and for that reason I saw the film. Don't let me discourage you.

•

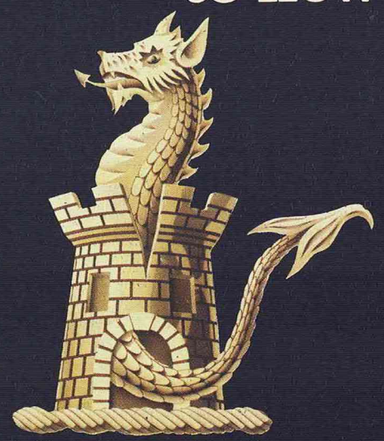
Edouard Molinaro's *La Cage aux Folles* is an exceedingly funny French movie released in America as *Birds of a Feather* and in Australia with the somewhat more suggestive title of *Turn the Other Cheek*. It relies quite frankly on the assumption that homosexuals are funny. Discriminatory overtones are deftly avoided by a neat trick: instead of making us laugh at straight actors playing gays, Francis Veber's screenplay (from a play by Jean Poiret) inverts the usual routine by having gays play straight. I am not sure my liberal conscience was appeased, but the results are hilarious.

Renato (Ugo Tognazzi) is an engaging old queen who runs a transvestite nightclub with his lover Albin (Michael Serrault). When Renato's adored son (fruit of a one-off liaison with a lady from the distant past) announces that he's getting married, Renato and Albin agree to pass themselves off as a respectable married couple in order to reassure the girl's straight-laced parents (her father, for good measure, is prominently involved with a public morality crusade à la British anti-porn campaigner, Mary Whitehouse). It's a situation comedy of the purest kind, with no moral or social relevance whatever, but the formula works superbly. The dinner-party confrontation between the bourgeois couple, the engaged youngsters and the two gays is a clever parody of the Tracy/Hepburn encounter with Sidney Poitier in *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?* Soup plates are whisked away before the guests can examine the "Grecian" boys depicted on the crockery; Albin has trouble with a slipping wig; the drag queens next door make an unexpected appearance.

Crudity and bad taste are the name of the game in this one, but the results are worth it. It's rare to see a film these days where the dialogue is inaudible for the laughter of the audience, which is a good reason to be thankful for the English sub-titles. *La Cage aux Folles* is genuinely funny and original. It's making a fortune — and deserves to.

— EVAN WILLIAMS

The Dragon & Castle has moved to new premises.



Gilbey's famous Dragon & Castle Crest is now found on this elegant new bottle. The new home for Gilbey's world renowned gin.

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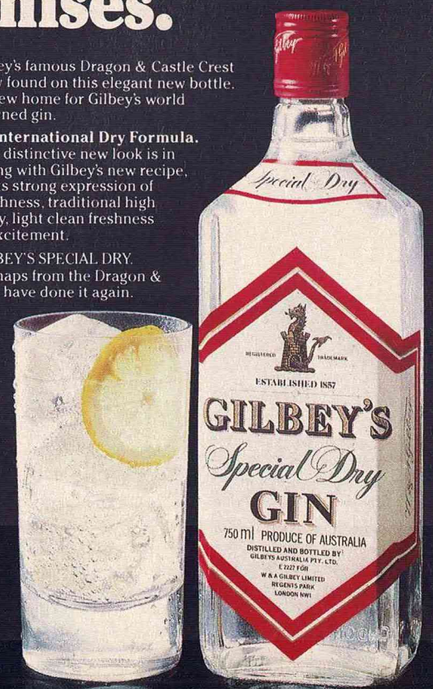

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SHOWBIZ

famous blondes, broads and baldies are rumored for tours down under this year

THOSE who live in the faint hope of seeing an eventual improvement in the standard of television can forget it. According to Bruce Gyngell, controversial soon-to-retire chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal, there'll always be crap on the tube, and heaps of it. He says people don't want uplifting, educational television. What they want to do is escape, and that means escapist, often low-budget, programs. However, there is one major change in the wind.

"I'd say we'll have more than 85 percent Australian content within five years," was his pronouncement for the coming decade.

"Almost all overseas programs, excluding the occasional movie or mini-series, will no longer rate. Australians will want to see only their own product. And what's more, they'll be looking mostly at sport and current affairs programs. The drama series concept is almost at an end."

•

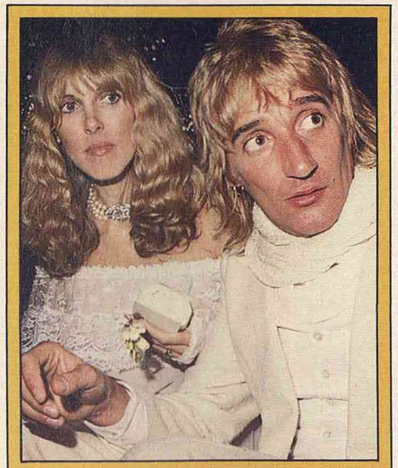
Yul Brynner is almost certain to appear here in December with his long-running show *The King and I*. It's to be a four-city tour, and it won't be much of a surprise to anybody to find out that he has been signed by Michael Edgley, the amazingly-successful entrepreneur from Perth. Michael is an old hand at big-budget tours, but Yul baby might just test his nerves. Michael will have to take at least $4 million in ticket sales just to cover costs, and then he's got to make some sort of profit. Judging by his recent domestic arrangements (he's just spent $1.3 million on a house in Sydney's ritzy Hunters Hill), cash is not much of a problem. Mind you, when you're in the promoting business, you're involved in the gambling business . . . big risk for a big return. Evel Knievel was one of the risks which didn't pay off, but then King Brynner is reportedly of a much more even, though still difficult, temperament, and he can sing.

•

It's still not clear who will play Johnny O'Keefe in the Reg Grundy film, *The Wild One*, which is due to begin shooting later in the year. The daily blats have triumphantly announced the Little River Band's Glenn Shorrock as the star, but things ain't quite that simple. Shorrock, or more importantly, his manager, Glenn Wheatley, is interested in the part, but LRB is bound to a tight schedule for the remainder of the year, a schedule which includes tours of Japan, Europe and America, plus the production of a new album. But all hands agree that Mr Shorrock would be perfect as J. O'K and the soundtrack he makes for the film will sell heaps in record shops. When PLAYBOY went to press, Shorrock was still wading through Fred Cullen's screenplay, which is reportedly something of epic proportions, and no one was sure of the outcome . . . not even the Grundy people who haven't even begun to think of a support cast.

•

Fanciers of the glamorous world of rock 'n' roll will be pleased to hear of a return visit by a Mr Rodney Stewart, the singer with the sandpaper voice and dyed blond hair. All is not confirmed, but he's likely to be here early next year. His manager, Billy Gaff, is reportedly anxious to recoup some of the $300,000 they lost in last year's Computicket crash, and the tour will give Rodders yet another chance to exhibit his much-vaunted "pop star" sense of humor. His 1979 efforts included shoving a dead groper down Linda Ronstadt's dressing room dunny in Brisbane, relocating much of the fittings and furniture in a suite at a large Melbourne hotel, and attempting to fling a grand piano out a fourth floor window in Auckland.



Blondes may have more fun . . . but luck? Last year's Computicket crash lost Rod (here with wife Alana) heaps of money.

•

More tour rumors: Bette Midler, the manic singer who rated well at the recent Academies (even an Oscar nomination is good for a rapid increase in prestige), has made it known she wishes to make another tour through the antipodes. Her management has contacted several local promoters, and it's up to them to decide if the up-front money (that's showbiz slang for cash) is worth it. They'd be looking for at least a million bucks, but her highly dramatic performance in *The Rose* should ensure good ticket sales. Those who copped her last visit will be aware that she's one of the world's outrageous concert performers, and I, for one, hope someone comes up with the dough.

•

Mr Billy Thorpe is doing just fine in Los Angeles, although not as fine as the daily papers would have us believe. Stories over the past month or so have had the former singer of mid-'60s hits Poison Ivy and Over The Rainbow living a millionaire's life in Sherman Oaks. "I wish it was true," said the singer in a faint American accent when I rang him in LA. "I'm doing well. I don't have to scratch for dough and I can tour when I like, but millionaire I am not."

And what of reports that he's about to become the big new US star? "Your guess is as good as mine, mate. My first album over here did 400,000 copies, not bad for a new face, and I suppose I could do even better with the next one, but all that big-time stuff is bullshit. Quite frankly, I don't give a damn as long as I can play what I want to play."

•

One of the great tragedies in local show business is the fact that Johnny Farnham is regarded by the public as a lightweight, capable only of club appearances and songs about cleaning ladies called Sadie. Next time you see him on the tube, have a listen. The guy's voice and range are nothing short of brilliant. Anyway, it's a talent well appreciated by members of LRB who are working on a new album for the former plumber's assistant. Guitarist Graham Goble has written most of the songs, and the band's manager, Glenn Wheatley, has taken over Farnham's career. According to Wheatley, the plot is to lift Farnham's prestige in Australia, and then think about taking him to America. It was a plan first suggested by another manager in 1970 . . . perhaps this time it will work.

— ANDREW SAW

What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

He's the sort of man who can articulate on almost any aspect of life, from food to fashion. (Show us the woman not interested in the body and what shape it's in.)

In short, he's the sort of man who is attractive as much for his brain as his brawn.

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BOOKS

in victorian london the price for a countess to drop her chemise was £40,000...

I HAD never heard of the Countess Castiglione, the jewel of the hansom set in late Victorian London, until I read Hilary Evans' *The Oldest Profession* (David and Charles), but she must have been some mover in the cot. In researching this history of ladies of the night — and day — Evans has uncovered a story that a Lord Hertford paid the comely countess £40,000 for one session. And M'lord himself couldn't have been a slouch in the sack because, after he'd had his expensive way, the countess was said to have spent three days in her own bed recovering.

The author does not record what rare tricks the countess kept up her chemise, but they must have been quite startling, for those were the days when a middle-of-the-range street girl had to spend a good part of the week on her back to earn £30. Even Cora Pearl, perhaps the most celebrated of all the 19th-century English courtesans, was satisfied with £200 a night before she graduated through "a golden chain of lovers" to Prince Jerome Bonaparte.

Evans, a London social historian with a passion for what he calls "significant minorities", has done quite a remarkable job in tracing the oldest profession from the antiquarian division between religious and secular prostitutes to the Eros Centres of present-day Hamburg and Dusseldorf. The astounding range and detail of the illustrations apart, there is nothing sensational about this book, or Evans' style. It is quite a serious study of prostitution and its role in a long succession of societies. But he tells the history in a way that is forthright but never stodgy.

Providing you are not entertaining the local parson or a prudish maiden aunt, *The Oldest Profession* is an almost limitless source for those "did you know" lines to keep the dinner party rolling. Did you, for example, know that:

When enjoying a virgin of 13, the Chinese called it "trying the flower"; if she was 14, "cultivating the flower"; if she was 15, "gathering the flower"? Or that early 20th century moral reformers described syphilis as one of "God's little allies" sent as a deterrent to indiscriminate and unsanctified sexual congress? Or that three women in an army brothel in Bethune during World War One could each serve almost a battalion of Allies every week? Or that citizens of Beatty, in Nevada, in order to comply with the local ordinance that no brothel operate within 300 metres of a public school, moved the schoolhouse? — BRAD CLOSE

•

Had Giuseppe Garibaldi's life spanned the middle of the 20th rather than 19th century, he would probably have volunteered to free the US hostages, kick the Russians out of Afghanistan and bring the Shah to trial.

In *Garibaldi — The Revolutionary and His Men* (Blandford), Andrea Viotti has chronicled the exploits of a man whose military initiative and libertarian passion would have been well-used nowadays. Viotti's account of the charismatic republican fighter's exploits depicts a far more romantic character than any which existed in the Wild West.

As the leader of an army of mercenaries (later to become known as the Garibaldini) the former Genoese merchant navy captain undertook a campaign which lit the torch of European republicanism. Garibaldi's libertarian passion found its release in his love for military combat. Although ruthless in battle, Garibaldi was faultlessly humane in all other dealings, and he received tremendous loyalty from his troops. Not since the Roman Empire had a military leader ridden at the head of such a diversified army. The history of the Garibaldini spanned 80 years, and the army fought campaigns from South America to South Africa, Sardinia to Switzerland, with Hungarians, Italians, Swiss, French, Germans, English, Polish and even Americans serving in the ranks. For a man with such a taste for conflict, Garibaldi lived in a fortunate era. The kindling of the republican movement in Europe triggered off oppression in all shapes and forms. When Garibaldi's opening campaign finished in defeat, he was exiled from Italy, in 1835, only to bob up in South America where he resumed his activities. Defeat, imprisonment and torture did not dull his ardor and, in 1848, he returned to Italy with an army to launch a campaign which ended in 1861 with a unified Italy.

During this period, he waged war on the Church, Austria, France and any other privileged classes which held unfair sway over the populace. To his death in 1882, there was no shortage of causes, and he left a tradition which saw his offspring lead the Garibaldini into World War One.

According to Viotti's research, it was Garibaldi's unswerving pursuit of the liberal ideal which prevented the Garibaldini becoming a viable political party. As a general, his strength rested not in a gung-ho leadership approach, but a shrewd head for tactics. He fostered the principles of morale, consistency and dedication, and a number of his major victories resulted from the desire of many of his opponents to fight with the Garibaldini rather than against them.

Viotti sensibly avoids comparing Garibaldi with leaders from other eras, but it is hard to escape the sentiment that Garibaldi's presence today might have set a leadership standard as the world's smaller nations ponder intricate problems of alignment. — NEIL JAMESON

•

Thomas Thompson's *Serpentine* (Doubleday) is a fascinating book on two counts. It is compelling reading for the subject matter — the tortuous life and times of Gurmukh, or Charles Sobhraj, the bastard son of a Vietnamese peasant woman and an Indian tailor, who carved a trail of murder and bizarre crime across Asia and Europe. The book is absorbing, too, because of its contrast in emphasis to the approach of joint authors Richard Neville and Julie Clarke in their book, *The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj.*

Whereas Neville and Clarke have based their study largely on hundreds of hours of taped conversation with Sobhraj during and after the criminal's prolonged trial in Old Delhi, Thompson's research has been over a far wider range. Much of the Thompson narrative is an eerie voice from the grave, with its reconstruction of the lives and conversations of Sobhraj's victims, and the fateful strands by which the victims were enmeshed in a deadly web of intrigue. Because of the psychological turmoil of his illegitimate birth and confusing measures of love and rejection by his blood father, his mother and his French step-father and step siblings, Sobhraj could have been expected to have persuaded Thompson to have painted him as a victim of his own background. But Thompson has resisted the temptation. His sympathies lie with the casual acquaintances Sobhraj killed and tortured physically with drugs and emotionally with his hypnotic personality.

Inevitably, Sobhraj has been compared to Charles Manson because of the powerful influence he was able to exert over people with whom he came into contact. There are similarities in the manner in which both men used sex and drugs but, unlike Manson, who gave a messianic promise of a new order through disorder, Sobhraj's evil was tailored to personal aggrandisement and gain.

And, disturbingly, Sobhraj may soon be free to reactivate that evil. Sobhraj has boasted that he intends to leave Asia for good and seek new arenas for plunder.

As Thompson writes, Sobhraj has set his sights on a "country in which he was neither known nor wanted by police, one in which riches abounded, one whose borders were easy to traverse illegally, one whose residents were generous with attention — and applause. At last report, the serpentine roads of destiny — he believed — would lead him to the United States". Or to Australia? — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

Take three newspaper reports spaced over three months in three countries in 1976 — each of them differently sourced, but all of them dealing with the one event: a savagely repressed mutiny aboard the Soviet missile destroyer Storozhevoy in the Gulf of Riga in November, 1975. Add a hunch and a little help from friends in overt and covert situations, and new author, David Gurr, has given us a highly vivid account of what might realistically have been played out in that final act in the Baltic in the early hours of a November morning five years ago.

Troika (Macdonald and Janes) is a spy thriller written in the classic tradition paved by John Le Carré. Not that Gurr, a former Canadian naval officer, is a copyist but, like the master he can evoke chilling images of the twilight world of spydom without recourse to explicit sex or mayhem.

Gurr's imaginative construction of events that led up to that desperate but futile dash to Sweden from Riga aboard the Storozhevoy reveals the intelligence puppeteers as calculating users of men, women and emotions.

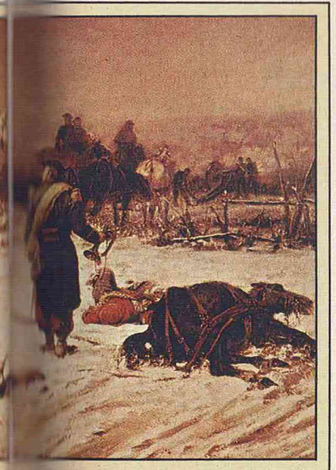
A Russian patriot, whose blood ties with Nikita Kruschev prove a cross rather than a charm, an RN intelligence operative forced to walk the spiritual tightrope drawn between his native Mother Russia and his adoptive England, and the American woman they both love, are the pawns in this numbingly real insight into cold war games by faceless men in nameless departments. — IAIN LOCK

•

The arrival of a new Harold Robbins novel is not unlike switching on to a soft porn remake of an early Paul Newman movie. *Memories of Another Day* (New English Library) is another version of the saga of the All-American, dripping with principle and post-coital juices as he jousts with the black knights who seek to exploit the citizenry.

Daniel Boone Huggins is his name, and his frontier is the picket line from which grew the mighty muscle of American organised labor. Big Dan, born of West Virginia backwoods stock, comes down from the mountains to begin his apprenticeship in unionism in the mines. He survives a succession of violent encounters to emerge as a powerful and trusted ally of legendary figures in American unionism such as George

LEFT: One of the astounding range of illustrations from *The Oldest Profession,* a serious although not stodgy examination of prostitution and its role throughout history.



ABOVE: The Battle of Dijon, by De Albertis, on the cover of a new book about Garibaldi, the famous mercenary leader of the 19th century.

Meany and Jimmy Hoffa, a confidant of Eisenhower and a sparring partner of the mobster Meyer Lansky.

Along the way, beautiful young women stand in line, knickers damp, awaiting their turn to pleasure Big Dan. A plane crash robs America of one of its heroes and robs Dan of the chance of completing his life's work — both in the bedroom and on the shop floor — but even from the grave he manages to keep the red flag flying through his sons. *Memories* won't win any literary prizes, but it is an odds-on certainty to help keep Mr Robbins in the grand style to which he has long been accustomed. – GAVIN PLATTS

•

Lucky, the inaptly named anti-hero of *Toxic Kisses*, a free-wheeling new novel by Robert English, takes the reader on a drunken, pill-popping journey across Australia. As a character, he finally survives. Less so the myriad oddballs who pepper the pages in contrived sequences designed to link together this smorgasbord of anecdotes.

Taken by themselves — perhaps as short stories — these anecdotes are often hilarious — outrageously so. As when Lucky and his mate Greg take on the Mafia at a rodeo — and win, with the help of a hunk of straw saturated with urine from a cow in heat.

But even that episode is forced with descriptions such as: "Hovering over him was a young lady whom I thought not a virgin." Hell, when last did you meet a virgin — and does it matter? And: "Salome looked across and smiled with about as much sincerity as a tranquillised starfish." Hell, no.

It's that kind of book. Funny, garish, ripe — a hell-bent helter-skelter of a book that suddenly trips you up with trivia and tripe.

Still, *Toxic Kisses* is probably worth it for the good bits — and there are plenty of them. – ALLAN MOULT

•

Did you know, or wish to know, that a zumbooruk is a small cannon fired from the back of a camel? That a rantallion is man whose scrotum is longer than his penis? And that a randle is a nonsensical poem recited by Irish schoolboys as an apology for farting at a friend? That information, and much more of equal consequence, is to be found in *Mrs Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure and Preposterous Words* (Granada). Mrs Byrne (who is in fact the daughter of the noted violinist, Jascha Heifetz) has put together a light-hearted though useful supplement to a normal dictionary. Her emphasis is, generally, on the ribald and the bizarre, both in choice of words and in the manner of defining them. Thus we are given examples like piss-proud — a false erection — said of an old man with a young wife.

With 6000 entries, it is a book to be browsed through, rather than read straight and, used moderately, could well enrich one's conversation. (Though, over-used, it could encourage the kind of boring cleverness that we had to endure when Spiro Agnew, Richard Nixon's vice-president, learnt about *Roget's Thesaurus).*

Perhaps the dictionary's most useful function is to provide a single descriptive word for a number of activities. Kakistocracy, for example, is government of a country by its worst citizens, while pornocracy is government by prostitutes. Then there is matutolypia (getting up on the wrong side of the bed), engastation (the act of stuffing one bird inside another) and groak (to watch people silently while they are eating, in the hope that they will ask you to join them).

There are, perhaps, a few too many words that have been included merely because they are long, unsayable and unusable. Mostly, however, the book is a witty tool and diversion for sufferers of onomatomania (a preoccupation with words and names). – GORDON GRAHAM

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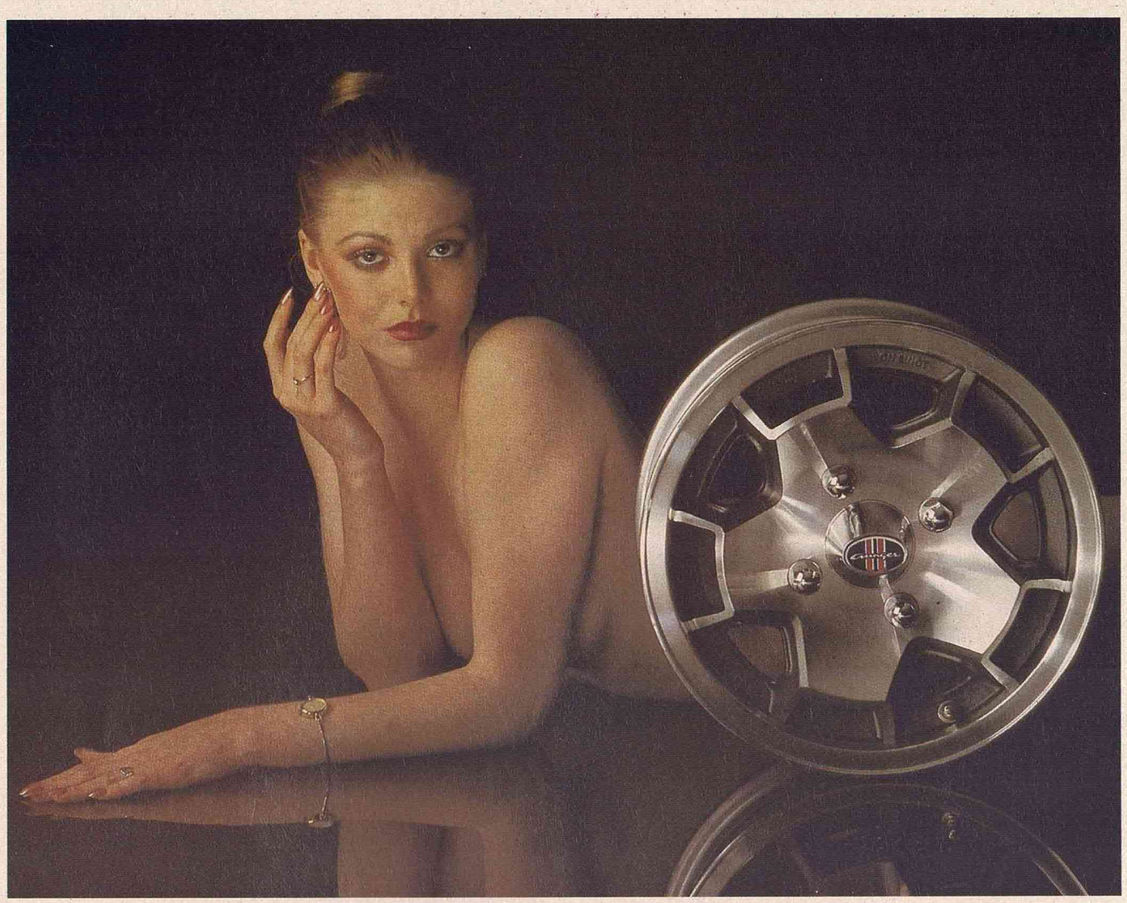

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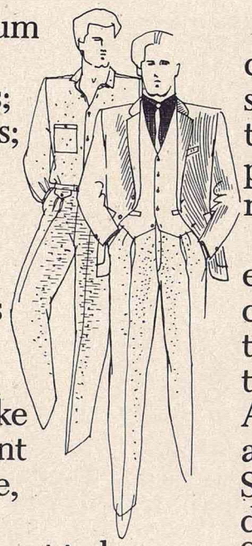

Remember when Mum knitted your jumpers? Remember white shirts; blue, brown or grey suits; only brown or black shoes? If you do, you'd probably like to forget.

These days men aren't grey personalities when it comes to clothing. They like colours. They like style. They like to look sexy; even elegant in a casual, comfortable, sort of way.

And yet men don't want to be slaves to fashion's whim. One word sums up the attitude of men to clothing in the 80's– individual.

You should be able to create your own style; not be dictated to.

It's *your* personality, not the fashion that counts.

Strike 1 feel just the same way, so they've designed a range of clothes that co-ordinate; allowing you to create your own fashion statement. Pants, shirts, jackets, vests. Colours are muted– navy, browns, tans, fawns, burgundy, greens and earthy, rich, warm tones. The fabrics– Donegals, Tweeds, Herringbone, Flannels– some imported from France and Italy, and all are the finest available in Australia this year.

What a woman takes off you is going to be more important in the '80's.

Strike 1 pants are made for comfort as well as sexy rugged styling. This year the leg narrows toward the ankle. Fronts sometimes pleated, but it's nothing outrageous, rather stylish and elegant.

Jackets too reflect the casual elegance of the new decade. Strike 1's collection follows the European trend, in principle, with unstructured jackets; yet all are fully lined. A deep centre vent, patch pockets, and inserted top pocket make the Strike 1 interpretation of Europe's design almost a necessity for your 80's wardrobe.

Shirts are a whole new ball game to Strike 1. That means the styles haven't been weighed down by years of boring tradition. Rather, the designers have come up with fresh, invigorating concepts. Small cuffs. Small collars– cut away, square, round, even button down. The fit is loose, for comfort and raunchy good looks.

The colours are a co-ordinate dream while the textures range from plain, through surface interest to checks.

Also new to the Strike 1 collection are waistcoats. In stunning colours that co-ordinate. They feature deep V-fronts and fob pockets. Tailored well in rich corduroy.

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MUSIC

reigning champion of the women's rock freestyle falters in the new wave finals

AUSTERITY RULES in election year, and someone has taken the tip by using some very low-key artwork for the wrapping of Linda Ronstadt's *Mad Love* (Asylum). A simple cover with a bunch of songs credited to Elvis Costello, Neil Young and Mark Goldenberg — can this be the new wave Ronstadt? Hardly. It's not that easy to disguise the amount of mazooma Warners is socking behind this lady. Lush production work, courtesy of Peter Asher, and credits which include the West Coast's finest: from Nicolette Larson, Rosemary Butler, Kenny Edwards and Goldenberg to half the guest list at the Beverly Wiltshire, prove that this lady gets the best. The impression gained is that the company puts a lot of faith into an artist of this stature, and she must come up with the product. The label's execs might be happy, but even they must know this one is well short of the Ronstadt machine's illustrious best.

Billy Steinberg's How Do I Make You? is her best shot at keeping with the rock 'n' roll times in something that is more London than LA. But our country rock queen just can't sustain it, and she is clearly more at home with Neil Young's Look Out For My Love than Elvis Costello's Girls' Talk. A star goes to Dan Dugmore for recapturing the Young guitar mood, but neither he nor Goldenberg can grasp the new wave nettle with any special conviction.

Asher's work cannot be faulted, but one can't help fantasising about how things would have turned out if someone like Nick Lowe had been involved in the project.

•

Chrissie Hynde's vampy biker's girl looks are certain to push the three male members of the Pretenders as deeply into the shadows as Debbie Harry's did for the equally forgettable Blondie boys. On the self-titled offering from the Sire label, Pretenders' singer Chrissie appears to have plundered the same toilet wall as Patti Smith for lyrical inspiration.

An obvious resource shortage has this well-named outfit re-working the old Kinks number, Stop Your Sobbing, which adds strength to the impression that we've heard it all before — about 15 years ago, in fact.

•

One of the more recent bands to be gobbled up by the RSO label, Mistress, have shown their wares in a self-titled album which is clearly devoid of obvious musical direction. The RSO movement to weld bands from talented session musicians, tour veterans and cast-offs from other rock acts has the tendency to produce quality with little evidence of any excitement. Mistress' form places the five members in just about every major rock act which has lived in, blown through or flown low over San Francisco. Take the lead guitarist Danny Chauncey: he was a feature soloist with Al Kooper and Stu Blank. Other members have been associated with the Allman Brothers, Boz Scaggs and Mike Bloomfield. Perhaps it is early days, and perhaps Mistress will find something to dissociate them from the sounds of so many other Bay area bands. Their Whose Side Are You on? cut was featured by Bette Midler in *The Rose*, and the band has been attracting enough tour work to indicate somebody has a lot more faith than this album might suggest. — NEIL JAMESON

•

If the purpose of the project was not so serious, *No Nukes* (Asylum) might rate as the nostalgia album of the decade. Recorded from the concerts for a non-nuclear

What's in a name? In spite of the presence of bad-mouthed ex-rock scribe Chrissie Hynde on vocals, the *Pretenders* have too much of a sense of *deja vu* about them to excite anyone able to remember the original British rock 'n' roll invasion.

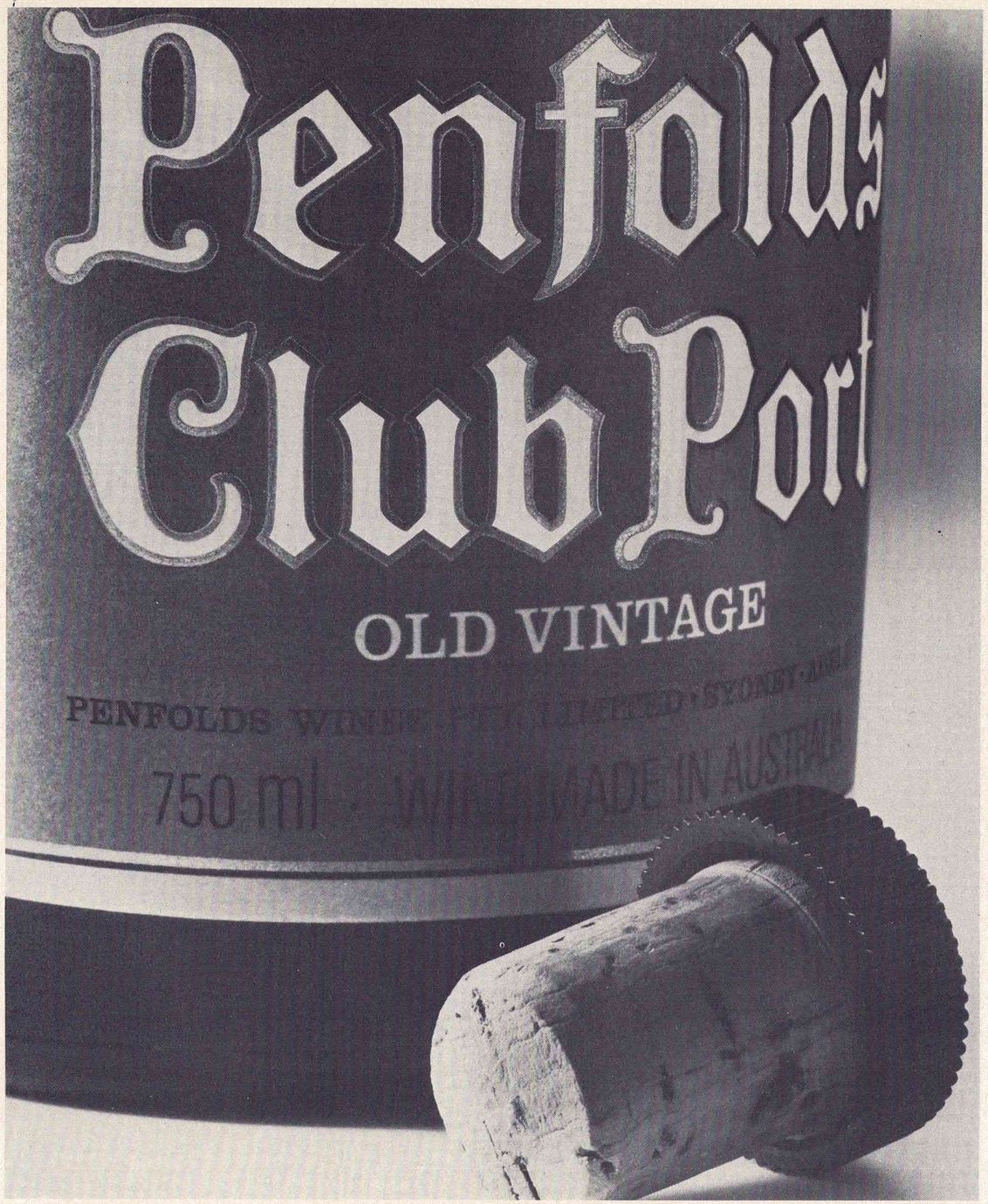
NEWSBREAKS

Arriving this month are those Irish pop hustlers, **Boomtown Rats**, whose *I Don't Like Mondays* topped charts around the world last year. Their tour begins in Sydney on May 11, hits Melbourne on the 28th and moves through Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth in early June . . .Projected May LP releases include newies from **the Bee Gees, Eric Clapton, Jackson Browne, Eric Burdon** and **Rickie Lee Jones**, plus *Star Wars* sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, and a seven LP box set from **Monty Python**.

Hipsters, take note: The Falcons' Joe Camilleri has started his own record company, Mighty Records. The label's first outing will be a multiple release of singles by such unexploited heroes and artists as **Ross Hannaford** (ex-**Daddy Cool** and **Billy T**), **Gary Young** (the rockabilly solo side of the Falcons' drummer) and the mysterious **Joey Vincent** (alias Camilleri). Vincent's offering is a super-cool reggae dub track called *Nosy Parker*, which, Camilleri aside, is definitely the most natty thing ever to come out of Melbourne . . .

And just what was Australia's most unrelenting hard rock band **the Hitmen** doing lying all over the road at the intersection of King and George Streets in Sydney at six on a Sunday morning? Why, having press shots taken, naturally. The band's latest 45, *I Want You*, was written by **ex-Radio Birdman Warwick Bilbert**. He beefed up the Hitmen's sound considerably by switching from rhythm guitar back to his favorite (and Birdman) instrument, the bass guitar, when new guitarist **Tony Vidale** joined the group's lineup.

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN



Your key to the Club.

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future at Madison Square Garden in September of last year, *No Nukes* is almost a direct throwback to the heady days of '68 through '72 when rock-politics inspired the biggest counter-culture movement of the present century.

However, on this 1979 product, one can't but help thinking (as Graham Nash leads James Taylor and Carly Simon through The Times They Are a' Changin') that these artists are no longer small voices flailing at the corporate gate. The collective weight of the Doobies, Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills and Nash and the remainder of this cast of thousands amounts to a huge cry in terms of sales and votes. That sort of clout helps explain why the delicate task of transferring hundreds of hours of concert recording to a three-disc collection was completed in record time.

The lesson is that rock music is very much a part of the US way of life, and whenever the principals speak as one, their influence just cannot be discounted. Whichever way the nuclear issue finally falls, *No Nukes* will be seen as one of the more interesting stages in the debate. Musically, it is often memorable, rough, cute and emotional; historically, it probably represents a great and sentimental permanent reminder of the turbulent '60s.

•

It comes out fighting from the bell and hammers its way to a clear-cut knock-out within the space of just a few cuts. *Thug Of Love* (Elektra) by Dirk Hamilton is the Indiana-born California-based singer-songwriter-guitarist's tribute to Babe Brandelli, a boxer whose photo appears on the cover. Hamilton cites many influences, but the real clues are his love of poetry and the music of Van Morrison. He delivers his TNT-loaded lyrics with the similar sense of style and dramatic effect displayed by Morrison on some of the Irishman's best rock songs. Hamilton and Don Evans share the guitar leads, and the pair produced the album.

A layman's guide to quality is to check which musicians have been recruited here. Ex-Band man Garth Hudson never associates his accordion with anything short of the prime product, and his appearance here is seen as an endorsement of Hamilton's quality. Verdict: bound to get the judges' nod of approval.

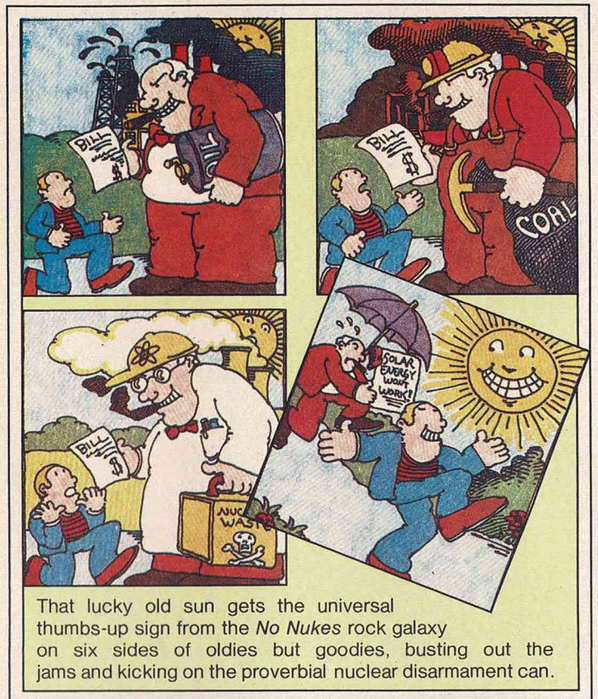
•

The thin articulate wedge of the punk product is being driven vigorously into position by the Clash. *London Calling* (Epic) has the Clash as the four horsemen riding to announce the pop institution's latest apocalypse. The double-disc collection is the clearly-defineable old punk statement that the grandly-exploited Sex Pistols didn't survive to make. With an art-school-inspired gift for expression, Clash members Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon and Topper Headon pour scorn on pop music's conquest by the mime merchants, slick packagers, junk TV producers and advertising hucksters.

Statement aside, *London Calling* contains the odd glimmer of great rock 'n' roll. The flashes are infrequently placed, giving the impression that the Clash would prefer to leave something more sophisticated to institutions such as Led Zeppelin, Rainbow and the Rolling Stones.

•

Setting Sons (Polydor) is the Jam's fourth album, and it adds to the impression that this British three-piece possesses a broader creative base than most. Finding a good one to follow the well-received *All The Mod Cons* album might have posed problems, but *Setting Sons*' military service theme presents enough possibilities to provide a definite feel of continuity throughout. Paul Weller's slashing guitar dates back to another era, but there is enough updating to label this as recently-bottled stock. — A. D. AIRD



That lucky old sun gets the universal thumbs-up sign from the *No Nukes* rock galaxy on six sides of oldies but goodies, busting out the jams and kicking on the proverbial nuclear disarmament can.

CONTRASTING with Linda Ronstadt's unsuccessful search for tuneful relevancy comes newcomer Pat Benatar (above) with her *In The Heat Of The Night* (Chrysalis). The formula is superficially the same: hot fox singing other people's songs. But the difference is that Benatar does it with a 1980 sense of sass that dates the sound of many other established female vocalists. When Benatar scorches through Johnny Cougar's I Need A Lover, all bets are off, because she's already past the post. The mixture of her raw, raunchy voice, brilliant band-leader in guitarist Neil Geraldo and the experienced production of Mike Chapman and Peter Coleman make this album go down like lubricant. Side two's slower pace complements the crutch-thumpin' drive of the other side, while her range of style and delivery hold the brew on simmering point till you are ready to play it again. Surprisingly this too was recorded in California (not some New York punk pit). If this is the response to the Brit invasion, then God Bless America.

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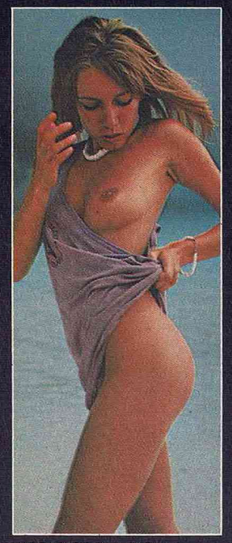
CREDITS

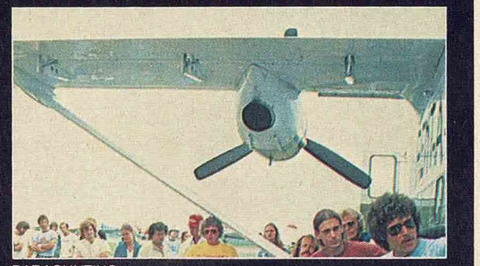
Playmate of the Month (Page 82): Boots from Raymond Castles; jacket and red cardigan from the Squire Shop, Double Bay; skirts by Laura Ashley; scarf and leggings from Sportsgirl; blouse from Nerida Imports, Sydney.

Perchance to Dream (Page 105): All lingerie from Frills 'n' Flounces, Shop 1b, Australia Square, Sydney; yellow leotard and pink satin sheets from Myer; all other sheets by Sheridan.

In Dennis Lingane's **A Systematic Takeover,** the hi-fi article in February's Australian PLAYBOY, the Sony remote control system mentioned on page 152 was erroneously reported to be unavailable in Australia; the unit is, in fact, sold nationally.

NEXT MONTH


WORLD OF PLAYBOY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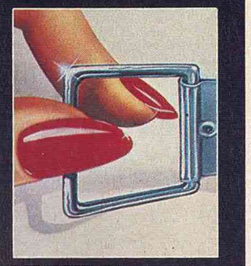
LASER GUNS


PERSPECTIVES

WORLD OF PLAYBOY — IN JULY, WE'LL FLY YOUR SPIRIT OUT OF ITS WINTER DOLDRUMS TO SUMMER IN THE SUNNY CLIMES OF BRAZIL, ITALY, AMERICA AND WEST GERMANY

A SECOND CHANCE — SO YOU GOT MARRIED AND THOUGHT IT WOULD LAST FOREVER. NOW SHE'S LEFT YOU TO FACE YOUR MID-LIFE CRISIS AND MISMATCHED SOCKS ALONE. DON'T WORRY — THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE, **RICHARD SCHICKEL,** REASSURES ALL YOU NEW SINGLES OUT THERE THAT YOU ARE IN GOOD COMPANY

FALLING ABOUT IN THE SKY — ANDY KEECH TOOK THESE STUNNING PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SKYDIVING TEAM CREATING BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLEX FORMATIONS AS THEY HURTLE THROUGH THE AIR BEFORE OPENING THEIR PARACHUTES

KILLER BEAMS — THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA ARE ENGAGED IN A BILLION-DOLLAR RACE TOWARD THE CREATION OF A VIABLE LASER TECHNOLOGY TO SERVE, AS A NUCLEAR DETERRENT. **JOHN EDWARDS** EXPLORES THE **STAR WARS**-LIKE LASER WEAPONRY WHICH WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF WAR

PERSPECTIVES ON THE PENIS — LINDA SCHOR TAKES A LONG, HARD LOOK AT THE MALE ORGAN, REVEALING A NEW ANGLE ON THAT POPULAR FREUDIAN AXIOM: WOMEN DON'T ENVY A MAN'S PENIS, JUST THE PRIVILEGES IT GETS HIM

THE POLITICS OF POLLUTION — ROB LUCK PRESENTS US WITH A SEARCHING STUDY OF THE NSW GOVERNMENT'S EMOTION-CHARGED CAMPAIGN TO RID AUSTRALIA OF LEADED PETROL, CONCLUDING THAT OUR POCKETS WILL BE EMPTY LONG BEFORE OUR LUNGS

FELLINI'S FEMINIST FANTASY — ITALY PRODUCES TWO KINDS OF MOVIES: SPAGHETTI WESTERNS AND **FELLINI'S** BIZARRE EPICS. HIS NEW FILM, **CITY OF WOMEN,** ABOUNDS WITH EROTIC SYMBOLISM AND (AS YOU'LL SEE) BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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